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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

TEN YEARS AFTER WHITLAM: A PROFILE OF AUSTRALIA BY CRAIG McGREGOR

THE GIRLS OF NOOSA

CHARLIE'S FALLEN ANGEL TANYA ROBERTS IN A KNOCKOUT NUDE PICTORIAL

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS GRAHAM GREENE

SPECIAL XMAS GIFT GUIDE

WHY THE STARS OF WORLD TENNIS HATE EACH OTHER'S GUTS

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PLAYBILL

IT'S 10 YEARS this month since Gough Whitlam's Labor Party swept into government on a tide of social reform, ideological-expectancy and the promise of a radical change in the national direction. Within three years, and well before Whitlam's dismissal in November 1975, it was evident the bubble had burst on the grand idealism of '72. To examine the full impact of the period on Australian society and our values, PLAYBOY commissioned award-winning writer **Craig McGregor,** a seasoned commentator on the socio-political scene, to write Ten Years After.

Where are you headed on your summer holiday? When you flash your baby blues on our dazzling Girls of Noosa pictorial, the answer might just be "North". Photographer **Rico Mettbach** was the poor guy assigned to make the journey to capture six tanned bodies representative of the resort town. Stay tuned, we might be in your town soon.

Some guys get the good assignments, others score the tough ones. When PLAYBOY Editor **Phil Jarratt** and Contributing Editor **Allan Moult** signed on to run the Honolulu Marathon — held December 12 — it obviously fell into the category of a tough assignment. Hawaii's fine in December — for everything except marathon running.

If you were thinking tennis might be somewhat more your pace, wait until you read The Savage Circuit by **Peter Watson.**

The World Wildlife Fund has a squeaky-clean image for going in to bat for everything from eels to elephants. However, PLAYBOY Features Editor **P. D. Jack** asks "who put the con in conservation?"

For a man who deals in words, literary legend Graham Greene has granted very few interviews. When freelance writer and author **Duncan Fallowell** stalked the great novelist to his Mediterranean home, the possibility of producing a PLAYBOY interview rested very much on the whim of Greene. Fortunately, Fallowell got his man and has filed an interview of great significance.

The December PLAYBOY is a real travel extravaganza. **Susan Kurosawa** probes the ploys and pitfalls of business class air fares, and fiction writer **Alex Tomsen** leads us on a trail of drugs, danger and South American political intrigue in a piece called Toot Sour. **Rus Center** is not exactly the greatest picaresque poet since Byron, as he reveals in Ocker Abroad. From this inarticulate passage through the perils of Italy, **Tony Edwards** (a specialist in the bizarre and grotesque) crafted the postcards.

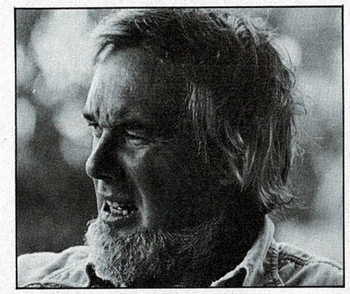
So you don't know what to buy him for Christmas since the last budget hike put 111,000 items into a higher price bracket? No worries. Everything has its price and the Gift Guide looks at the options from the laudable to the affordable.

If you're like most of us and struggle to find the mechanical expertise to change a flat tyre, you'll be pretty impressed by Motoring Editor **Rob Luck's** imaginative concept of how a Ford Bronco 4x4 can look with a bit of PLAYBOY spit and polish. It's $60,000-worth of leisure wheels and has since become a motor show star.

Isn't it amazing how a bit of warm weather brings out the most attractive women? Staffer **Steve Bunk** cornered radiant actress Raina McKeon with 20 incisive questions while **Rico Mettbach** trained his camera on her appealing profile. Our glorious December Playmate, Marianne Gravatte, will distract you from your holidays unless you are not already torn asunder by the works of **John Swannell.** From *Fine Lines,* the new book from David Bailey's protege, we select a sensitive selection of black and white nudes — a medium in which Swanell specialises.

You've probably got this far on the 300 percent appeal of beautiful cover girl, Tayna Roberts. Charlie might be rapidly running out of Angels but you must admit the last of the breed is something special.

Take our word for it, there is no better read in December. If it wasn't what you had in mind for Christmas, you probably intended to spend the holiday with the in-laws, anyway.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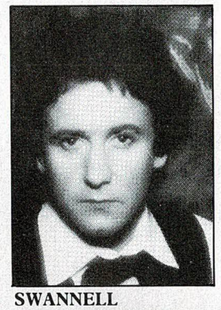
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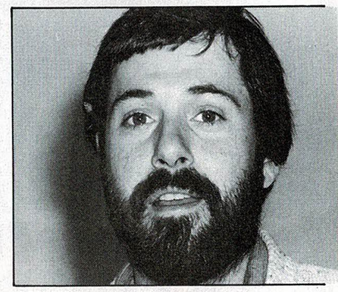
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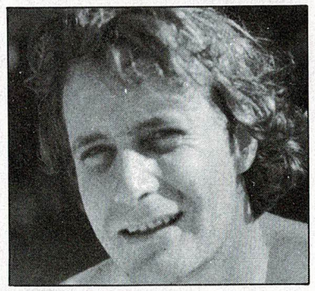
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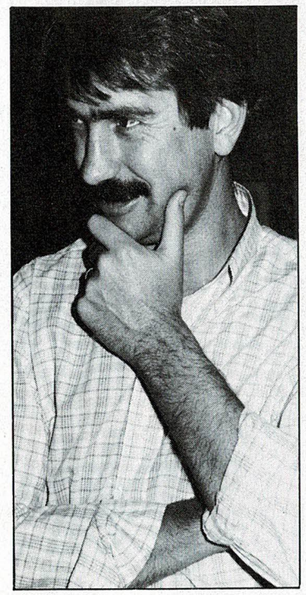
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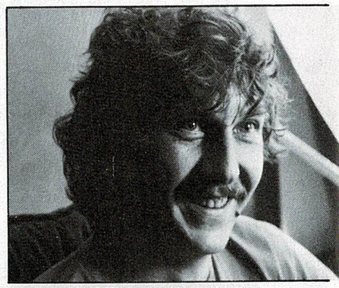
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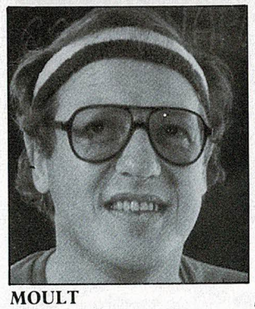
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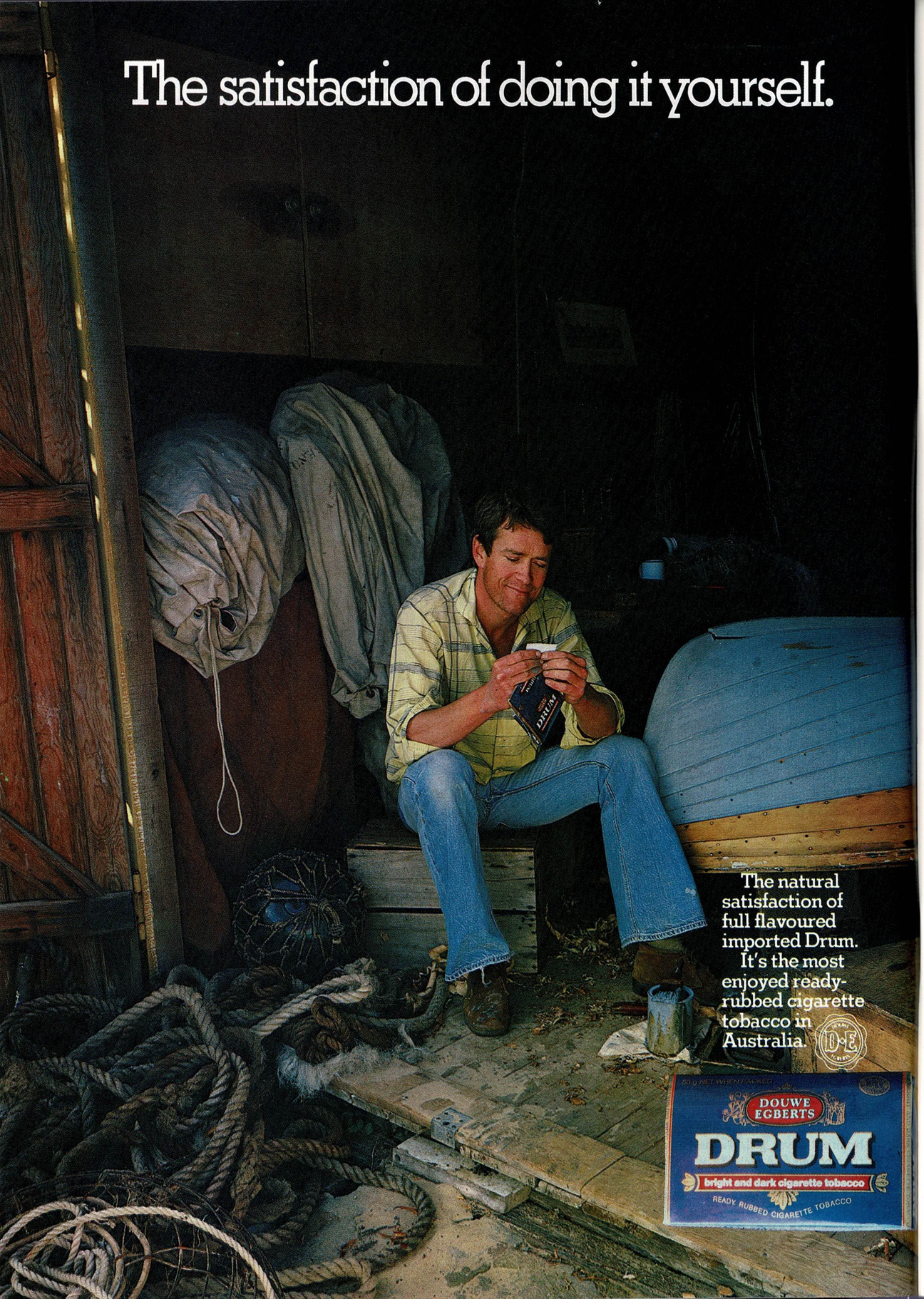

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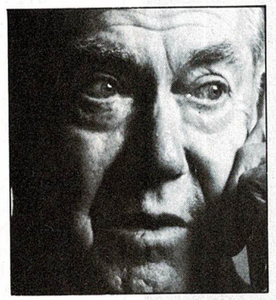

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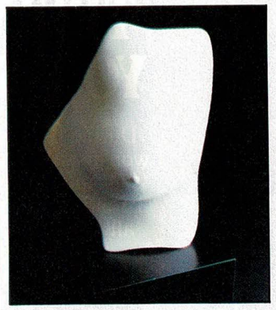

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DECEMBER 1982

Cover photographed by Richard Fegley

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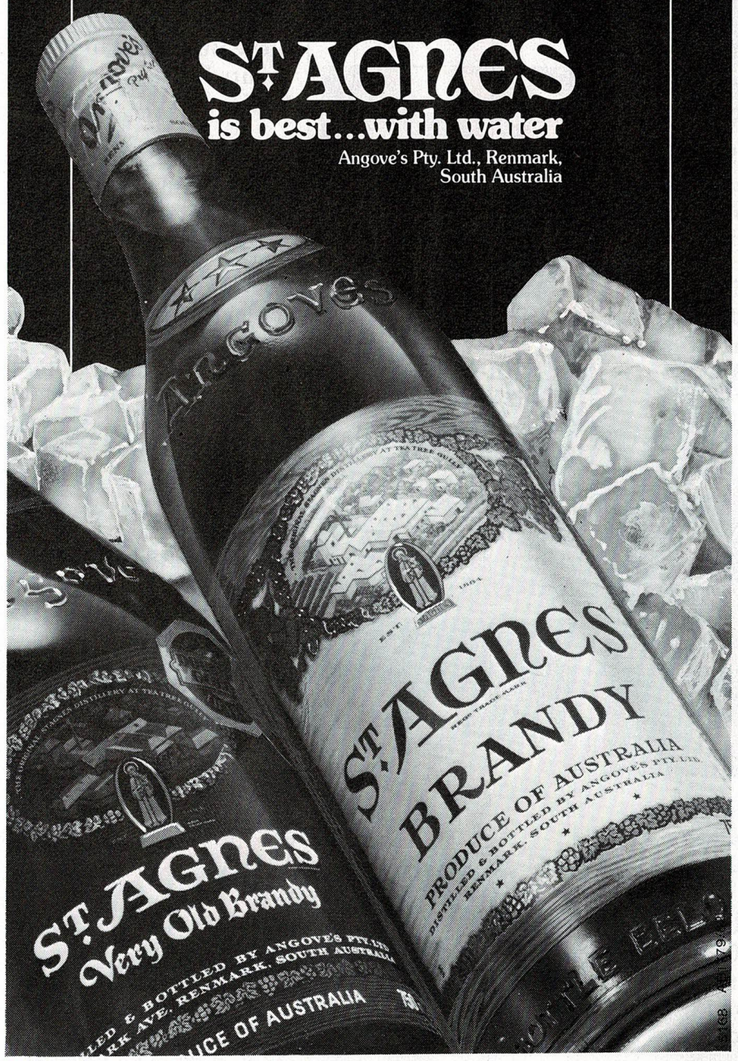

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CREDITS
Romanina's Restaurant (Pages 102-103).

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

SAND BETWEEN THE TOES

I would like to congratulate you on your pictorials, and particularly the feature on Liz Chapman in your August issue. I hope you will publish more pictures of your lovely centrefolds from earlier editions.

Also, I thought the pictures of Dani Ruechert were great, especially the beach shot. I hope to see more beach shots of your models in PLAYBOY.

C.T.,
Brisbane, Qld.

I thought the shots in your August issue of Liz Chapman on the rocks at the beach were very sexy. There's something almost primeval about seeing a lovely naked woman in such a rugged and natural setting. More such pictures, please!

Kenny Fletcher,
Toowoomba, Qld.

BLOOD PRESSURE RISING

I am writing to see if there's any chance in the near future of seeing Judy Green — one of the most attractive models in Victoria — in PLAYBOY.

I was recently in the studio audience for *Sale of the Century*, on which she appears, and I was one of many red-blooded males in the audience whose blood pressure rose to danger point throughout the show.

L. Bell,
St. Kilda, Vic.

BIG SPENDERS

I am a regular subscriber to your magazine and I love the way you occasionally do a spread on a well-known female personality, such as Barbara Bach.

It would be great if you could produce a book of Australian celebrities in the nude similar to the American magazine, *Celebrity Skin*.

You could include nude shots of such stars as: Joanna Lockwood, Delvene Delaney, Jane Scarli, Paula and Carmen Duncan, Joanna Samuel, Judy Green, Noni Hazelhurst, Judy Morris, Sue McIntosh, Celeste Billinge, Debbie Byrne, Rebecca Gilling, Anne Tenney, Anne Carrick, Jacki Weaver, Briony Behets, Belinda Giblin, Kurri Adams and Little Patti.

I am sure such a book would be a smash hit. I would pay anything up to $20 for it!

Bruce Race,
Bendigo, Vic.

Thank you for the wonderful shots of the very wonderful Barbara Schantz (July). Would you be able to do a centrefold of her for your readers? I would buy six copies myself if you did.

D. Penington,
Ballarat, Vic.

STRONG POINT

I agree with Charmaine Frost of Leichhardt who wrote to Dear Playboy in September re featuring women as main interview subjects. But, she has completely overlooked the Patti Hearst interview which appeared in your April issue and which is one of the best you've done to date.

The Wendy Bacon one was good too — in fact, the interview section is one of PLAYBOY'S strongest editorial areas and I hope you continue to keep up the excellent standard.

Jo Metzinger,
Clontarf, NSW.

FOOTIE FAVORITES

Gee, thanks guys for the great piece on Tommy Raudonikis that you ran in your September issue. Tommy has long been my footie hero and an in-depth article such as yours was certainly overdue.

I also thought that the Off-field Fashion feature was a clever idea but am a bit surprised at your choice of models. Although Tony Melrose is quite a hunk, there are a lot of other really good-looking football players who would more than measure up as models for a future feature of this sort.

P. L. Flanagan,
St. Peters, NSW.

FETCHING TETCHA

Wow! When does the next plane leave for Manila? I was knocked out by the gorgeous Tetcha who appeared in your September issue. My only criticism is that she should have appeared as a centrefold so that I could hang her on my wall.

A feature on Girls of The Philippines such as the ones you did on Spanish lovelies would be fantastic. Filipino girls have to be the best-looking of any in Asia.

W. Martin,
Ascot Vale, Vic.

TURNED IN

Okay, I suppose you guys are going to think I'm a real weirdo but I'm really turned on by navels. No, not oranges: belly-buttons. I just love the ones that fold right in and look like a mini-version of that other delectable part of a woman's anatomy.

I can't stand the ones that poke out. Look at Tetcha in your September issue for example. Her belly-button pokes right out and is bloody ugly. No guy could roll his tongue around that and get any sort of thrill.

L.L.P.,
Dulwich, SA.

FORUM FOR FICTION

Robert Silverberg is one of my favorite writers and I was delighted to discover that you'd had the foresight and good taste to include one of his short stories in the September edition of PLAYBOY. The colorful opening drawing was great as well.

You've had some really good fiction in PLAYBOY lately: you must be one of the few magazines in this country to give short story writers a fair go.

Alan Grigson,
Fisher, ACT.

LASHING OUT

Why can't you use more shots of your Playmates and other girls that show up their eyelashes? Long, curly eyelashes (preferably not plastered down with yukky mascara) are so soft and feminine and really highlight a girl's face.

The best way to achieve this would be to use more profile shots. The spread you did on Bettina in April was a winner.

"Monsieur Lash",
Ellerslie, Vic.

UP IN SMOKE

Much as I enjoyed the series of photographs on Daniela Ruechert, your August centrefold, I feel I must point out a glaring inconsistency. How can you reconcile having a photograph of Daniela with a cigarette in her hand, while quoting her two pages later as saying that she doesn't drink or smoke?

In my opinion, this shows a lack of professionalism not apparent in other sections of your magazine.

John Williamson,
Mosman, NSW.

I was a little disappointed to see that in featuring the gorgeous Dani Reuchert as your August Playmate of the Month, your magazine made a rather obvious "blue".

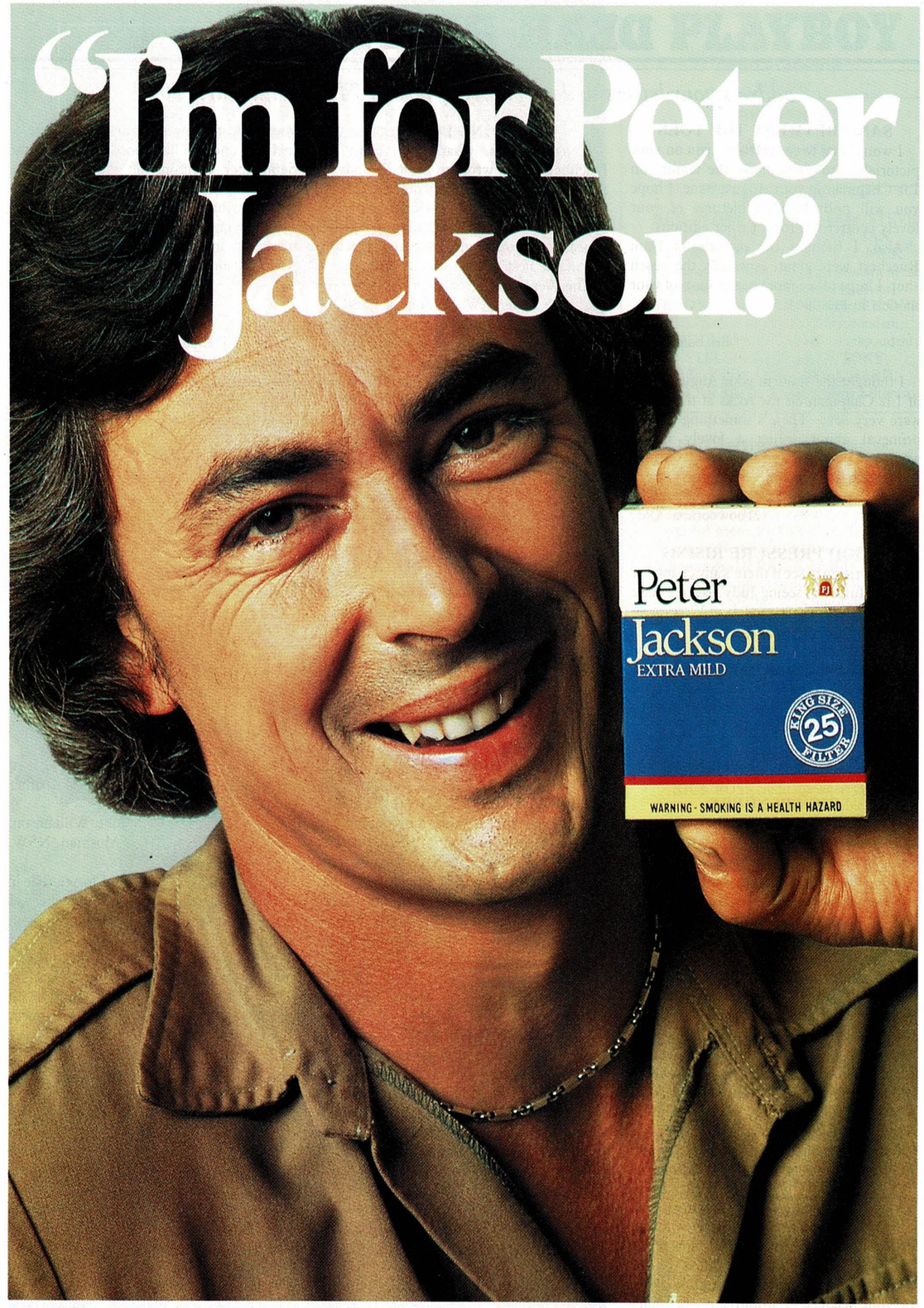
While being quoted as a non-drinker and smoker, Dani is seen to pose with a cigarette in hand. This little detail, I thought, spoilt one of the most exciting pictorials to appear in your otherwise first-rate magazine.

Disappointed Reader,
Neutral Bay, NSW.

MERE GLIMPSES

Thank you for the glimpses of Marilyn Chambers. There was much, if not quite enough, titillation. But where was the logic in the sequencing of pictures? She seemed to be putting clothes on with each turn of the page. Frankly, Marilyn has a beautiful fanny and I'm sure the rest of your readers would have also appreciated a few more close-up shots.

Danny Miles,
West Wollongong, NSW.



"It's still the best extra mild value in Australia."

PHL853 CC867/82

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

ROOMS WITH A VIEW

The Regent of Sydney, now in the first stages of opening to the public, promises to add a new dimension of international elegance to the Sydney accommodation scene and to open up the Circular Quay end of the city to more interstate and overseas visitors.

The spectacular three-level atrium-style lobby is reminiscent of those amazing American hotels with indoor hanging gardens, suspended waterfalls and suchlike. There's a good choice of bars and eating areas plus the Don Burrows Jazz Supper Club, which will fill the chasm in sophisticated night-time venues for Sydney jazz enthusiasts.

Meeting and conference rooms have been specially planned according to the results of a survey of Sydney's top business firms, and this executive theme is extended to the guest rooms, which have been specifically designed with the business person in mind. Most rooms offer sweeping views of the harbor, Rocks area and across to the white ruffles of the Opera House. Windows are double-glazed to cut down traffic noise from the Harbour Bridge freeway approaches. Rates range from $95 to $130 per night for a standard room and various junior and full suites are also on offer.

We rather like the sound of the hotel's Health Club, structured on Kohler Total Environment Booths which pamper weary bodies with heat, wind, water and solar energy, gently dispensed to relax rather than exercise muscles and limbs.

BEWARE THE DOG ACT

The Alice Springs community has long had a problem with dogs. When the town population was 15,000, there were 3,000 registered dogs, and many more unregistered. The human population has since grown by about 15 percent, and there's little doubt that the dogs have kept pace.

Recently, the Town Council passed new by-laws and employed a dog-catcher, or as the bureaucratic euphemism has it, dog-ranger. Although effective, his services were costly, so the Council decided to increase pound fees to $10 per weekday and $20 on holidays or weekends. Under the legislation, the Council must hold a dog for four days. It then can get the dog destroyed by the local vet for a charge — to the Council — of $17.50, or it can sell the animal to anyone who wants it for $5.

Dog-owners who have had their pets picked up, can retrieve them by paying the pound fee, which can be as high as $80 — plus a fine of up to $200. Alternatively, they can wait till the fifth day of the canine's incarceration and then buy the beast for $5 with no questions asked.

The Council is now taking another look at its by-laws.

CHECKING IN

In a very big garage in a back alley in Sydney's Surry Hills, ***Stephen Wall*** *presides over his tiny empire of Horan, Wall and Walker. Neither Horan nor Walker have had anything to do with the firm for years, but Stephen likes the cachet of the triple-barrelled name.*

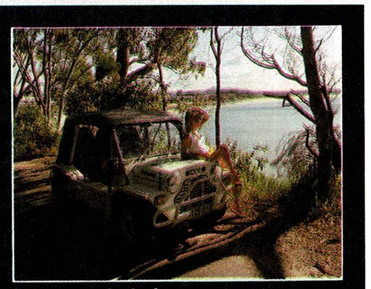
"It sounds like a mob of architects or consulting engineers," he says by way of explanation, sitting in his second-hand 1890s director's chair in front of his third-hand desk covered with telephones. Around the walls are hundreds of files, the memory bank for the 10-man human computer Stephen runs.

His product is information: who, what, when, where, and how much. His clients are publishers who like to let their *customers know what's on around town. He runs a sort of* Time Out *without the magazine.*

Horan Wall & Walker (HWW) does the What's On listings for radio stations 2JJJ and 2EA, and for various daily newspapers and magazines. It also disseminates community information (you know: "A meeting of Glassblowers for Peace at the Workers' Hall tonight, ring 1234567 for information on your pensions," etc). It also pulls together the occasional feature article from its files, as well as producing such publications as The Bargain Shopper's Guides, Cheap Plants and Gardens, Sydney for Kids, *and a recent success, with a revised edition just out,* Cheap Eats, *a guide to Sydney's cheapo restaurants. Its authors, John Thackara and Vere Kenny, chewed their way through more than 500 restaurants, keeping an eye on the price list all the while. The first edition sold 24,000. To celebrate the new edition, Stephen Wall has announced he would present a Bent Fork Award to the best under-$10 hash house.*

HOW THE GIRLS OF NOOSA WERE NABBED

Our first "Girls of" photo feature in more than a year (it starts on page 84) was a tremendous success. The PLAYBOY team (photographer Rico Mettbach, stylist Petrina Devlin, talent scout and Playmate of the Year Lyn Barron and editor Phil Jarratt) were forced to spend several weeks on the beautiful Sunshine Coast after a series of natural disasters cut Noosa off from all land, sea and air transportation and telephone contact. Well, that's what they said when they finally came back.



Barron on the lookout.

Team headquarters.

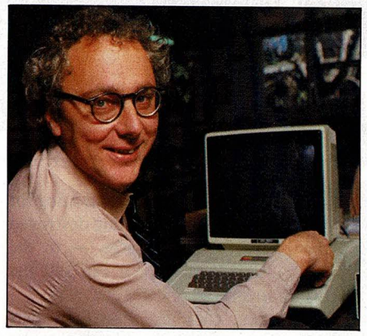
While they hunted the beauties down, our team stayed at the Noosa Court Beachfront Motel and drove between bars and beaches in a Mini Moke, courtesy of Noosa International. All thinking, planning and co-ordination was performed by Chris Smith and the obliging staff of the Sunshine Coast Tourism and Development Board. As Mettbach said on his return: "It was a tough job, but someone had to do it."

PLAYBOY: How did you get into the information business?

WALL: I'd been an economist with GSR for a couple of years, and didn't know whether I would actually get to the top. I was working on the Mt. Newman project, which was the whippy end of things — a lot better than, say, molasses. And one day I had to deliver some documents to the eighth floor down in head office. It was a floor filled with middle-management guys, all sitting together in rows and rows of desks. I'd never seen that before: that's where you go when you don't reach the top — limbo. So I did a bit of this and a bit of that — went overseas, got married in India, worked in Zurich and London and New York, and came back to Sydney and moved into a five-dollar-a-week house with just enough capital to get the telephone installed.

PLAYBOY: And that's when you started Alternative Community Telephone. Why?

WALL: I guess we thought we could change the world. Back then, 1971, 1972, it *did* seem possible. Y'know, the hair on my brain was getting longer and I was just sort of carried along by the times. The ACT was Australia's first community switchboard. People who had, say, a good cheap restaurant would tell us, and when people rang up asking where they could find a good cheap restaurant we'd tell *them;* or where to buy clothes dyes, or windmills; all that hippy stuff. We lived off donations, and I worked as a cleaner one day a week. It was all volunteer staff. We thought it'd be a waste not to publish all this information, so we produced *The Alternative Pink Pages.* That was good fun but we didn't make a fortune. But we got the bug. That's how we got into the information business. Horan, Wall and Walker was founded to give us an umbrella of steadiness. We'd been



swapping jobs every six months or so, and although we still didn't know what HWW would do, it at least gave us a structure so we could continue doing what we wanted, yet retain some corporate identity and continuity.

PLAYBOY: How did you find your first clients?

WALL: At about that time I was friendly with a group who were talking about a real rock radio station, and at one meeting a bloke rushed in and told us the ABC was starting a rock radio station. Well, I had to decide whether I wanted to join the ABC and wheedle my way in there, or perhaps just supply information to them on contract. I didn't want to be locked into the one medium. I wanted to see how far we could go. We now supply every major media group in Sydney — even the business publication *Rydges.* We've got a landline to 2JJJ so we can do the What's On live-to-air from this office.

PLAYBOY: So why not publish a *Time Out?*

WALL: The figures aren't there. Believe me, I know them backwards. Every month for the past five years somebody has come along and said: I want to start a *Time Out.* I just yawn.

PLAYBOY: And yet you've published several successful guides — *The Bargain Shopper's Guides, Cheap Eats,* and so on.

WALL: Yeah, they give us a bit of stability against our clients coming and going. Whereas our first effort — *Inside Sydney Info* — was a blurting out of everything we'd learned to that time, now we just blurt out chapter by chapter. *Cheap Eats* has been a very good seller. Now we're giving Cheap Eats Awards — the Bent Fork.

PLAYBOY: Your success . . .

WALL: If you can call it that.

PLAYBOY: . . . has not been without its costs. You're back into suits, I notice.

WALL: I suppose I realised I was running a business as we changed from being a co-operative to a partnership to a sole trader. My dog didn't catch on though. He still used to jump up on me when I started back into suits, as though I was still wearing jeans.

PLAYBOY: That's a computer over there. Isn't this business lark just an excuse to have one of those fancy toys?

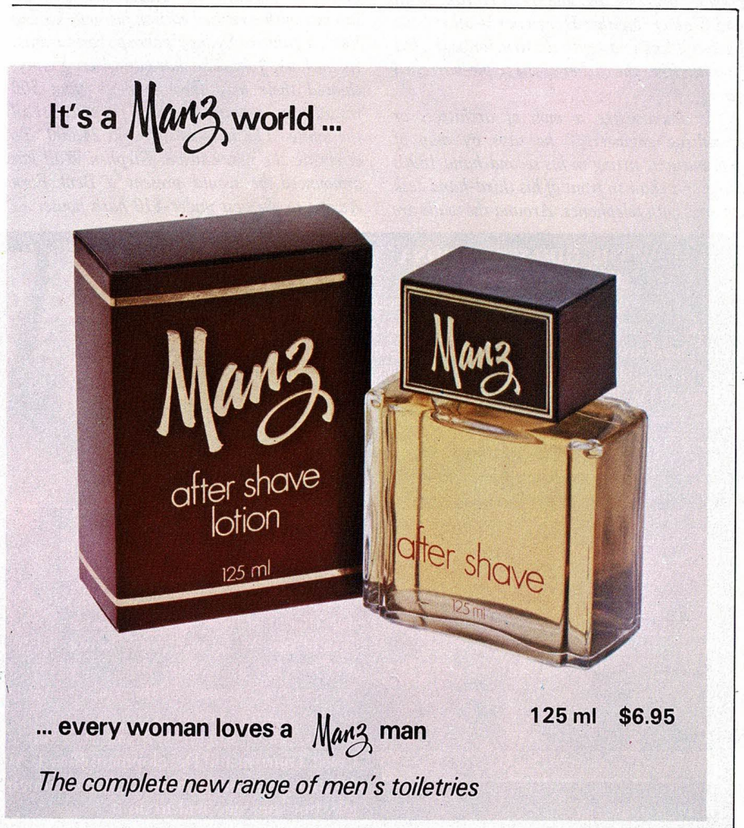
WALL: This is a very labor intensive industry — filing and collating and checking and ringing up. Our phone bill's enormous. The computer can do a lot of things we do now by hand in a millionth of the time. It *is* pretty interesting. I'm now reading computer manuals at 11 o'clock at night, and finding myself poring over the terminal for hours on end. The word-processor is fantastic — you sort of massage your story out.

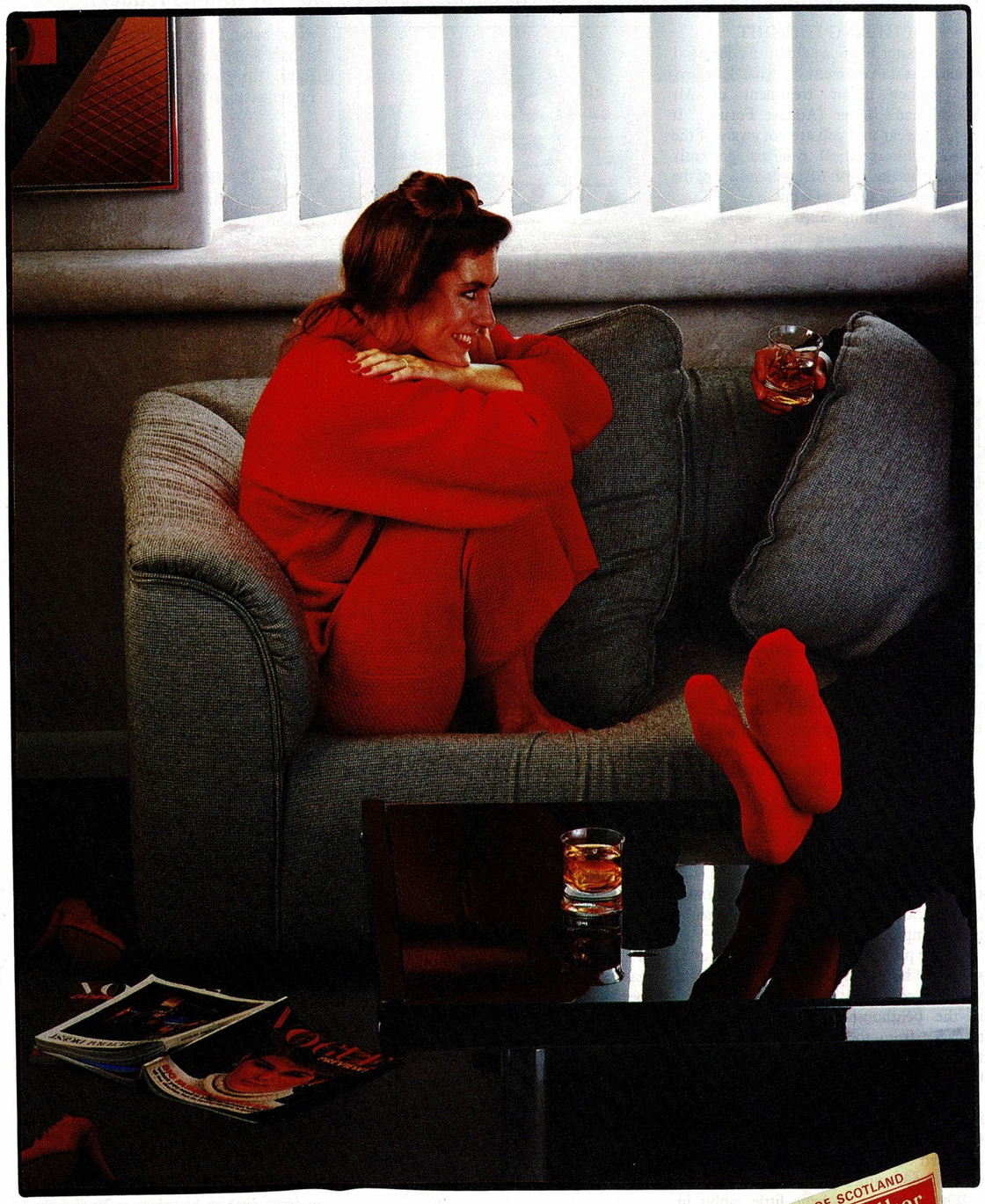
PLAYBOY: You publish a newsletter. What's that about?

WALL: It's just an excuse to ring up important people and have a gossip. It's supposed to be about arts administration and communications, and it is. It's for information freaks. Doesn't make any money.

PLAYBOY: You employ 10 people. What about the hassles of being a boss?

WALL: Dreadful. I don't like it at all. I see both sides of the coin. I suppose I *could* be together. I screw no one, and play a fair game. That's not the way to get rich, you know.





THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

PUTTING IT RIGHT

As a visitor to your delightful country, I would like to comment on what I believe was rather unfair treatment of Mr W. Bosman's letter (August Forum). It would appear that you are not aware of the considerable political reforms presently taking place in South Africa or indeed of the complexity of her problems.

This nasty thing called apartheid seems to be more alive in the print of the international media than it is in reality in South Africa, or perhaps you haven't been to a movie, a public park or watched a game of rugby in South Africa recently.

We, as the white people of South Africa, are aware that in the eyes of the world we are "the bad guys" and we have learnt to accept this. But, if you live by the old Australian tradition of "a fair go" for everyone, then how about hearing our side of the story too? The time of the great white bwana with the big whip ended 100 years ago. The new generations of white South Africans are trying very hard to put things right and make it a good place for everybody. But, patience and understanding from the rest of the world would help a lot.

And, if you think we are too slow with our reforms, go have a look at the economies of places like Zambia and Zimbabwe or any other African State of your choosing, and remember, *everybody* benefits from a healthy economy. South Africa doesn't have to use a begging bowl.

A. T. Adams,
Visitor to Australia.

SEXUAL SEMANTICS

The Main Event (July) segment of your Man and Woman series on the clinically physiological responses involved in the mating act is (as far as my limited qualifications will permit to judge) technically impeccable.

On the psychological aspects, however, it seems to be no more than romantic and snobbish cockwash; the barnyard installed in the penthouse, the under-privileged teenager from the ghetto tearing the fly zipper out of her pop-star idol's trousers. Gold diggers of the world, unite!

A buck's antlers may turn on a human female but one doubts that they carry much weight with the doe: only to another buck, and then only in the aggressive sense and not in the sentimental.

Why does the pathetic little rabbit in need of mothering invariably end up with the choicest bird? She may stray a bit in the prelim bouts but she's his for the main event.

The reality is that in looking at mating on its highest levels, we must go beyond psycho-semantic psychonomics through

metaphysics to ontology (no pun intended).

It's a pity the Catholic confessional is sacrosant and populist Protestantism treats sex as something dirty. If priests kept case books, they'd be filled with examples where male chauvinist swines treat long-suffering women atrociously in every sense of the word — and sometimes vice-versa — but the victims keep coming back for more until death literally "does them do part".

Nobody says we should condone such behavior (contrary to popular opinion, the confessional doesn't condone it either), but neither should we close our eyes to the fact that it exists. It's the price we pay for living in a free-will society. There's just no valid reason why, in the rarefied atmosphere of specialist sexology, "soul" should become the equivalent of a dirty little four-letter word, with no connotation whatever of spirituality.

Les Webber,
Cairns, Qld.

A free 12-month subscription to Australian PLAYBOY is on offer to anyone who can decipher this letter — Ed.

ROYAL TREAT

I had a really good chuckle over Tamie's Scrap Book featured in your September issue. As you must be just about the only magazine in the country that hasn't featured some kind of sentimental rot on Charles and Diana, the Royal wedding and now the Royal baby, I think it would be a great idea to have some sort of send-up spread on the Royal threesome similar to the Tamie Fraser pictures.

Angela Mathews,
Hobart, Tas.

UNIFORMLY DRAB

I agree whole-heartedly with Morris Knight of Fremantle who wrote to Forum in September complaining about the uniforms worn by our policewomen (female policepersons?). Surely there must be a more attractive compromise between the businesslike and the feminine. There are some really good-looking women in uniform if one can be bothered to look past the forbidding facade of drab suits and strangely-shaped hats.

It would be fantastic if you could persuade a uniformed lady to get it all off for PLAYBOY just as US cop Barbara Schantz did in July. What an amazing turn-on!

L. J. Leveaux,
South Melbourne, Vic.

HANG UP

While I was laid up with a broken leg, I had a chance to catch up on my reading, including about eight issues of your magazine. This time I actually read the stories rather than just looking at the pictures, and I was really impressed.

Of course, I also looked at the pictures, and that's when I noticed something that started to annoy me. Your photographers seem to have a fetish about stockings and suspender belts.

Why don't your girls wear "normal" underwear and not old-fashioned stuff that probably only appeals to older men?

Fred Wearing,
Glenelg, SA.

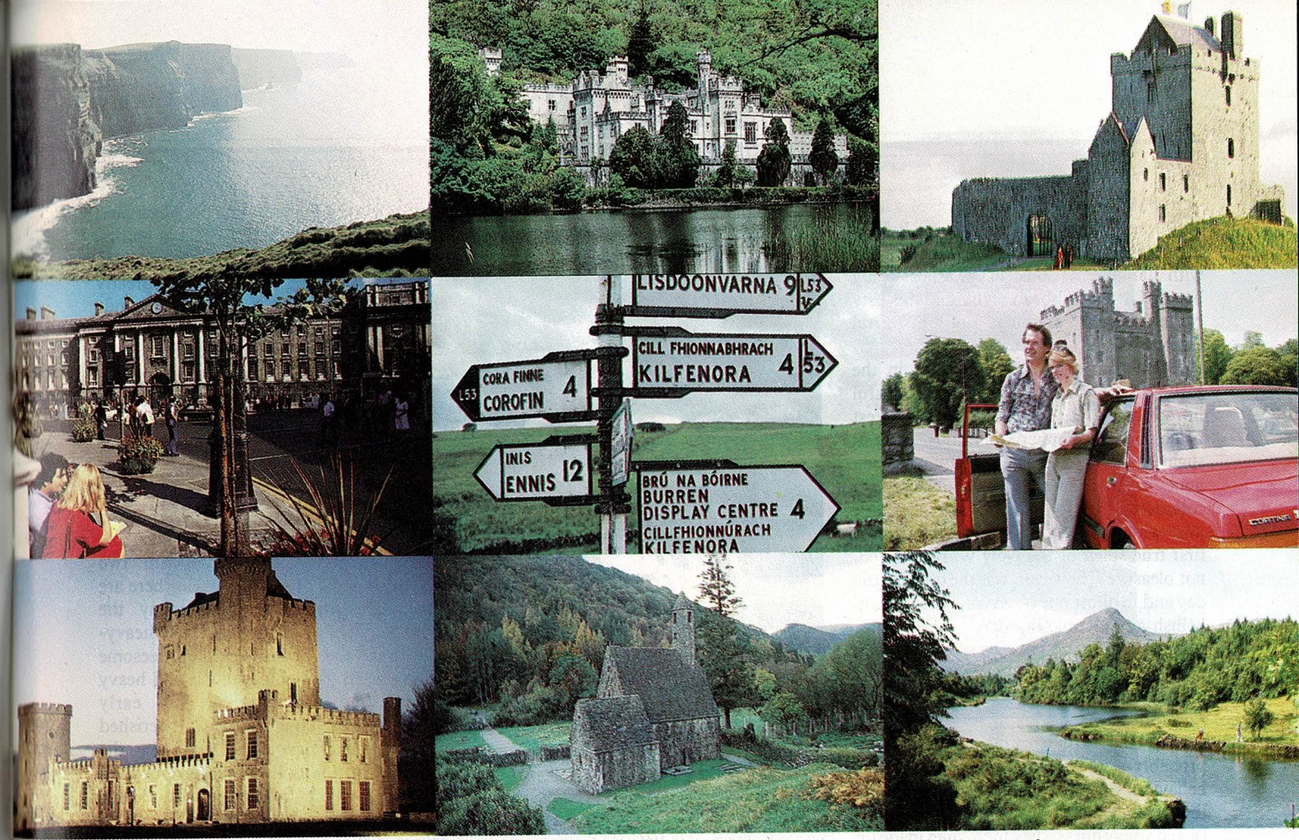
OTHER SIDE OF THE STORY

With reference to your Xavier Herbert interview (June), I would like to enlighten your Southern readers as to what really goes on with our black friends (Murrys, as they are called in the Far North).

The Murry is in paradise now: he gets all of this and still doesn't have to work. Why should he? I know a Murry who works, and he said to me, "I must be mad. With all my kids, I could get more on the dole."

I don't know why Mr Herbert doesn't invite all the Murrys from Yarrabah (a reserve) over to his place at Redlynch, or better still, why doesn't he go over to Yarrabah. I'm sure he could learn a lot about the new culture of the 1982 Murry.

R. McMurphy,
Edmonton, NQ.



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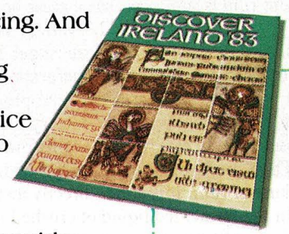

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BOOZE

SOME DRINKS smack of elegance, others imply that they are bottled masculinity boosters, but rum fairly ripples with fantasy: visions of swashes being buckled, hot Caribbean nights and the lusty bodice-ripping heroines of historical fiction.

Rum first made its appearance in the early 17th Century, following the successful introduction of sugar-cane to the West Indies by Christopher Columbus. At first, sugar made its major impact by replacing honey as the main sweetener, but European colonists were soon combining the cane juice with water and distilling it to make the first true spirit of the New World. "Need, not pleasure", however, was the order of the day and to quote one observer, it was a "hot, hellish and terrible liquor".

There are many theories as to how rum got its name but most experts believe it stems from the old English term, *rumbustion,* a synonym for uproar, or *rumbullion,* meaning rumpus. Both words probably were accurate descriptions of the behavior of early imbibers, and underscore the legend that although the first rums lacked smoothness, they more than made up for it in potency. On occasion the fiery feeling they engendered in the stomach could even become terrifyingly real, as one chronicler pointed out, with the sad tale of a servant who was immediately enveloped in flames when a spark from a candle accidentally fell into the rum he was serving.

Although most of us think of rapacious, one-eyed cutthroats in connection with rum, any pirate worth his cutlass preferred brandy. For a long time rum remained the drink of the poor wretches who were usually urgently persuaded to join His Majesty's Navy. Like the slaves who drank it before them, the half a pint of raw rum that was rationed out every day may have produced rather unable seamen, but it helped them cope better with the harsh realities of life. As well as anaesthetising the brain, it could be pressed into service to do the same for the body and was a handy disinfectant.

Rum also has the honor of being Australia's first national drink. Gin, which was all the rage in England during early settlement, didn't travel well, the Napoleonic Wars cut off the brandy supply and our taste for Scotch was non-existent. In the absence of major competitors, rum reigned supreme.

After its heyday as a major form of currency and the misdeeds of the Rum Corps and the Rum Rebellion in the early 19th Century, rum's rivals began to acquire a larger hold on the Australian market. By the latter half of the century, whisky and brandy had begun eroding the hegemony of rum. Even after the Australian rum industry made the change from heavy rum varieties to relatively light ones, rum never recovered its monopoly and now ranks third behind whisky and brandy.

from demon drink to fashionable favorite, rum still ripples with fantasy

Rum may have its origins in the Caribbean, but these days it is produced in every country that has a major sugar industry. The West Indian islands are still the world's major producers but South Africa, USA and Australia also produce significant amounts. As it is one of the few liquors that preserves a great deal of the character of its main ingredient, the place where rum is produced has a great bearing on its taste and style. The variety of the cane, its mineral content, the sugar level, method of distillation and maturation and soil conditions all affect the final product, and therefore virtually every brand possesses a distinctive taste of its own.

There are two main methods used in the making of rum. It is either directly distilled from the fermented liquid of crushed sugar or from molasses which is a by-product of the sugar industry. The latter method is the most prevalent and for a good rum, the molasses should always have a characteristically sweet and fresh odor.

The first production step is to clean and dilute the molasses before adding the special yeasts which turn the sugar into alcohol during the fermentation period. The length of the fermentation greatly influences the taste and so for light rums the process is rapid, generally lasting from 24-36 hours, but for darker rums fermentation can take up to 12 days.

Just because rum is made from sugar, and is renowned as the most natural of spirits, doesn't mean that it is ever sweet. During distillation, the sugar in the juices is greatly affected by alcohol and therefore rum ends up about as sweet as brandy or whisky. It does have a special affinity for fruit juices, so if your only experience with rum has been with a fruity mixed drink, you can be excused for making the assumption.

By the same token, it also seems logical to think that a pale-colored rum is light-bodied and vice versa. Color, however, is not a good guideline as it is a poor indication of flavor, alcoholic content or quality.

Some experts divide rum into two categories while others insist that there are three. The two-part theorists say the principal types are light-bodied and heavy-bodied and those who favor the threesome approach, go for light, medium and heavy classifications. Throughout its early history, most rum drinkers cherished heaviness and pungency, but since the Second World War, light rum has enjoyed a spectacular success. Developed in Puerto Rico and Cuba in the late 19th Century, its delicate flavor and the fact that it is low in congeners (one of the main contributors to hangovers), have made it one of the most appealing drinks behind the modern bar.

Unlike such mixers as gin and vodka, where tastelessness is a virtue, white rum is never anonymous. It blends but doesn't just become an alcoholic backdrop. Even when you drink a white rum with lime and soda, the aromatic taste of the rum is still definite.

Along with the Cuba Libre, the Daiquiri is probably the white rum drink that has achieved the greatest fame. Originally invented by the American manager of a tin mine in the tiny Cuban town of Daiquiri, there are now endless variations utilising pineapple, banana, peaches, apricot brandy, pineapple liqueur and many more. But what is generally thought of as the classic mixture is a blend of a quarter to one-third lime juice, white rum and a little sugar shaken over crushed ice.

The famous Planter's Punch is another showcase for rum and is even less specific than the Daiquiri when it comes to ingredients. Pineapple and orange are favorite ingredients, but those who crave the exotic prefer their concoctions flavored with guavas and mangoes.

If you plan to use rum in mixed drinks, as most people do, remember that most drinkers usually cannot differentiate between brands when the rum is competing with a host of other flavors. Always buy good quality rum, of course, but keep the absolute tops for yourself and a few favored friends. — ELISABETH KING

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ANOTHER GB PRODUCT

VIDEO

Only blockbuster movies (*Mad Max, Star Wars,* etc) do better on the home-video best-seller lists than R-rated soft core sexual fantasy. The first basic of soft core is that you never actually see it happen. You see sweat beads sprout on foreheads, eyes go glazed and roll upwards, you see hips shudder and rotate, legs go into spasms, lips twitch like sunburnt silkworms on amphetamines.

Traditionally, surveys indicate women are more likely to suspend disbelief and succumb to the atmosphere of cinematic erotica (soft focus camera work, sunlight filtering through trees, waves spuming into the air, etc). Men — basic beasts that they are — are more likely to want to see it throb, glisten and shoot for the sky before believing they're seeing the real thing.

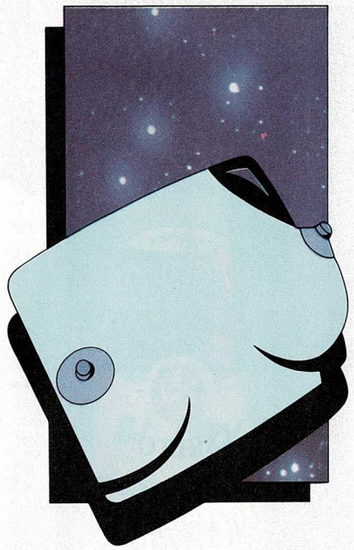
X-rated movie houses invariably draw men-only audiences, while some R-rated frolics draw more than 60 percent women. When applied to the home video circuit, I guess it all means he's more likely to leap on her sometime during *The Devil And Miss Jones,* but she's likely to get a lot sexier with him halfway through one of the breathless, slow motion tumbles of the *Emmanuelle* series.

The Big Three formats in R-rated soft core can be categorised as Bacchus Revisited, Significant and Slightly De Sade.

The full-on Bacchanalian epic depicts sex as nothing but fun-fun-fun — as irresistible natural and involuntary as scratching an itch. Participants tend to be tanned and fit, with big smiles for all times. Significant, all too often, means a soft-focus, slow-motion screw, with as many underlying themes as bodies. The awakening of sexual desire in a young girl is a constant source of inspiration — as are tales of beautiful people exploring sex beyond monogomy. Slightly De Sade cops its feelings from the interesting tactile fact that slight pain and extreme pleasure can feel startlingly similar. But in the R-rated field, for every man woofing happily under the lash, at least a dozen women are sodomised and mauled until they meow with ecstasy. In R-rated S&M no one ever bleeds, everyone comes up misty-eyed with fulfillment and satisfaction.

Among the leaders on Australia's current R-rated soft-core best seller list are:

INSATIABLE (Marilyn Chambers, John Holmes — Roadshow Video). In which Marilyn smirks, slurps, sucks and ecstatically sighs through numerous encounters of the inside. Or does she? Her brave claim that she always makes it on screen, never fakes it, wouldn't stand up to a Masters and Johnson laboratory probe, methinks. Still, as sex trademarks go, she conveys a classy sense of willing tit, arse and



marvellous mouth — nice smile too. The sequence with the snooker balls and the gardener is hilarious — though I don't think it was meant to be. The final fantasy screw-scene with porno star John Holmes is played against a background of throbbing gold light and is remarkable for the number of times the same scene (photographed from different angles) is repeated.

EMMANUELLE (Sylvia Kristel — Star Video). There are up to eight Emma titles on the home video circuit. But only three star the original Emmanuelle — Sylvia Kristel. In *Emmanuelle I* she joins the mile high club while flying to Bangkok to meet her diplomat husband (actually, one of her husbands — the character changes names and actors as the series develops).

In Bangkok, she is initiated into the ideal of love being the pursuit of pure pleasure.

"Making love is my main interest in life."

"Doesn't it ever become monotonous?"

"No, of course not — all you need is a little imagination."

In *Emmanuelle 2* (also titled *Emmanuelle L'Antivierge*), the frolics continue as Emmanuelle sails to join Jean in Hong Kong, via an affair with a German girl. A young lover tries to seduce her away from this decadent lifestyle but fails; and Emmanuelle, Jean and another girl, Anna Marie, embark on a lover's swing through Bali.

In *Goodbye Emmanuelle* she meets Gregory, a director who doesn't go for swaps. "I'd be hopping mad if I knew the wife I loved was in bed with someone else."

"How bourgeois," retorts Emma.

But suddenly, the passing parade of bedroom flesh fails to entice her as it did before. Suddenly Jean is consumed with jealousy. Emmanuelle leaves him — presumably because Gregory, not making love, has become her main interest in life.

The Emmanuelle series didn't pioneer the art of photographing sensuously misty screw scenes but in Sylvia Kristel it has come up with some of the best examples. Her long legs, model's posture and sinuous torso suggest high-bred pleasure of the most languorous kind. *Emmanuelle I* is claimed to be the best-selling video title in the world — certainly it's the market leader in Australia. When released in Australian theatres in the 70s, the three titles were censored — but the uncut originals have made it onto video.

Their popularity has inspired the numerous Emma-too's. Video Classics have the better pretenders with *Emmanuelle 3, Daughter of Emmanuelle* and *Carry On Emmanuelle.*

EMPIRE OF PASSION (Kazuko Yoshi-yuki, Tatsuya Fuji — Star Video). *Empire Of Passion* is not really an erotic movie — it's a psychological drama with a few key erotic scenes. The film won the cinematographic prize at the '78 Cannes Festival. The plot concerns two lovers who murder the woman's ageing husband and throw the body down a disused well. Only thing is, three years later he comes back to haunt them. Or is it their guilt rising free from suppression? Thoroughly rattled, the lovers blow their cool and confess all under torture. They are taken away and later executed. The dubbed dialogue is so atrocious it sabotages any good intentions of the actors, but the photography, storyline development and foreboding atmosphere of doom are compelling.

LAURA (Maud Adams, James Mitchell, Dawn Dunlop — Star Video). A film by David Hamilton, who made the *Bilitis* hit a few years back. Laura is also Australia's first simultaneous movie theatre/home video release, and it quite probably will pull more rental and sales dollars on the video circuit than in theatre receipts. Like *Bilitis,* Laura is a young girl on the threshold of sexuality. She fixates on a reclusive but famous sculptor who, it turns out, had initiated her mother a generation previously. The sculptor goes blind, Laura guides him to her body, they make love.

All in all, the storyline suggests sex with a beautifully photographed young girl can be the stuff of which miracles are made. And if you still can't quite believe it, it's not the fault of David Hamilton's photography, the soaring screaming guitars on the music score, or the erotic suggestibility of the bodies on display. — ANTHONY O'GRADY

RATED

No matter how these Star Video movies are rated, we suggest that you rate them for yourself.

But preferably not by yourself.

'Emmanuelle,' 'Emmanuelle 2' and 'Goodbye Emmanuelle.' The famous threesome of erotic art that have become modern cinema classics.

'Bilitis' and 'Laura' by David Hamilton, renowned for his images of young innocent love. 'The Story of O' and 'Madame Claude' directed by Just Jaeckin, the same man who brought you 'Emmanuelle.'

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TRAVEL

Clipper, Statesman, Galaxy, Marco Polo, Empress, Club, Gold, Executive . . . the tags may differ, but the concept of an airline "middle class" section especially designed for business travellers definitely has arrived.

The new class status grew out of a real need for a half-way haven between the expensive frills of first class and the budget basics of economy. Airlines were quick to react to the specific complaints of full-fare independent passengers who were given the same seating and services as package-fare bazzabouts. These grumblers were invariably frequent business travellers unable to take advantage of the cheaper advance-purchase fares with the attendant restrictions on length of stay and seasonal highs and lows.

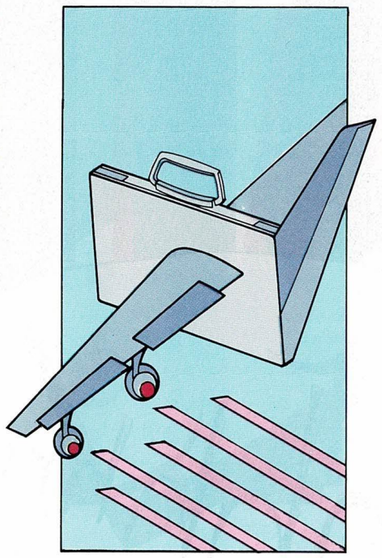
The first steps to cosset the business traveller came with preferential seating where possible, check-in privileges and some extra in-flight assistance. These fairly vague attempts to placate the unpackaged passenger eventually blossomed into a separate cabin area, usually offering a more spacious seating configuration than economy class, and various in-flight niceties such as special menus and giveaway goodies.

Qantas pioneered the business class system out of Australia in late 1979 and it has been spectacularly successful: so successful, in fact, that the airline has changed the seating plans on many of its northbound and trans-Pacific services to permanently accommodate this middle class.

The scope of what's offered varies considerably from one carrier to another; some put a surcharge on their business class seating, others don't. Many airlines treat this section of the aircraft with almost the same deference as they do first class; others see it more as a civilised extension of economy; simply littered with more briefcases than bassinets.

Those airlines which impose a surcharge for business zone seating include Air New Zealand (Pacific Class); Alitalia (Business Class); Pan Am (Clipper Class) and Singapore Airlines (Business Class). The surcharge is generally around 10 percent on top of the regular economy class airfare. Qantas (Business Class), Cathay Pacific (Marco Polo) and UTA (Galaxy) all offer a separate fare which can range from, say, an extra $200 for a Sydney-to-Hong Kong hop by Cathay Pacific to an additional $125 for the Sydney-to-Paris sector by UTA. On long-haul routes, these extra dollars are certainly a worthwhile investment in comfort.

All these airlines offer special seating aspiring to the Jason recliner-rocker look of first class. There's more leg room, generally wider aisles, more elbow space between adjoining chairs and greater pitch for reclining. Check-in and baggage handling are given priority status: often these procedures are handled on the same basis as first class. Free bar drinks, menu choice and packaged giveaway goodies are some of the in-flight extras.



business class is fast becoming the only way to fly

There is also a horde of airlines which have business class equivalents but don't impose any surcharge. If you're travelling independently (i.e. not on a package or promotional fare) and space is available, you'll automatically be upgraded to the middle class.

In this category there are the following carriers: Air India (Executive Class); British Airways (Club Class); Canadian Pacific (Empress Class); Continental (Statesman Service); Garuda (Business Class); Japan Air Lines (Executive Class); KLM (Business Class); Lufthansa (Business Class); Malaysian Airline System (Business Class); Philippine Airlines (Executive Class); South African Airways (Gold Class) and Thai International (Business Class). Actual seating is not necessarily any superior on these no-extra-charge carriers, but the business zone is kept uniformly separate from economy class and usually is positioned directly behind the first class sanctum, or on 747-series aircraft, it's often upstairs in the "hump".

Check-in and baggage handling usually is separate, and the use of airport VIP lounges can be arranged in many cases. Without exception, all these carriers offer free bar drinks to their business passengers, plus choice of main meals. Pan Am and Singapore Airlines use proper china, linen and glassware in their respective Clipper and Business zones (but, you're paying extra with these carriers); Thai International has actual tablecloths and Canadian Pacific offers silver service to Empress Class passengers. All these seeming trivia help to alleviate the tedium of travelling and *any* variation has to be better than the cloned plastic pulp of economy class meals.

All carriers appear to be almost obsessively concerned about the hygiene of business bodies. Toiletry Kits are much in evidence: Continental's suede pouch has everything from miniature deodorant and disposable razor to a fold-away toothbrush and thumb-sized bottle of splash-on cologne. Eyeshades and sockettes are *de rigueur* for the business commuter and these are also brandished freely on all airlines mentioned herein.

There usually are more business and finance-oriented publications in the in-flight libraries of these zones than elsewhere on board. Air New Zealand, British Airways, Japan Air Lines, KLM, Lufthansa and Qantas produce their own specialised reading material for business travellers.

Some carriers jolly the concept along a step further with a club system for frequent travellers. British Airways' Executive Club membership costs £55 per year and entitles travellers to free travel insurance and discounts on accommodation, car rental and suchlike. If you regularly spend up big on Lufthansa services, you're eligible for similar benefits. Cathay Pacific, Japan Air Lines, Continental and KLM are also on the business club bandwagon.

Business class has become such an accepted travel alternative that it can only become more widespread, and competition between carriers will inevitably lead to more elaborate ploys to entice us aboard.

The initial hesitation felt by many travellers about using business class for a holiday jaunt is also being overcome. You can turn up with a sarong and a straw hat, if you must, and, apart from those carriers which impose a surcharge, you'll still be entitled to business class on a full-fare economy ticket. In fact, as a compromise between the pricey plushness of first class and the undignified crush of economy, this hitherto missing link is fast becoming the only way to fly.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

"Perfume should be sprayed on wherever you expect to be kissed."
Coco Chanel.

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BOOKS

Andrew Peacock, prime ministerial aspirant, bon vivant and natty dresser, seems to be a moderately interesting chap, and his political accomplishments are equally worthy of some attention. But two books' worth of attention? I wonder.

The second of the Peacock bios to be published in recent months is the quite handsome *Peacock MP* (Rigby). The work of committed Liberals Jim Carey and Toni McCrae is as objective as a fanzine. The Boy's Own Adventure, which was Peacock's early life, is recounted in breathless Brideshead prose, while his rapid ascent in political life is documented with all the panache of the Dow Jones index and the depth of the Stop Press column. We learn that Peacock — now a sort of cross between God and Sascha Distel — had no trouble picking up babes, usually of the well-heeled Toorak variety, and that he had the knack of charming the pants off (well, almost) the Liberal Party mums and stalwarts. Quick as a flash, there he was a Minister of the Crown, guiding New Guinea to nationhood, solving the tricky situation in the Cocos Islands and making the scene all over the place with the Bollinger set.

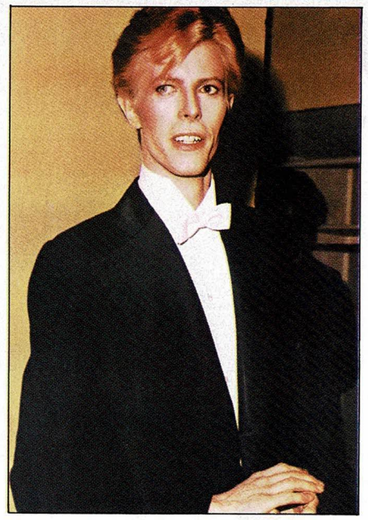
The two authors trace the political powerplays that have highlighted the career of the Colt from Kooyong but offer little in the way of analysis or inside information. Whenever a point of view is called for, it is generally that Peacock can do no wrong. His admirers already know that, and for the sceptics there is no new evidence to sway the argument. And, on the down and dirty side, don't expect to get to the bottom of this business with Shirley McLaine. Zilch filth. And of his long-time steady, Margaret St George, even less. Whatsa matter with political biographies these days?

— PHIL JARRATT

●

Twenty tons of raw heroin lie hidden in a cave at the end of a remote valley in the Golden Triangle. That's billions of dollars worth of smack — bliss and misery — and it's been there in cold storage since the war. Trouble is, the valley is located in a no man's land, close by the Chinese border.

Back in Bangkok, things are looking bad for ruling Prince Korat and his muddle-of-the-road policies. The Chinese mafia, the Triad, is abetting right-wing General Thanor, so that a military coup could come at any time. The Yanks are clearly worried when things finally come to a head. Two heads, in fact. A secretary finds one in the embassy grounds when she goes to retrieve a volley ball and the Prince is suitably disconcerted when, having had a pipe or two plus a bit of fleshy relaxation with a girl from the Laotian border, he discovers a head in his water-jar. The Triad is well-known for such nasty messages, so one-handed-jack and Intelligence man Colonel Michael Hudson is brought in to negotiate. (The other hand was blown off by a landmine in 'Nam.)



bowie black book is bland text, but a feast of color

Interested? Dwight Martin, the author of this little plot, *The Triad Imperative* (a Hamlyn paperback, distributed here by Nelson), is an ex-senior editor of *Newsweek*, a former Far East correspondent and US Intelligence agent. So it's easy to see where he gets these funny ideas from.

The odd thing is that while there are several instances where Asian women are shown in a favorable light (their winsome sexual prowess) the Asian men are either sinister or stupid, save for a flashback to Nazi-occupied France, when Triad members were aiding the Resistance.

What the novel *has* going for it is a briskly-cooking plot, liberally spiced with sex, torture and violence. It's a sort of fast-food thriller.

All the Triad wants is a bit of help getting the smack out: simple things, like a Chinook helicopter to be flown up in a cargo plane and a B52 to crash far enough away to create a diversion. Reluctantly, the Americans agree. After all, they don't want no right-wing government in Thailand. To further complicate matters, there's a lost platoon of World War Two Japanese soldiers about to enter the hidden valley.

Yep! It's complicated like that, all the way to a mysterious finish. Beats me why they didn't use Air America, the CIA airline. From all accounts, Air America made many a successful smack-run during the Vietnam War.

— PETER CULAINN

●

Rock'n'roll not only supports a mammoth international record industry, it is also beginning to spawn a sizeable book publishing trade. Unfortunately, most of the titles under print complement a great deal of the output from record companies, in that they are. . . inherently disposable.

The books under review here fall into this category. These tomes pander to the star system and steadfastly refuse to consider the process of rock stardom itself. They are produced for the hard-core fans. So if you are not partial to, say, Led Zeppelin, then *Led Zeppelin In Their Own Words* (Omnibus Press), will be totally lost on you. This is one in a series that has so far included Elvis, Dylan, Paul McCartney, the Rolling Stones and Abba, among others. They are all little more than quick cullings from the artists' respective press files interspersed with lots of pictures. Depth is not their forte. Take this quote from Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page: "There is a very powerful astrological force at work within the band which I am sure had a lot to do with our success."

Of a more informative quality to the avid record collector is another series, *The Illustrated Discography* (Omnibus Press), which includes books on The Who and Elvis Presley in hard-cover plus more artists in paperback. The blurb on the cover of The Who volume is a comprehensive review of the contents: "A complete listing of all The Who albums, singles and bootlegs throughout the world, with extensive recording information and details of label changes."

That supreme chameleon, David Bowie, is one of the few rock stars who deserves a definitive biography. But like Elvis Presley, we probably will have to wait for his demise for the full story to emerge. Until then you could make do with the *David Bowie Black Book* (Omnibus Press), a fairly bland account of Bowie's career with a feast of color pictures. The author Miles appears to have put more time and effort into this than many of the other rock books he has written, but his research still didn't extend far beyond back issues of *Rolling Stone* and *Melody Maker*. *David Bowie: An Illustrated Record* (Avon), by English rock writers Roy Carr and Charles Shaar Murray, at least tries to probe the Bowie phenomenon in a short, introductory essay. However, the bulk of the book is taken up by a review of his entire recording career.

The only volume in this batch that catches something of the experience of rock music is Sandy Robertson's *Meat Loaf, Jim Steinman And The Phenomenology Of Excess* (Omnibus Press). A very brief appreciation of the Meat and his creator's bombast and mock grandeur, it reads like it was composed during a crazed all-night binge.

— KENT GODDARD

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BOOK ESSAY

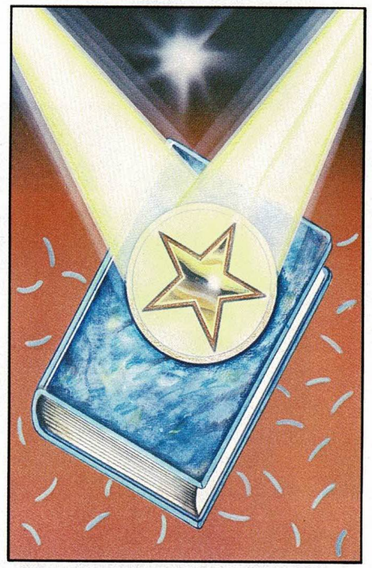
a mini-interview with a publisher of the rich and famous

You will know when you've become rich and famous — people will want you to write the *book. The problem is that you will become so paranoiac about rushing into print that you will probably reject every overture. But should you decide to accept, it just might be because your old mate Michael Parkinson, who made you even richer and more famous by interviewing you on his show last year, persuaded you that your public image* can *survive the risk of print.*

Pavilion Books is a fledgling English publishing firm which since firing up its presses less than two years ago has created a reputation as the print house for celebrities. Managing director Colin Webb says there is no mystique about Pavilion's ability to attract names other publishing houses had pursued for years.

"Michael Parkinson and Tim Rice are major shareholders and with the credibility and contacts they've gained in their work, we have the means to make personal approaches to celebrities," says Webb.

PLAYBOY met Colin Webb during the Pavilion man's recent Australian jaunt and quizzed him on the problems and plusses of dealing with Paul McCartney, Billy Connolly, Pamela Stephenson, Parky, Sebastian Coe, the Rolling Stones . . .



PLAYBOY: Just how well-contacted are Tim Rice and Michael Parkinson?

WEBB: Tim is the major shareholder in Pavilion and with his tremendous success with stage shows like *Evita* he's earned a great credibility and a good many friends. Michael, in particular, has made many impressive contacts through his show.

PLAYBOY: Are celebrities hard to deal with?

WEBB: We try to avoid the prima donnas. When we started the project we meant to enjoy it and whenever someone starts becoming a bit difficult we usually get out.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've still pulled off some major coups.

WEBB: We were very fortunate last year in getting *Not The Royal Wedding* from the *Not The Nine O'Clock News* people. It was one of those moments that happen very rarely. I was having a long editorial meeting with Pamela Stephenson, who I had got to know through Billy Connolly, and suddenly it occurred to us that *Not The Royal Wedding* would be a great title for a book.

PLAYBOY: That was more of an event book; what about the personalities?

WEBB: Everybody has approached the superstars and not got very far with most of them. Take Paul McCartney for example, when we started there was some publicity about Michael and Tim's involvement. McCartney, who knew Tim, obviously saw it so he phoned up and asked if Tim would like to publish his book. It's called *Paul McCartney — Composer/Artist* and is a collection of his songs and drawings. We're also publishing a book of Linda McCartney's photography.

PLAYBOY: Is Pavilion pursuing the Stones?

WEBB: Our connection there is Bill Wyman, who is the Stones' achivist. He has kept the diaries and he mentioned it to Michael during an interview. I think the Stones have reached the point where there have been so many books about them that they are looking for an opportunity to set the record straight. The same applies to McCartney. A recent book on the Beatles, called *Shout,* was incredibly inaccurate. Paul was absolutely infuriated by it.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider the great untapped rock and roll biography?

WEBB: Someone I think would make a great book is Elton John. He's an interesting and terribly extraordinary figure.

PLAYBOY: How do you go about playing matchmaker to prominent writers and celebrities?

WEBB: It's instinctive. It's also a process of building up a backlog of contacts of writers and journalists and calling on them when needed. I was in New York recently and came across the most amazing diaries and memoirs that had been left by the actress Rachel Roberts, who committed suicide. She was married to Rex Harrison and had lived a most amazing life. The material was riveting but it needed a good writer to give it shape. Fortunately, Alexander Walker, the film critic who wrote the authorised biography of Peter Sellers, was a man I had known for years.

PLAYBOY: Is the public really that infatuated with celebrities?

WEBB: I think we're in the age of the celebrity syndrome. It's human nature to want to know more about people who are in the public eye.

PLAYBOY: Do you intend expanding your international operations?

WEBB: Yes. Although there are many people we would like to publish for in the UK, we realise we've got equally good contacts in the US. With Michael being in Australia for six months of the year to '85, it also gives us the chance to build up contacts here.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider some celebrities completely unattainable?

WEBB: There are the great inaccessibles, Greta Garbo for one. At the moment we're working on a superb pictorial tribute to Cary Grant, who turns 80 at the beginning of 1984.

PLAYBOY: Was Albert Goldman's Presley biography an example of delving too far into the mire?

WEBB: We were offered that book and I wouldn't publish it. OK, you have the stories which just have to be written. The Monroe story — if it is all true — is an example. But no way does it detract from the myth that was Marilyn. The Presley book was just despicable.

PLAYBOY: Another great coup would be the Hugh Hefner story.

WEBB: Yes, in fact we've just been offered one. I imagine there would be about a dozen Hefner books in various stages of completion.

PLAYBOY: Michael Parkinson seems a very busy guy to be involved with a publishing firm.

WEBB: His ambition was to retire at 50 and invest in a newspaper in the north of England. I guess this project has given him the chance to do something similar a little earlier in life.

PLAYBOY: Since the advent of Princess Di, the Royal Family have become pop idols. How accessible are the royals for a publisher such as Pavilion?

WEBB: When I did the Goon Show scripts all those years ago, Prince Charles wrote a very funny forward and attended the launch. There was no way he could say it in public, but I gather he actually enjoyed *Not The Royal Wedding.* Next year we're publishing a book on David and Elizabeth Emmanuel, who made the wedding dress. We've lined up Faye Dunaway and Claire Bloom, among others, for contributions and surprisingly, the Duchess of Kent has agreed to be involved. There is a certain protocol involved but I think if you've got the right approach and subject, some members of the Royal Family are prepared to contribute. — NEIL JAMESON

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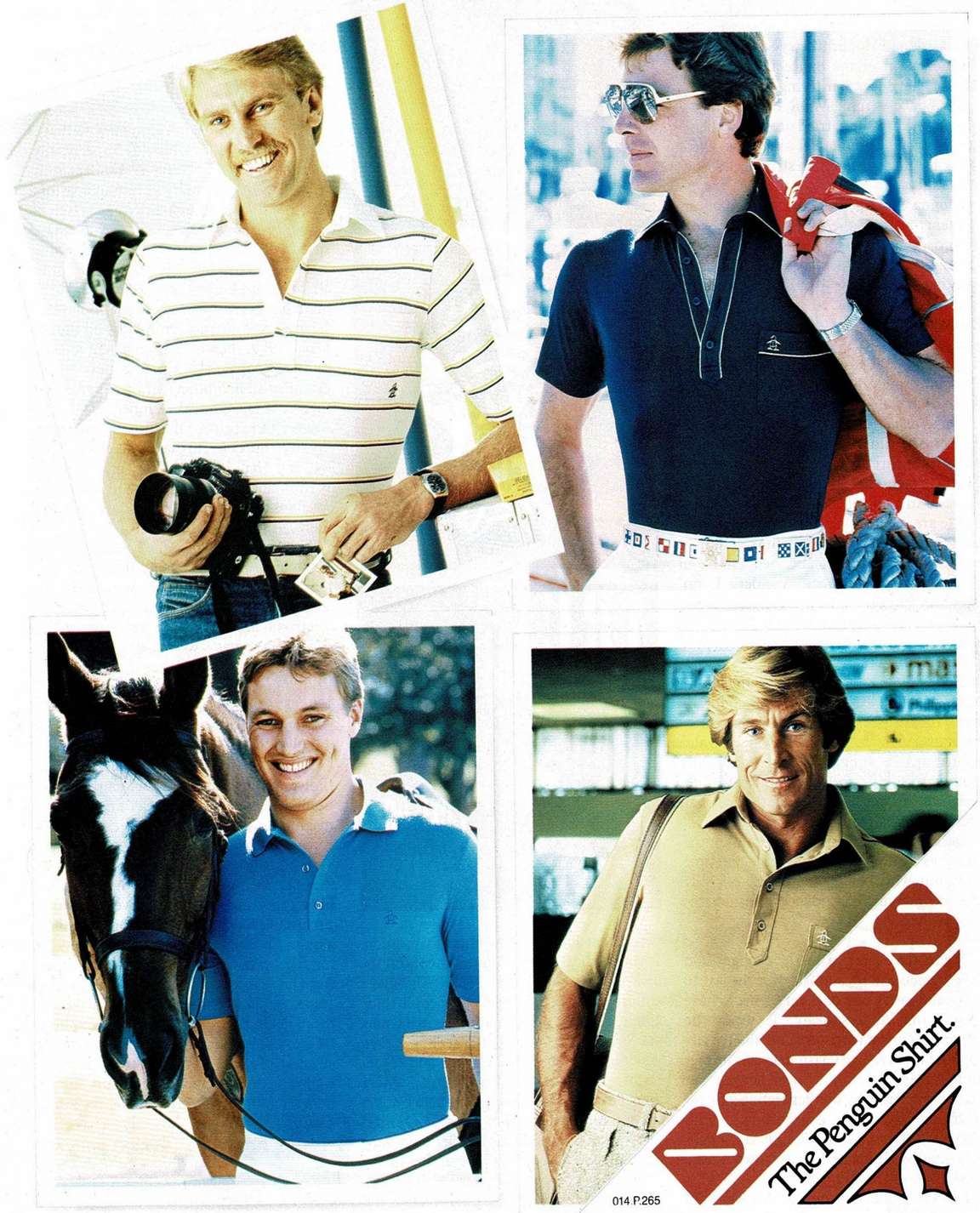
Wherever you go, they're the tops.



Donna Summer is an artist full of contradictions. Over the last decade this Disco Diva has produced some great singles, counterbalanced by a lot of very ordinary albums. The problem seems to lie in an identity confusion. The singles, like Bad Girls and Hot Stuff, have presented her as the queen of the dance floor. But her albums have seen her trying to cover every base at once — funk, MOR, ballads, rock — you name it, she's tried it. Even such a consummate commercial singer as Diana Ross has had difficulties striving for such versatility.

Donna Summer's new self-titled album contains most of the flaws of her previous records, but goes a long way to overcoming them by utilising a more eclectic musical backing. Credit for this must belong to veteran producer Quincy Jones, who is probably still living on his huge royalty cheque from Michael Jackson's *Off The Wall* LP. At last Donna Summer has escaped from Giorgio Moroder's stifling Eurodisco wall-of-sound.

On *Donna Summer* (WEA), she again tackles a bewildering array of styles, but for the greater part of the record she succeeds in making them her own. The new single, Love Is In Control, and (If It) Hurts Just A Little are the disc-slipping dance numbers. Livin' In America takes its funk at a more leisurely pace and lyrically seems to be an optimistic reply to Stevie Wonder's Livin' For The City. Love Is Just A Breath Away is languid techno pop, while The Woman In Me, despite its synthesisers, is almost a pure country lament.

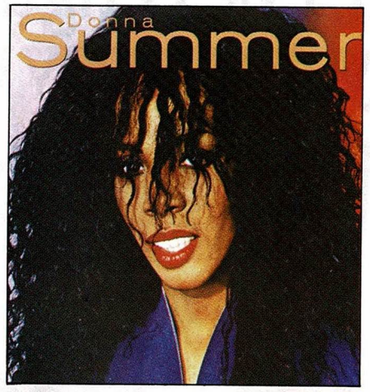
But the two real surprises on the album belong to the second side. Protection is a hard rocker penned for Donna by Bruce Springsteen, of all people, to which he also contributes a stinging guitar solo. Billy Strayhorn's '40s torch song, Lush Life, closes the album and is the apotheosis of all Donna's dreams.

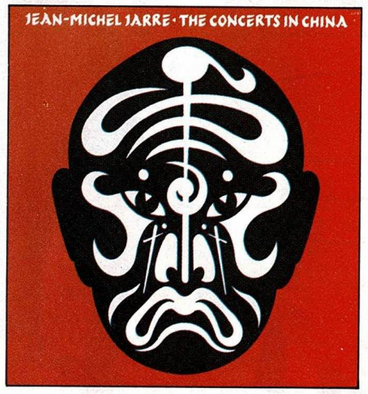
Donna Summer has been foisted on the public as a fully-fledged star for a long time now, but with her new album she finally provides convincing evidence to sustain this view of her.

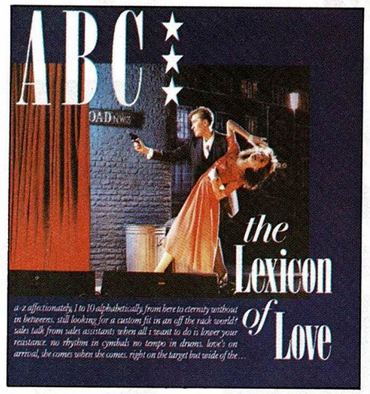
●

There have been a lot of changes and developments in rock music over the last 10 years and every one of them seems to have passed Jon Anderson by. It would be difficult to find an artist more diametrically opposed to, say, The Clash than this former lead singer of Yes. But, we need not suppose that he is worried by this generation gap, for recently, Jon (in collaboration with Vangelis), scored in the U.S. charts. Times may alter but some performers always taste success. Ask Mick Jagger.

For Jon Anderson the late '60s were not just a brief flowering of idealism, but a permanent harvest of mystical inspiration. If your cynical Geiger counter shoots off the dial on hearing lyrics like, "All God's children shall be free, all God's people shine a light on me", or "Give a smile in a while, you get a much much better feeling", then you can do yourselves a favor and forget about *Animation* (Polygram). More innocent folk may ponder for many hours the meaning behind this line: "Master did you make some other plan, let's go subdivide hand in hand". (This notion of the Omnipotent Being as a real estate developer appears to be quite unique to Jon Anderson.)







If your heart still hankers for the golden age of hippiedom and, more importantly, you were one of Yes' many devoted fans, then you'll probably love Anderson's third solo album. That pure, crystalline voice that soared over Yes albums like *Close To The Edge* and *Tales Of Topographic Oceans* has lost none of its power and tone.

●

Jean-Michel Jarre is a French success story that has much in common with that of Englishman, Mike Oldfield. Superficially, their synthesised music is similar in its open, almost classical structure and pastoral mood and both established themselves on an international level with astonishing speed.

Though Jarre has only released two other albums since his first, *Oxygene,* in 1976, his fame has even spread to China. Following Jarre's open-air concert in Paris on Bastille Day, 1979, before an audience of one million people, the Chinese government extended an invitation for him to perform in their country. Thus in October, 1981, Jean-Michel Jarre became the first contemporary Western musician to play concerts in China — and he received not one cent in performance fees. Nor will they pay royalties when his albums are released there.

The tour was a logistical nightmare involving 70 musicians and technicians, 15 tons of equipment, 40 keyboards, 35 amplifiers, 120 speakers and assorted electronic drums and one laser harp (which produces notes when its beams are interrupted). All this for just five concerts in Peking and Shanghai to a total audience of 150,000 Chinese (though an estimated 500 million heard the radio broadcast and 30 million saw him on television).

A double album, *The Concerts In China* (Polygram), recorded on this tour, has now been released and something of the magnitude of the enterprise can now be conveyed to the rest of the world. The sound quality is excellent in reproducing the epic nature of the music, while Jarre and his supporting musicians give a faultless performance of selections from his three albums, plus material he wrote especially for the occasion. In a complete departure from his past work, Jarre composed Fishing Junks At Sunset, which was performed by the Peking Conservatoire Symphony Orchestra and included on this album. As an exercise in the meeting of two cultures, it is beyond reproach in its sympathy for and understanding of traditional Chinese music.

— KENT GODDARD

●

Crossfire try lots of things on *Hysterical Rochords* (WEA) and more often than not, they work. Even the failures — those stoned

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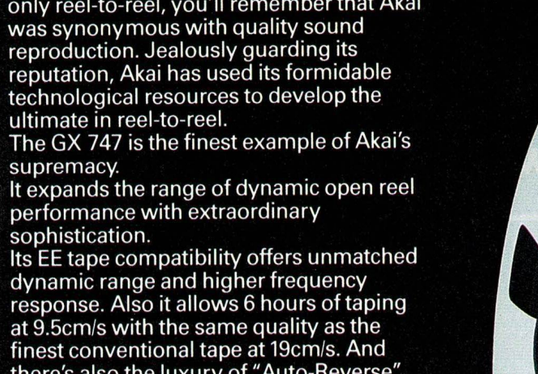

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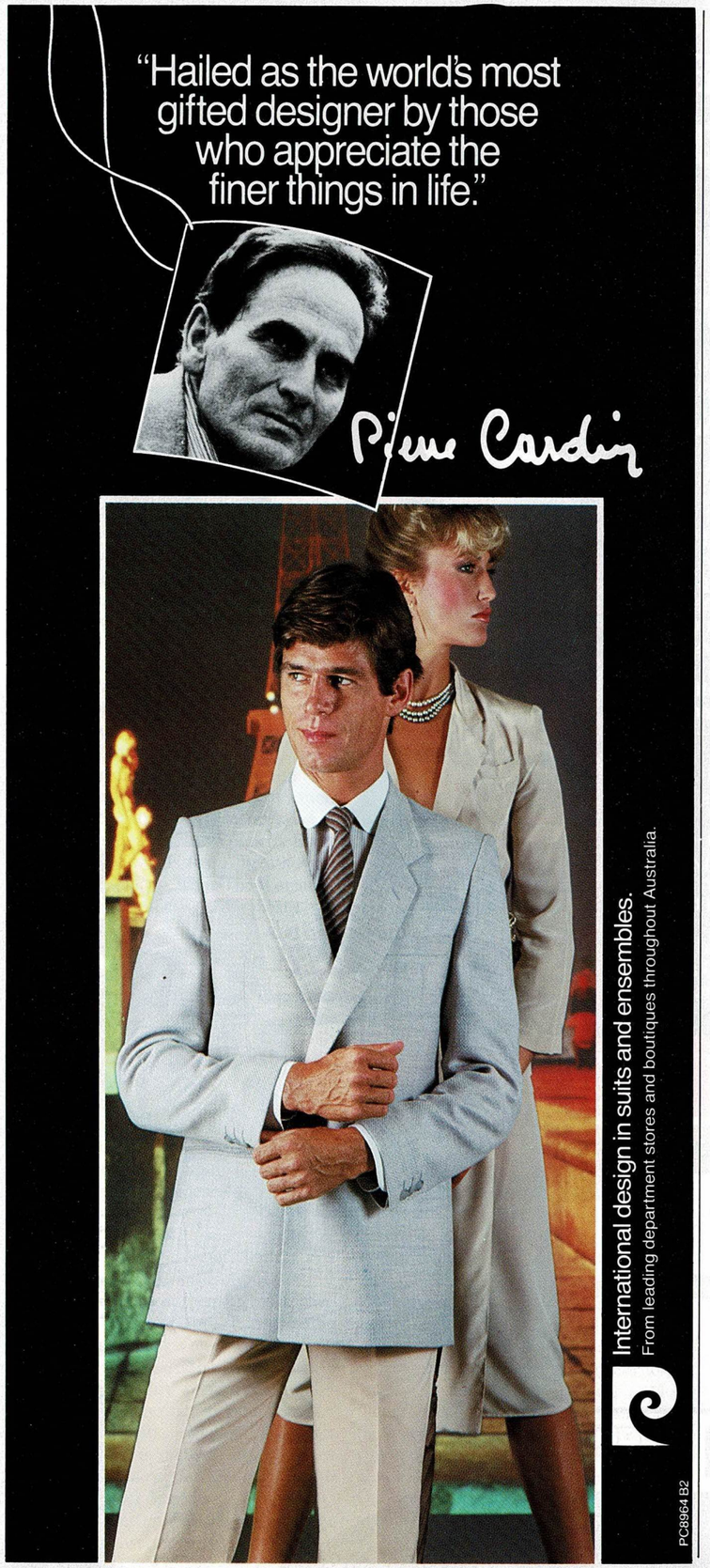


side-trips into the realm of hesitant percussion that cross-over groups make to demonstrate how they've been influenced by exotic music — are rescued on this album by the return to an upbeat theme, or a solo.

The thematic tunes usually are the work of composer/guitarist Jim Kelly. Oddly, they veer between slickness and uncertainty.

When this happens on the same cut, the result is a series of brilliant false-starts. When a solo saves it, the man of the moment often is Tony (Spoons) Buchanan on the sax. He sails effortlessly all over the register, and is never more soulful than in the Eddie Harris-like title track.

The tightness and flair of Weather Report, some Zen-tinged guitar and several strong bass riffs gambol throughout a journey which may leave one thinking that even if Crossfire doesn't always excel at cartography, there's much to be said for happy wandering. — STEVE BUNK

●

Japan's Assemblage (RCA Victor) is a suitably dubbed compilation released locally as a quick catch-up guide for everybody who has missed the act since it bobbed into view back in 1978. It's a smart blend of works from the *Adolescent Sex*, *Obscure Alternatives* and *Quiet Life* albums tossed over a collection of previously unreleased tunes.

As the liner notes suggest, Japan deals in art-rock in a rhythm and blues vein. Serious stuff, sure, but not obsessed with the brooding solemnity of so many contemporary, electronic bands.

Guided by the writings of vocalist David Sylvian, who has a passion for the atlas in dubbing his songs after place names, Japan calls on Richard Barhieri's synthesiser to interpret the creative concepts of founder members Mick Karn, Sylvian and Steve Jansen. It's not as energetic as Duran Duran nor as commercial as Human League, but it presents its own challenges and for that reason rates an encore.

●

Pigbag's free-form funk dance single Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag sold like the proverbial stink in the UK. The ensuing album is *Dr Heckle and Mr Jive* (Powderworks) and although it does not include the single, it has also walked out of the stores. Now, that's quite an amazing feat because Pigbag's potion is non-commercial funk with lashings of jazz, ska and other West Indian influences. It's like Madness with much greater risk and if you think that might be exciting, you're right. This band jumped out of a loose collection of musos based in and around Bristol. With lots of acoustic dash, ripping rhythm runs and searing sax solos they springboarded on to London, hit the US dance floors in 1981 and with this album are knocking on the door everywhere else.

Don't make the mistake of thinking you're buying a disco album. *Dr Heckle and Mr Jive* operates much closer to the edge than that.

●

Kevin Peek is one of the best straight session guitarists to have walked through a UK studio door in the past 20 years and that's probably why he was invited to join John Williams' super-ensemble, Sky. *"Life" and Other Games* (Ariola) is Peek's solo album and his formula contains five hot session men supporting his own multi-instrumental playing and the vocals of David Reilly. Peek was weaned on the jazz and classical guitar greats but has earned hard cash supporting many people, including Cliff Richard, Olivia Newton-John, Shirley Bassey and Manfred Mann. This album finds the Adelaide-born guitarist closer to his own musical loves with his classical discipline overlapping his jazz-rock flair.

●

ABC's aversion to performing live might be reason enough to suggest that like Human League and a few other microchip wonders, they are more at home in the controlled climate of the studio. ABC is vocalist Martin Fry, Steve Singer (sax), Mark White (guitar), Mark Lickley (bass) and David Palmer (drums) and their album, *The Lexicon of Love* (Mercury) is inspired pop in the Brit tradition. It's a collision of catchy (but not cliched) melodies and arresting lyrics packaged under the patronage of hot pop producer Trevor Horn (ex-Buggles).

His stock and trade is surprise and innovation and in ABC he has found the perfect format for his craft.

— NEIL JAMESON

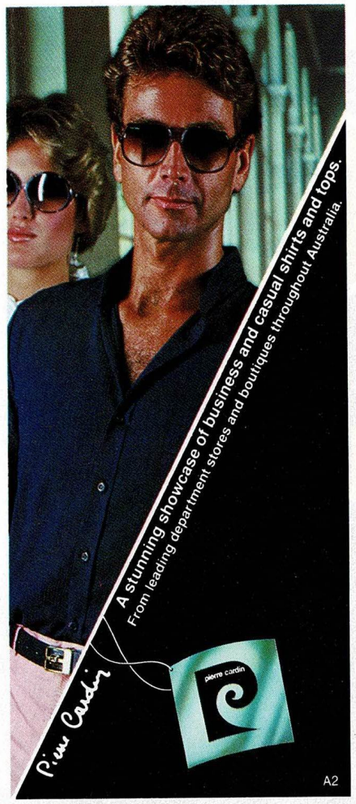
SHORT CUTS

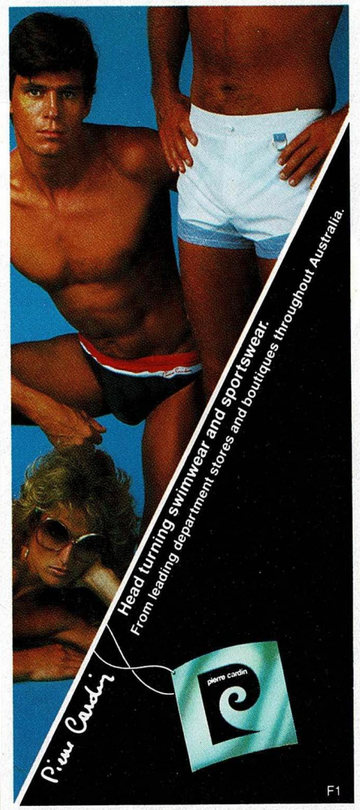
Urban boys from Parramatta to Essendon, Nuremburg to New Jersey look like Franke and the Knockouts. These boys do come from New Jersey but on the evidence of *Below The Belt* (RCA Victor), their Peter Solley-produced set, sound just like all their look-alikes.

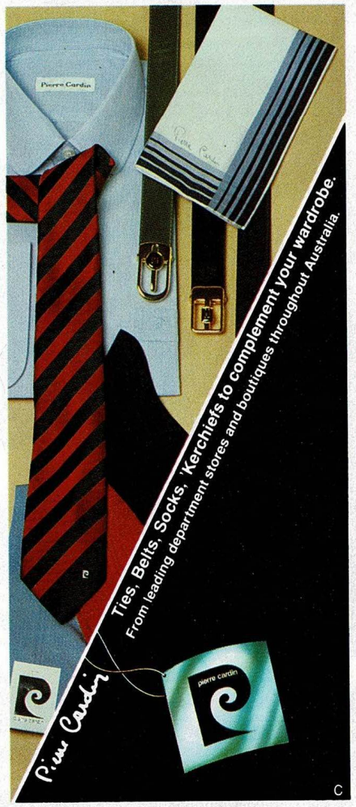
Another Grey Area (Vertigo) is the best way of saying Graham Parker is alive and well and making brilliant albums. This one was recorded at New York's Record Plant, is graced by the playing of session men like Nicky Hopkins and Hugh McCracken and is as timely and rewarding as an interest rates freeze.

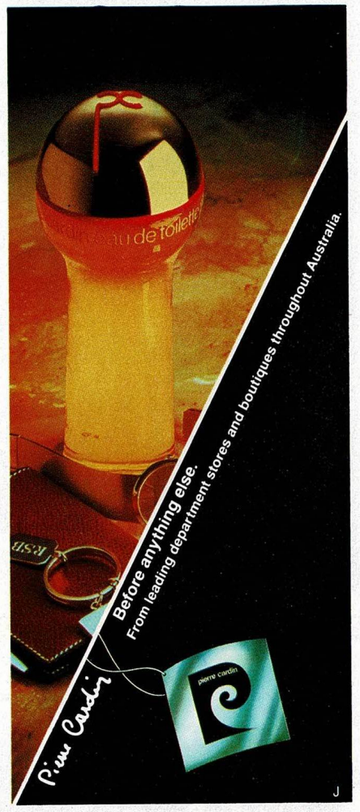
From the band that brought you The Cicada (That Ate Fivedock) comes *Maybe It's A Game* (Powderworks). It's the first album from Sydney outfit Outline. The title cut is a thumper and there is a 12-inch single thrown in as extra bait.

Yes, folks it's *This Is Elvis* (RCA) and parades some monumental cuts including a whole bundle of tunes previously unreleased and heard only by a pack of ole huntin' hounds in the backwoods of Tennessee. Necromania rules!



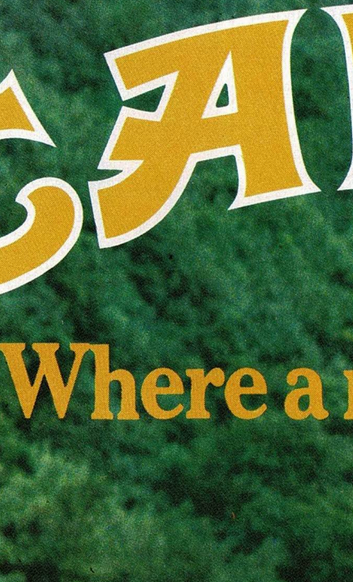






CAMEL

Where a man belongs.



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Steven Spielberg's *E.T.* takes its title from Extra-Terrestrial, the official tag for objects not of this planet. It is a label one is tempted to apply to Spielberg himself. Aged just 34, he is now cinema's all-time most successful director. More people have seen films made by Spielberg than by any other director. *E.T.*, which took a staggering $130 million at the box-office during its first 40 days of release in the US, says it all. It's as irresistible as it is extra-terrestrial.

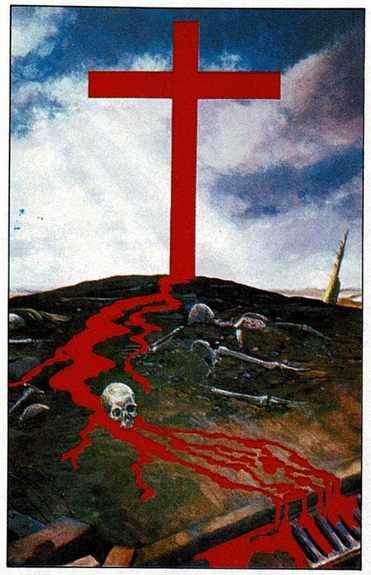
The prevailing mood of Spielberg's movie is optimism. E.T. — who looks like a perished hot-water bottle with the appealing eyes of a mischievous spaniel — is a reluctant refugee from outer space. Realising they have been spotted, the crew of his spaceship shoot through, leaving E.T. afraid, alone, and three million light years from home. In this opening passage of the film, the camera plays E.T. It crashes about in the undergrowth in blind panic at its alien status in the bewildering unknown of suburban America. Most of us immediately identify with E.T.

The film will become the most successful of all time and, wherever it is screened, audiences are admitting to a love affair with E.T. Green and wrinkled, and with an enormous upper lip, he has a heart-shaped head with huge bulging eyes on either side. His heart glows fiery red in times of danger or excitement; ours positively melt for him.

Spielberg has used the term "natural childbirth" to describe his approach to the film. He felt that if the project was too tightly structured, it could kill the naturalness of the kids which is one of the film's major charms. E.T. is smuggled home by a 10-year-old named Elliott with whom he develops a magical communication. Elliott (Henry Thomas), his older brother (Robert MacNaughton) and younger sister (Drew Barrymore) provide E.T. with an affectionate adoption. His greatest threat is from the paranoia of that other alien being . . . the adult.

Spielberg's big kid sense of fun really gets to pick up momentum in this film. Faced with the prospect of telling E.T. he must remain alone while they go to school, Elliott appeals to the others: "How are we going to explain school to a superior intelligence?" The children are splendid . . . never more so than in the scene where they smuggle E.T. out to a Halloween party and he gets the hots for a kid dressed as an extra-terrestrial being.

The plot is as fertile as a kid's imagination, and master story-teller Spielberg is in his element in such territory. The message is that there's nothing to fear but the supreme capability of our kids. Indeed, it's a film that all kids should take their parents to. They'll have to be as understanding as Elliott and Michael and Gertie, however, because the parents will probably behave a bit silly for a while afterwards.



The Wall. . .*apocalypse all the way.*

•

The modern moviemakers seem to have a compelling yearning for apocalypse. We might have thought that Alan Parker had got his out of his system in the explosive finale of *Shoot The Moon.* But Parker's *Pink Floyd The Wall* is apocalypse all the way. Always disturbing and often gruesome, the film goes out of its way — out of its tree, even — to prove that the marriage between rock music and celluloid doesn't have to result in light-hearted inanity.

Assisted by the manic talents of principal Pink Floyd composer Roger Waters, Boomtown Rats vocalist Bob Geldof and illustrator Gerald Scarfe, Parker makes an investigation into Waters' primal scream into a massive movie. It's as effective a psycho-drama as it is rock theatre.

The mind-bending music of *The Wall* album had enough impact to sell nearly 12 million copies. And between them, Parker and Waters have contrived a narrative that matches the significance of the music. Pink (Bob Geldof) is a rock performer sitting locked in a hotel room trying to see his life's marker posts through a fog of too many shows and too many illegal substances. Parker rebuilds his existence brick by brick. Pink's early life has been dominated by the death of his father, the attention of an over-possessive mother and the force-fed patriotism of films such as *The Dam Busters.* His schooldays are darkened by sadistic teachers and an uncaring system. As the alienating experiences build up, he constructs a defensive wall.

However, his success as a rock star serves only to separate him further from a normal existence and his life becomes one of diminishing returns. The departure of his wife (Eleanor David) provides the final brick with which Pink seals himself off from society. He takes a handful of pills and leaves for the far extremities of his nightmare. Parker and Waters appear to be his fellow travellers. Their imaginations produce a rock'n'roll Nuremburg where Pink goes on self-trial and all who have contributed a brick to his wall reappear to testify against him.

The film is visually spectacular at the bizarre end of the spectrum; Parker's eye for powerful images and Scarfe's weird and wonderful animation design flowing into a visual experience that assaults the senses as effectively as Pink Floyd's mighty music . . 27 booming tracks of it.

Violent images relentlessly batter the audience. A dove from a pleasant summer garden scene becomes an eagle tearing at the flesh of the countryside. The eagle, in turn, becomes a bomber dropping its horrific load. The Union Jack decomposes into a red cross of dripping blood. Geldof generates the crazed charisma of his video clips, which was what first attracted Parker's attention.

Don't mistake this for just another concert movie . . . it's a masterpiece of surreal cinema.

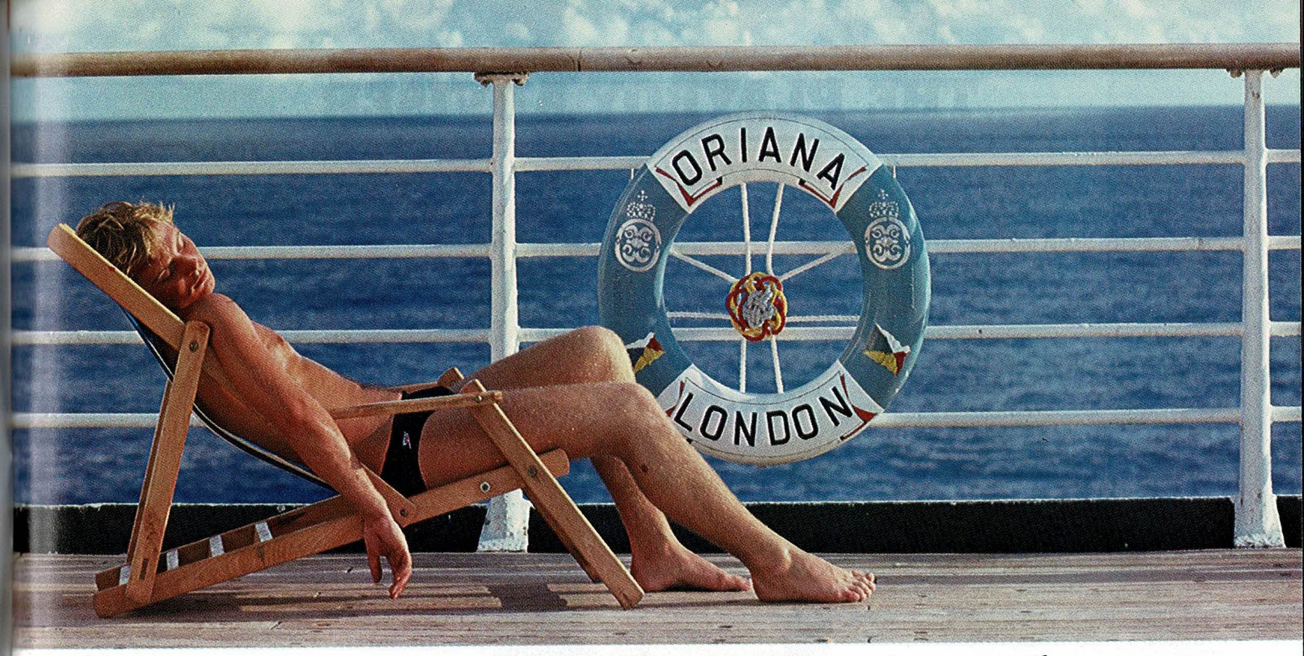
•

Blade Runner, from *Alien* director Ridley Scott, is one of those films that manages to overcome everything that it has going for it. The pluses include Harrison Ford, a Vangelis musical score, impeccable production standards and sumptuous styling. But put them together, and what you've got is mysteriously very little.

We're into the genetic engineering era of the 21st Century and problems arise when some deftly-manufactured human replicas created to serve mankind, start showing disturbing humanoid tendencies and demand a better deal. The great hope of the privileged is "the blade runner" (Harrison Ford) who is called out of retirement to put the replicas in their place. But, the film's excitement comes as a bit of a premature ejaculation. By the time we reach what *should* be a reasonably exciting climax, any tension has been long spent by the interminable intellectualising about the meaning of meaning.

The concept is reasonably interesting, technically it is more than competent and, overall, it is at least inoffensive. But, what promised to deliver much more eventually fails through clumsy action and a pedantic script.

— ROBIN INGRAM



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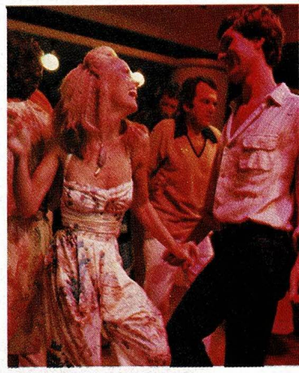

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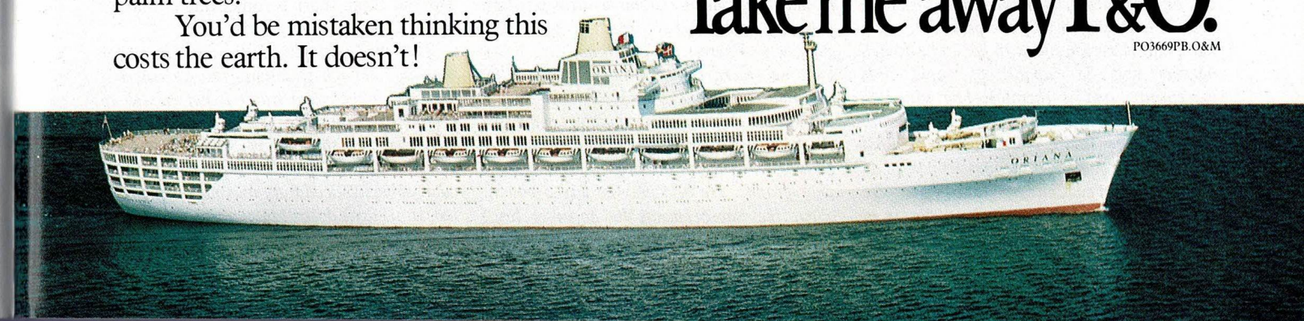
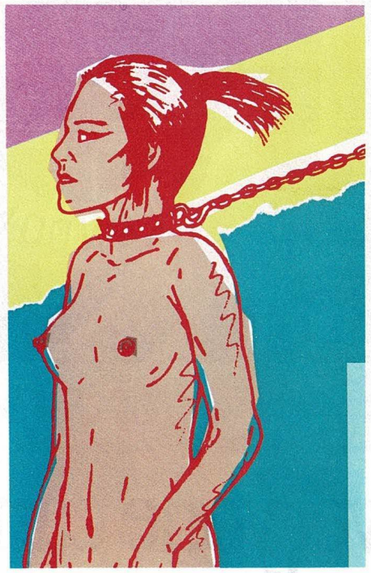


THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts

About two years ago I split from my wife after a pretty dismal marriage of five years. It left me with very bad feelings about married life, and about Australian women in general. I think they've got some strange ideas about how to treat their men. But there are some things about marriage that I do miss, and I am starting to think that it might be all right if only I could be sure of getting a woman who would do things exactly the way I wanted them. I think I remember hearing about some company which arranged marriages between Australian men and Filipino girls, and was wondering whether you knew anything more about this. I have heard that these girls will do anything to please their men, and are much more obedient than Australian girls. — K.Q., NSW.

There are a number of companies and individuals who arrange introductions between Australian men and Filipino women for purposes of marriage, and they sometimes advertise in the personal columns of newspapers. However, we find it difficult to recommend them, as the women concerned frequently are treated as mere merchandise, rather than as human beings. Girls brought to Australia in such a way often are *obedient and willing to do anything to please, but this is likely to be because they are grateful for having been rescued from a life of poverty and deprivation. Occasionally, through sheer luck, worthwhile marriages probably do result from these arrangements, but you are more likely to find yourself in something that is not far removed from a master-slave relationship. Perhaps if you made an effort to understand why Australian women won't behave in exactly the way you want them to, you might start liking them more, and avoid the need for such an artificial, degrading and expensive undertaking.*



buying a filipino bride is artificial and degrading

Recently on a sports program I heard a commentator say that some athlete had been tested and found to have "fast-twitch muscles". What on earth does that mean? —L.C., S.A.

The concept of fast- and slow-twitch muscles has come out of recent research in sports medicine. A tiny scraping of muscle tissue is taken from an athlete and then, in a laboratory, stimulated electrically or chemically. When this is done the muscle tissue will be seen to twitch, and the rate at which it does so is determined by the person's genetic make-up. A person found to have fast-twitch muscles will be capable of rapid limb movements, and is therefore best suited to sports where speed is critical. A person with slow-twitch muscles is more likely to be suited to endurance events, as the muscles can go on performing an action for far longer. No amount of training will change a person of slow-twitch muscle type into a fast-twitcher, so the technique is very useful for helping younger athletes decide where they best can direct their energies.

I am very worried about my husband, and hope you can put my mind at ease about what is going on. Lately I've noticed that he's been buying lots of those body-building magazines, and spending hours and hours looking at the pictures. When I questioned him about it he said that he was thinking of doing a bit of body-building himself, and was just trying to learn more about it, but I don't see that he could learn all that much just by looking at pictures of other men flexing their muscles. The magazines aren't pornographic or anything, as the men all have bathers on, but it still worries me. He's always been a very masculine man, but recently he hasn't seemed as keen on sex as he used to be, and I'm afraid that he might be turning gay. — W.T., SA.

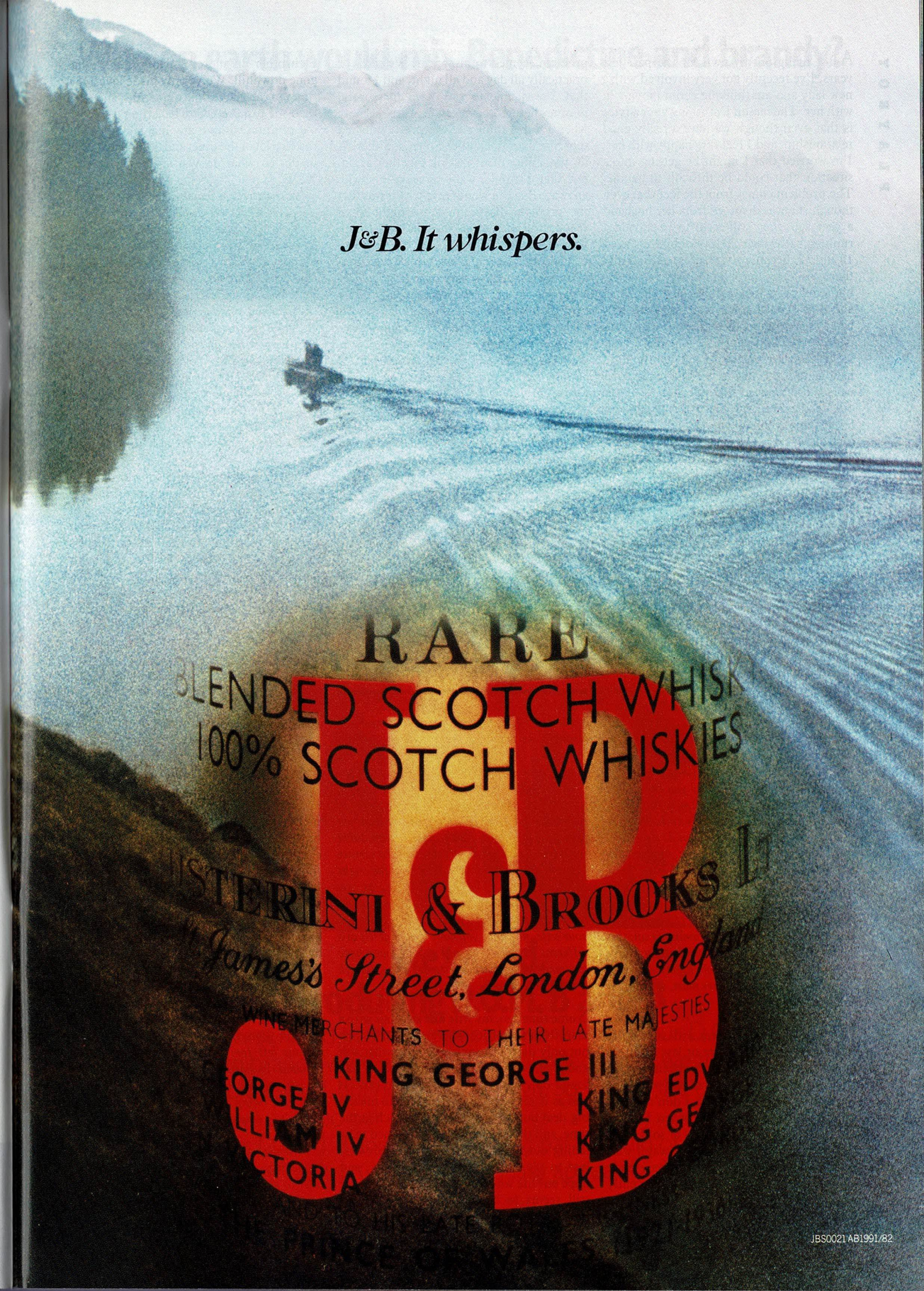
Though your husband's new-found interest in male musculature seems a little peculiar, you may be making too much of it. If he is genuinely interested in taking up body-building, there could be some truth in his explanation that he is simply trying to learn all he can. Different body-builders emphasise the body in different ways, and he may be gaining useful information by studying photographs. He also may be day-dreaming about the improvements he hopes to bring about in his own body. On the other hand, if he has an obsession with the male body at a time when your sex life is suffering a decline, you should certainly take steps to find out exactly what is going on, and see if there are ways to bring your relationship back to what it was before. The two of you may have got into a rut, and begun to take each other for granted, so go out of your way to remind him of your femininity. If he is given a strong enough reminder of how exciting the female body can be, he may put the magazines aside and concentrate on you.

I've become involved with a lady who is really into positions. She seems to know them all, and never wants to use the same one twice. She's very athletic, and does yoga, and can twist her body around in the most amazing ways while we're making love. It's great fun most of the time, but the only problem is that sometimes, in trying to fit in with her I get pulled muscles and cramps in my legs, so that just when I'm about to come I find myself in great pain. I try not to let on to her about this, as I wouldn't want her to think I couldn't stand the pace, but I don't want to find myself on the injury list quite so often. What do you think I should do? — S.Y., WA.

If you are really serious about matching her athleticism, you will have to make sure that you are just as fit as she is. Work out which muscles are most likely to be affected, and start doing a few stretching exercises. Perhaps you could ask her to teach you a few of her yoga positions. If you have fairly hard muscles that are prone to injury, you might find it a help to have an occasional massage and sauna. It sounds like too good a set-up to lose because you can't handle the moves, so a bit of preparation should be more than worthwhile.

My girlfriend and I have a problem which is beginning to cause us some concern. Naturally enough, sometimes after making love there is quite a strong aroma from our juices. However we are finding that the day after, the smell is still there and most undesirable. All passion for oral sex is soon extinguished after taking a deep breath. I would have thought that a shower would alleviate the problem, but we have found that even after the most enjoyable task of soaping each other down, the smell remains. Do you think there is something abnormal about this? — C.W., Qld.

That smell you speak of shouldn't linger for too long, though sometimes just an external scrub with soap and water is not enough to completely eliminate it. Suggest to your girlfriend that she use some kind of a vaginal douche. This should eliminate most of the odor, though a deodorant may help as well, as long as its taste doesn't interfere with oral sex.



After living on my own for the past few years, I've recently got very involved with a new lady and am thinking about moving in with her. The reason I'm asking your advice is that even though we have a really good relationship, and I feel very happy with her, I'm worried that I might be getting into a situation that could be difficult to handle. The problem comes from the fact that even though she was divorced from her husband a year ago, they still seem to be having a running battle over their two children, aged 10 and 12. Because she refuses to admit that there is any problem, they've never bothered going to court over custody. Time and time again I come in to find that she's had a big argument over arrangements, and is depressed and angry. All the disruption seems to make the children more difficult to handle, and this makes her bad mood even worse. I'm worried that it's going to affect our relationship, as there are fewer and fewer times when we are really relaxed with each other. There's just so much tension around the place now. At the start we had a really good thing going, sexually and in other ways, and I wish I could find a way to get things back the way they were, as I had hoped to marry her eventually. What do you think I should do? — K.S., WA.

For the moment, it sounds as if all you can really do is stand clear and wait. This particular family situation has been going for a lot longer than you have been on the scene, and though the marriage may have been legally ended a year ago, the tensions that brought it unstuck apparently are still unresolved. More time may have to pass before your lady and her ex-husband are able to just ignore each other and get on with their own lives.

Unfortunately, their attitudes to the children are likely to be a continuing point of conflict, and as they are unwilling to seek any legal solution to the problem, you should not expect any immediate cure. It may be possible for you to persuade your lady to look at the situation more clearly, and then do something specific about the problem. If not, and you still feel you want to stay, you will have to be patient, and give her as much support as possible while things settle down. Whether you can expect your relationship to return to being exactly as it was at the beginning is another matter. You came together in what must have been, for her, a time of highly-charged, unstable emotions, and there must, inevitably, be some levelling out.

I've always had a problem with premature ejaculation, and had more or less given up hope of it ever improving. I've been married for 10 years, and only had sex with one woman before my wife, and I don't think I can remember a single time when I didn't come within about 30 seconds or so. I came to accept that that was just the way I was, and fortunately my wife has made allowances for it. But then just recently while I was interstate, I spent a weekend with a woman I met at my hotel, and the problem seemed to disappear. We screwed practically all day and all night, and I found that I was able to stay hard for several minutes before I came, and enjoyed it more when I did. I think she was pretty satisfied too. She lives in another State, and there is no possibility of us getting together again, not that I would want to leave my wife anyway. But I'm wondering why it was that the problem disappeared overnight, then reappeared as soon as I came back to my wife. — T.L., Vic.

The major cause of premature ejaculation is tension. This tension may come from anxiety about the sex act itself, whoever the partner may be, or it may come from a feeling you have about one particular person. Though your wife apparently has been very understanding about the problem, the fact that she has accepted it means that she does not expect you to ever behave in any other way. You will have developed certain patterns of behavior, ways of getting around the problem, and each time you made love to her over the past 10 years you will have reinforced your own self-image as someone who is exclusively a premature ejaculator. However with a new woman, in strange surroundings, and with no strings attached, it is not surprising that you temporarily forgot about having a problem, and just got on with enjoying sex for its own sake. You should take the experience as something positive, as an indication that you are not afflicted with some permanent condition, but have merely developed a certain pattern of behavior which, given the right conditions, can be modified. While, as you have found, there was no overnight improvement in relations between you and your wife, now that you have seen yourself in a different light, you should at least have hope for some change for the better at home, though it may take time.

> *Marriages often survive quite well despite one or other of the partners having outside affairs, but only if they have regard for each other.*

Some time ago, my wife had an affair with a man from the office where she works. She not only didn't do much to hide what was going on, but once she knew that I had found out, she didn't even seem to care. It was as if she were challenging me to make a big deal out of it. I didn't say much at the time, and then when the affair seemed to be fading out, I decided it was probably best just to try to forget the whole thing, and hope our life would return to normal. There still seems to be a problem between us though, as we don't have much to say to each other anymore, and our sex life has gone downhill. We've only made love a few times in the last couple of months, and even then she just seemed to be letting it happen out of duty, without any real feeling. I feel rotten a lot of the time, and don't know what to do, so what do you suggest? — P.L., NSW.

Your marriage sounds as if it has reached the point where you will need to start asking yourself why you are still in it. Marriages often survive quite well despite one or other of the partners having outside affairs, but only if they continue to have some sort of regard for each other. If your wife has treated you with the contempt you describe, and you have gone on suffering in silence, she is now in the superior position, and probably feels she can do whatever she likes without you protesting. There is little left for you to do but confront her with the way you feel, and then see if the two of you can find any solid reasons for staying together. It may be difficult, but it is preferable to going on the way you are.

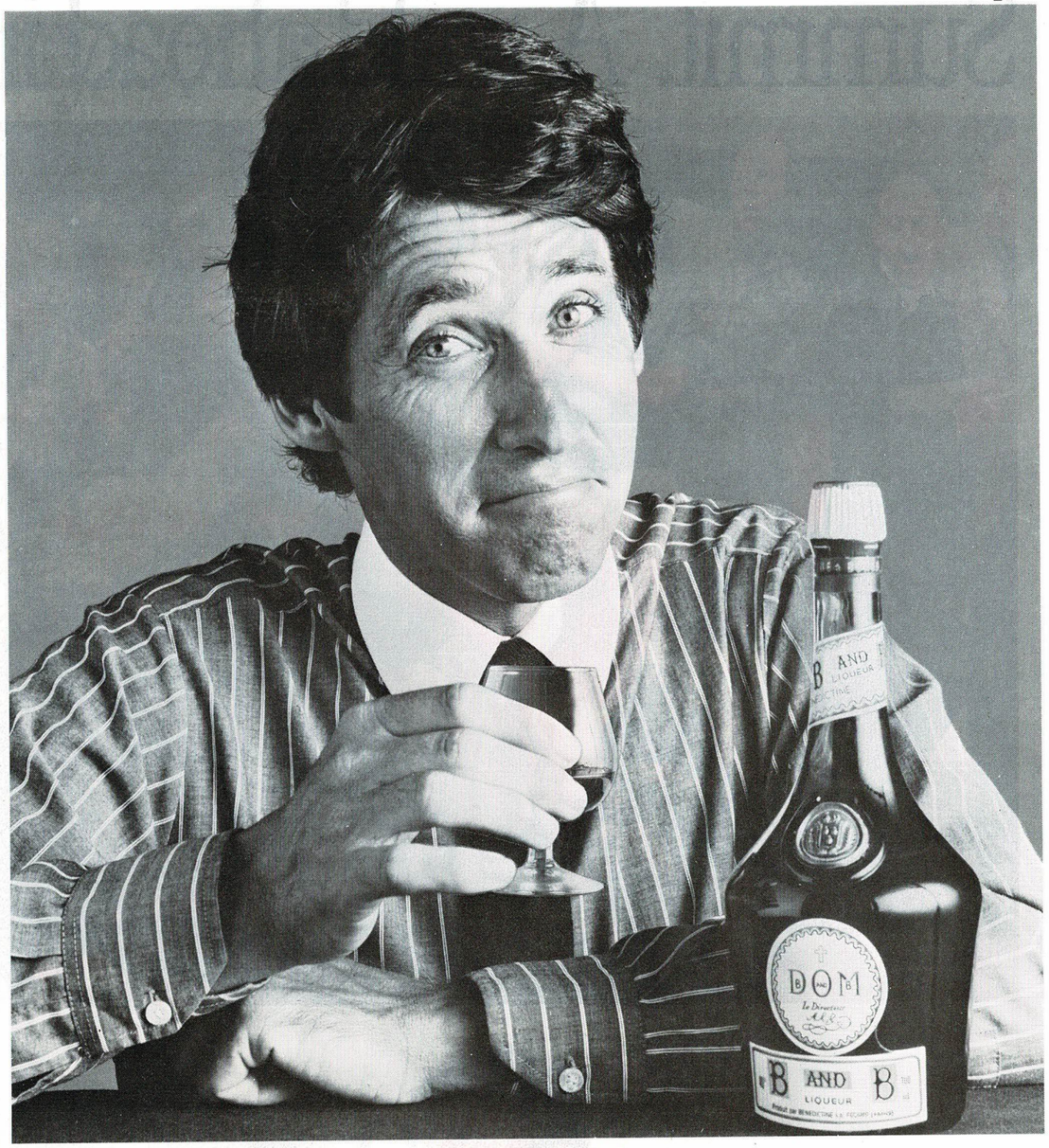
Can you help me decide something? I'm thinking of growing a beard, but my girlfriend seems to think that they are out of fashion and that I would only make myself look silly. I'm not too well up on what is fashionable and what isn't at the moment, so I'd be grateful for your advice. — P.W., Tas.

Beards in themselves are neither fashionable nor unfashionable. Certainly, like moustaches, they go through vogues of popularity, but these come and go so quickly it is pointless trying to keep up. Most people won't pay any attention anyway. If you feel comfortable with a beard, then it is right for you, and your assurance will show through.

I've just discovered that my husband has been having me followed by a private detective. I think the reason is that I had a one-night stand with an old friend some months ago, and he found out about it. Since then I haven't been seeing anyone else, but I've noticed this man around a few times, and when I confronted my husband about it he admitted that that was what the man was. He seemed to think my one-night stand those months ago makes it all right for him to have me spied on, but I'm stunned by it. What do you think I should do? — K.A., Vic.

When a marriage has become as tense and suspicious as yours apparently has, there is little advice to be given beyond suggesting that you ask yourself whether there are any good reasons left for keeping it going. For your husband to have taken the drastic step of having you investigated suggests that he has very little liking left for you. His attitude will have to change dramatically for your marriage to return to being anything worthwhile, and unless you can see this happening, you should start thinking about ways to get out as painlessly as possible.

Who on earth would mix Benedictine and brandy?



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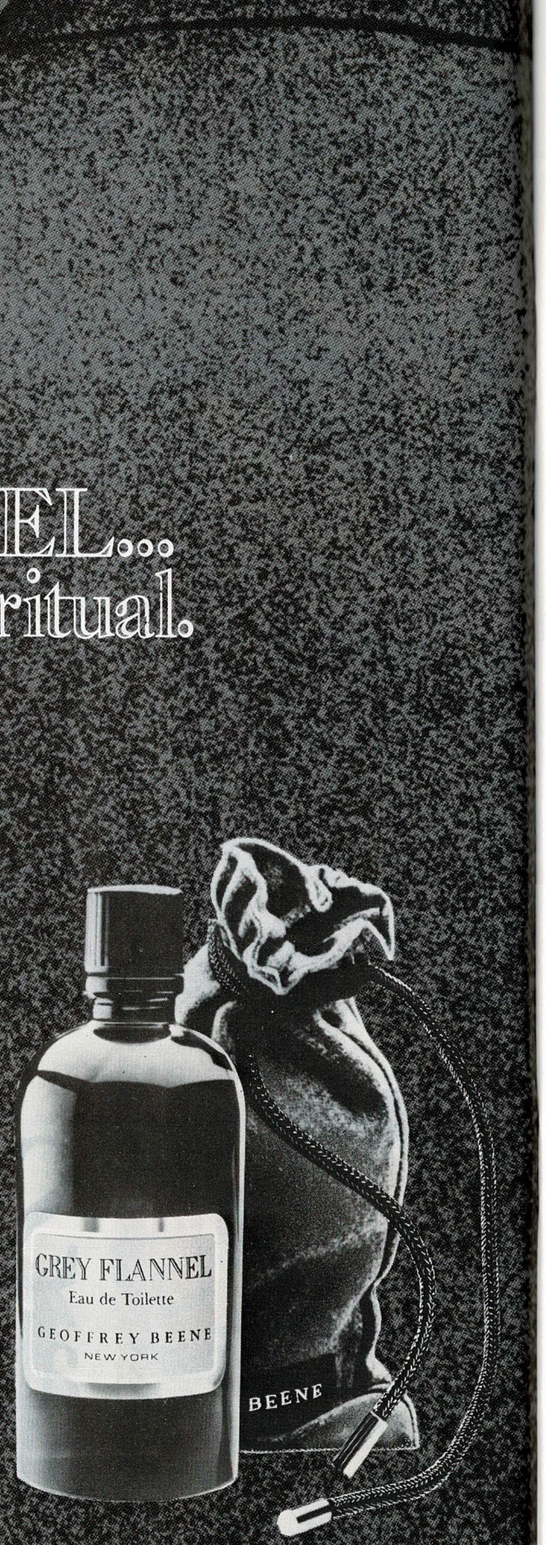

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW GRAHAM GREENE

after some gruelling groundwork, a surprisingly genial encounter with the world's most famous living novelist

Graham Greene is the world's most famous living novelist. He has created his own milieu, Greeneland, a place of dingy but crucial events. His technical gifts are for narrative suspense and the sudden simile. And his success with the public comes from having written from the position of an ordinary man in an extraordinary world, whereas for most of his contemporary novelists in Europe and America the position was reversed. There is a humility here which is very attractive. At the same time, this has imparted something commonplace and uneven to his writing, so that when a critic writes, "Greene's novels are like Kafka jazzed up", one feels that this is precisely what they should be like but aren't.

He is at pains to avoid being a writer of the mandarin or priestly type. He speaks unaffectedly in a clear voice with a slight lisp and without much concern for the shape of his remarks. He is determinedly unromantic. His character is full of fear but comes across as that of a regular modern neurotic rather than of a tormented soul with special claims on reality.

"Nobody who lives escapes a private agony," he once wrote. Greene has been reticent about his private life without making any secret of the pain it has caused him. So he will explain in his autobiography, for example, how as a boy he played Russian roulette with himself to lift his adrenalin, but will not give the reader any concrete picture of the family circumstances in which his desperation arose. As a result one obtains from his autobiographical books the impression of a man trying to elude direct human gaze by arranging all human events into literary or abstract quantities as quickly as possible.

It wasn't easy getting to see him. His publishers said it was extremely unlikely he would agree to be interviewed, and they were right. Via his sister who lives in England, he said no with something of the automatic and understandable reflex of a man accustomed to tiresome approaches. A month or so later, he said no again. Then a new novel, Monsignor Quixote, *was announced by The Bodley Head. And a month or so later he said about an interview — no. Then he said yes.*

"I have a Spanish priest staying," he said, "until the 13th, but after that everything is clear — in principle. I have to go to Paris to see my lawyers at some point. Then, I'm not sure."

Greene's nail-biting maneuvers to avoid getting an interview finally came down with a yes. This had the effect not simply of cancelling any anger we might have felt — it predisposed us towards him. Nonetheless Graham Greene was born in 1905 — which fact made it reasonable to expect a prickly old man approaching 80, small, wiry, profoundly disgruntled, self-pitying. Not a bit of it. He is immensely tall, skinny, and languid, with blue drooping eyes. He looks far younger than he is — so much so that there is something almost artificial in his appearance.

His manner is genial and open, with the assurance of one who has travelled successfully, and he ducked just one question. He is not complacent or blase; in all but years, he is a middle-aged man with things to do. In two respects only was his behavior noticeably curious and this was sufficient to give the entire encounter the quality of a Magritte painting — the extremely unusual nestling within the very normal. (This mysterious aspect was enhanced by a small but very Greene-ish event which took place after the interview.) Firstly — halfway through the conversation there was an enormously loud cheering of a crowd outside. It went on for several minutes. When eventually he was asked what the noise was, he said, "What noise?" Secondly — although our interviewer, freelancer ***Duncan Fallowell,*** *had driven a long way on a hot afternoon after a lot of bother, it never once occurred to Greene to offer him a drink or refreshment of any sort as they talked in the tiny, smart, modern flat with its wide plate-glass view crowded with sunshine, battlements and boats.*

Graham Greene lives in Antibes, on the Cote d'Azur. After the interview, Fallowell decided to explore Antibes on foot. His route took him around Fort Carre, a large rocky promontory with fortifications on the edge of town. It was deserted and Fallowell was alone with the rocks, the ruins, the surfy sea, until he saw against the sky a couple slowly approaching. A small highly-groomed dog was dancing about their feet. As they came closer

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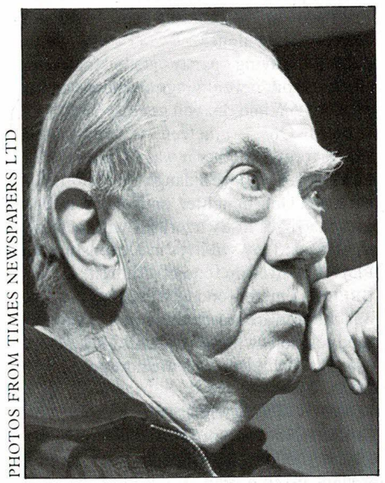
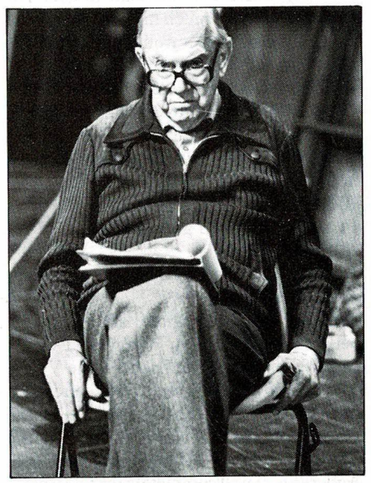
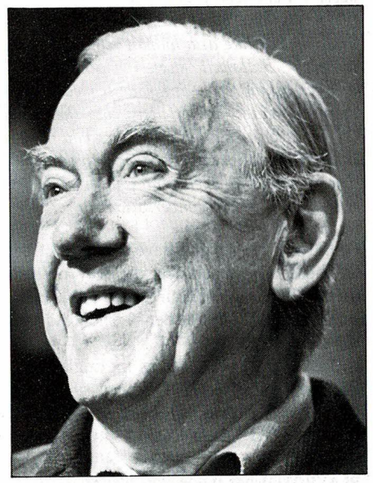


"There have been an awful lot of Graham Green commentaries. . .I don't awfully enjoy reading them."



"Some of my early books were very bad failures, I think. Not from the commercial point of view. . ."



"Writing is a discipline. . .there's a moment in a book, I think, when one feels that, after a long track, the plane has lifted."

he saw that one was a petite French woman of about 50 or so, very pretty and chic and up-to-date. The man was much taller and bending low to catch what she was saying — it was Graham Greene.

Fallowell recalls: "It produced a curious sensation, that the only person one encountered on the deserted path was him, and that he should have been with his mystery woman. It seemed right not to intrude. I had the feeling that he thought the same, and not the slightest glance from either side acknowledged the realisation that we were passing each other — a very English form of understanding, I thought at the time." As they went by, the woman was saying something to Greene in English. He was on her left, bending an ear very low with his hands clasped behind his back, and in this rapt way, they moved gradually round the wide curve of the rampart and eventually disappeared.

Far from wanting to pester the man after the fact, Fallowell admits that he was happy just to have gotten the interview. He motored to the South of France to do it, and it was agreed that a specific time should be arranged when he arrived. From Rousillon, he telephoned every day for a week to fix the appointment, but there was no reply. From St Tropez, he telephoned again and finally, on the tenth day, Greene picked up the phone and said — no, he was very sorry, he was too busy. He didn't slam the phone on our reporter exactly, just sort of dropped it by accident.

This was becoming a joke. And Fallowell was rather annoyed. He gave Greene a couple of days for his moods to fluctuate — which they obviously do a great deal — into a more favorable configuration, and tried again. "Oh yes, look, I'm sorry if I was, ha, rather short on the phone the other day, but I'd just got back from London and was rather tired and before that I'd been with my lawyers in Paris who'd told me not to see anyone and the Sunday Times *were here and I do apologise and . . . well, when would you like to come over?" Very soon was wisest.*

"I was much more interested in finding out what he was like as a human being than as a writer," Fallowell says. "Catholicism I avoided taking up — it has destroyed Greene as an absolutely major artist and there was every reason to suppose that it would have a similarly negative effect on the conversation." The result of Fallowell's interviewing strategy is this very human conversation.

GREENE: I warn you, I have a terrible effect on those tape machines, the way my old friend Claud Cockburn did on cars.

PLAYBOY: Well, let's see — when did you last live in England?

GREENE: I stopped living in England on January 1st, 1966.

PLAYBOY: Where'd you been resident?

GREENE: I'd been living in Albany, Piccadilly.

PLAYBOY: What made you leave?

GREENE: One — I got very bad pneumonia in Moscow in 1961 and the doctors advised me to keep away during English winters. So I began to rent an apartment down here. And then I found I liked Antibes and decided to leave England for good. Also at that time authors were more privileged in France than they are now.

PLAYBOY: Tax reasons?

GREENE: Yes. We did get an automatic allowance for expenses so that one didn't have to send in every bill and so on, but that ceased a few years after I came here. It was for writers and the liberal professions — professors, doctors, lawyers, artists.

PLAYBOY: What do you dislike about England?

GREENE: I don't dislike anything about England. I like the English countryside particularly. I liked that part of London where I lived. Before I moved to Albany I had a little flat in St James's Street. But I couldn't work in London. I used to go away to Brighton or somewhere else when I found I had difficulties with work. I found I could work better down here.

PLAYBOY: What made you choose Antibes? Are you fond of boating?

GREENE: I'm fond of my friend's boats. It was the one place in the south which I'd liked. I used to come here 1947/48/49 because a great friend of mine, Alexander Korda, used to keep a boat in the port here and we used to go off on voyages together, and even today Antibes is the only place on the Cote where I would want to live. The country behind is much nicer in a way but I haven't got a car so it would be awkward to live there.

I always took a holiday away from my family, perhaps up to a year. Loneliness is not a problem, except when things aren't going right.

PLAYBOY: Do you drive?

GREENE: I haven't driven since I was in West Africa in 1943.

GREENE: Do you have many friends down here?

GREENE: Yes, quite a number.

PLAYBOY: And you go out a lot?

GREENE: Oh, yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite restaurant in Antibes?

GREENE: I've got three and I divide between them. Felix au Port where I've just come from lunch with friends. The Venise which is down a side street near here. And the Auberge Provencale which is in the Place Nationale. But alas at the moment the Venise is closed at lunchtime and the Auberge is closed completely for two weeks, so most of my time is at the Felix au Port which is the one I've known longest and where I feel completely at home.

PLAYBOY: Do you like the French?

GREENE: On the whole, yes.

PLAYBOY: Is there still a coherent English colony on the Cote d'Azur?

GREENE: There may be. But I've been rather careful to avoid it. I've got two English friends in Monte Carlo. Two English friends up at Vence. But otherwise my friends are mainly French.

PLAYBOY: From the sound of your address I imagined you doing a little gardening to relax.

GREENE: Ha, no, not a bit, nothing like that. As you can see, there isn't a garden. I have a girl who comes in twice a week to do washing up and cleaning and she does a bit of gardening on this terrace or balcony.

PLAYBOY: What diet do you favor?

GREENE: None at all. I have a very small appetite and I like simple food.

PLAYBOY: You are surprisingly thin —have you always been this thin?

GREENE: I've put on weight since I came to France but I remain fairly stable at just under 80 kilos.

PLAYBOY: Do you take any regular exercise?

GREENE: I go shopping. And I have a friend with a dog and we go for walks every day.

PLAYBOY: And your health is good? I must say it seems to be exceptionally so.

GREENE: Yes, it is. I had an operation — a fairly major one but not a serious one — about three or four years ago, cutting out part of my intestines, but it's all gone well.

PLAYBOY: I always think of writing as an unhealthy profession. Unless one does something very healthy apart from writing.

GREENE: I've never done anything healthy.

PLAYBOY: You've never suffered from backache, dizziness, grogginess?

GREENE: Occasionally a slight giddiness because in writing one remains in a rather fixed position.

PLAYBOY: You live alone?

GREENE: Well, ha, that's a major question which I prefer not to answer.

PLAYBOY: In the past has your preference been for living alone?

GREENE: Living partly alone for work purposes, but never living completely alone.

PLAYBOY: When did you get married?

GREENE: Oh — nineteen — twenty — I always forget whether it was 27 or 29.

PLAYBOY: You have a daughter.

GREENE: One daughter and one son. My daughter lives in Switzerland with her two children and my son lives in Devonshire.

PLAYBOY: Are you fond of children?

GREENE: I'm not fond of babies very much. But children are reasonably fun. I'm on very good relations with my two children and my two grand-children who are now practically grown-up.

PLAYBOY: Was loneliness ever a problem?

GREENE: Not a real problem. I always took a certain holiday away from my family, perhaps up to a year.

Loneliness is not a problem, except when things are not going right. Then it becomes a problem.

PLAYBOY: Is your wife dead?

GREENE: No.

PLAYBOY: But you don't live together.

GREENE: We've been separated since . . . 1949, I think it is.

PLAYBOY: You never wanted to marry again?

GREENE: It doesn't mean one lives a bachelor life. But I'm a Catholic and my wife is a Catholic and it seems unnecessary to go through a divorce.

PLAYBOY: What are the dangers of success?

GREENE: Success has two aspects. One loses anonymity. Anonymity is important for a writer, for a novelist anyway. At the same time there are certain advantages —one can call on help more easily if one is in a foreign country, and so on. But I'm not sure if overall, one gains or loses.

PLAYBOY: Does it alter you in any deeper way?

GREENE: I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: Have you enjoyed your success?

GREENE: I don't think I contemplate it. And I don't really realise it.

PLAYBOY: Then, are you aware of the opposite?

GREENE: One's aware of failure, yes.

PLAYBOY: What is your greatest failure?

GREENE: Some of my early books were very bad failures, I think. Not from the commercial point of view but from the point of view of the writing. They weren't failures in both, luckily. But one is far more conscious of the failures in personal relations than the ones in writing. Really I would say that one's failures were in personal relations.

Some of my early books were very bad failures. But one is far more conscious of the failures in personal relations than the ones in writing.

PLAYBOY: Does it help a writer to be rich?

GREENE: I don't consider myself very rich really, because I've got six people dependent on me. I'm not a bachelor in the Somerset Maugham sense.

PLAYBOY: He also had a number of people looking to him.

GREENE: He had a wife for a time, but he didn't have much else, did he?

PLAYBOY: A few boyfriends, a daughter.

GREENE: I don't have girlfriends dependent on me, but I have a wife, a daughter, a son, two grand-children, and — well, there's quite a lot. I'm not rich but I'm well off.

PLAYBOY: It wasn't always the case, was it?

GREENE: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you look back with any affection to the days of struggle?

GREENE: No. They were very anxious days. I was in debt to my publishers from the time I left *The Times* in 1930 until the eve of the War in 1939 when *Brighton Rock* sold 8000 copies and just put me out of debt.

PLAYBOY: So you came off the breadline with *Brighton Rock?* In your mid-30s.

GREENE: Yes. I'd been going on with the help of reviewing in the *Spectator* every fortnight. I reviewed novels and they paid me £5 a fortnight. One would have four or five novels in one's package every two weeks and one could sell them to the bookshop at half price which again helped. And from 1935 I reviewed films for the *Spectator* too. One managed.

PLAYBOY: How did you discover the facts of life?

GREENE: My elder brother, who was going to be a doctor, had medical books and we shared a room together so I was able to get the general idea, but I suppose — I don't think I had a woman before I was . . . 19.

PLAYBOY: Was this first experience important to you?

GREENE: Not in the least important. And not a success, either.

PLAYBOY: Does it help a writer to be in love?

GREENE: Love can enlarge one's experience a little bit and one's sympathy a little bit — and it can of course be a great distraction.

PLAYBOY: The critic and essayist Malcolm Muggeridge once said about you, "Where Graham is, sin stops." What do you think he meant by that?

GREENE: What was that again? Where Graham is . . ? I haven't the faintest idea what he meant by that. Malcolm is, er . . . I wouldn't trust Malcolm very far.

PLAYBOY: Was he ever a crony of yours, particularly?

GREENE: We knew each other quite well before the War and I got him his job in the Secret Service, where he was not a success.

PLAYBOY: What was your position in the Secret Service?

GREENE: Oh, I'd only been in for a week or so. I was recruited by my sister who'd been in it before the War. They wanted somebody with a little experience of Africa. They wanted somebody in West Africa, which was to be me, and also somebody in East Africa, in Lourenco Marques, and so I suggested Malcolm Muggeridge, who was then a sergeant or something in the Field Security Police, and he had to drive a motorcycle in all sorts of weathers and I thought he would really be more comfortable in the Secret Service.

PLAYBOY: You talk about it as if it were a golf club.

GREENE: Well, it was during the War. And, you see, it wasn't all that covert. In West Africa I had a cover, which was a rather silly one, of being CID Special Branch. This meant that all my telegrams had to come through a local police station but in a code which the police couldn't read and I had to send my cables back through the police in a code they couldn't read. Which might have made things very difficult with the Commissioner of Police who might have thought he was being cut out. But in fact we became very good friends and I had no trouble from him at all. But it wasn't very exciting work. When I got back to England I joined the counter-espionage group of MI6, which was called Section Five, with (superspy) Kim Philby. We were in counter-espionage in the Iberian Peninsula against the Abwehr, which was the official German secret service before Himmler came along with his own.

PLAYBOY: Was your life ever in danger?

GREENE: No, no.

PLAYBOY: Has it ever been?

GREENE: I felt a bit of danger in Vietnam once. And I felt a bit of danger on the Suez Canal once.

PLAYBOY: Apart, of course, from your own exertions.

GREENE: The Russian roulette thing, yes.

PLAYBOY: Sexual considerations aside, do you like women's company?

GREENE: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: Who is your favorite actress?

GREENE: That's a difficult question.

PLAYBOY: As a film critic you were always incredibly aggressive.

GREENE: I'm not a regular film-goer now. I don't regard the cinema as necessarily acting, do you? I think of acting as the stage. Dorothy Tutin I liked enormously. She acted in my first play brilliantly and I've seen her since in a Pinter. But I don't feel close to the theatre or the cinema now.

PLAYBOY: You don't have a video machine?

GREENE: No. I've got that little television over there (an extremely tiny portable perched like a small piece of modern sculpture on a flimsy table) for news and the political programs. I don't watch anything else.

PLAYBOY: Who is the most charismatic person you've ever met?

GREENE: I don't think any politician. A man whom I grew very fond of and who was killed two years ago, Omar Torrijos, I think he had it. He was a general in Panama. And for four years I used to go out to Panama and visit. He was killed in a so-called airplane accident just as I'd packed to go back to Panama in August of . . . was it last year or the year before? He had this special quality. And a great sense of humor. In that tiny country of Panama he had an enormous influence, and on the whole of Central America. He was an invaluable help to the Sandinistas in driving out Somoza. He enabled me to meet the guerillas both in El Salvador and Nicaragua. He was a romantic. He had the dream of making the whole of Central America social democratic non-Marxist, which would be independent of the United States and at the same time no menace to the United States. His sense of humor — for example, he gave me a Panamanian diplomatic passport and took me in his entourage as one of the Panamanian delegates to the signing of the Canal Treaty in Washington. It amused him. And it amused me too, because I could only obtain a visa for the United States by giving notice to the American Attorney General and saying

(continued on page 122)

FACT:

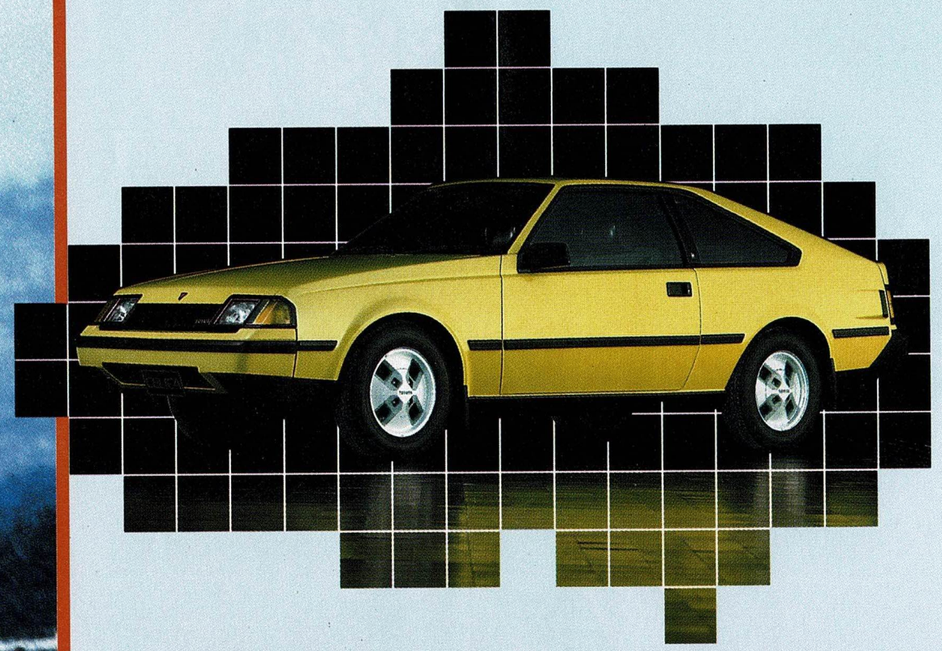
TOYOTA'S ADVANCED ENGINEERING GETS OFF TO A GREAT START... AND A ONE-TWO FINISH!

FACT: Each year, there are only a handful of events that count toward both the prestigious World Championship of Rally Drivers and the Manufacturers' World Championship. This year's Motogard Rally in New Zealand was one. Thus it attracted and tested not only the world's best rally drivers and navigators, but also the best designs and engineering of the world's leading car makers.

FACT: Toyota entered two new Celicas in the rugged Motogard Rally. After more than 2,220 km of fierce competition. Through day and night. Over paved highways, gravel roads, and icy forest paths... Only 31 out of a starting field of 64 cars were still running at the finish. Toyota's two Celicas were first and second!

FACT: Not every entry in the Motogard stood a chance for overall victory, but of those that did, virtually all were "works" prepared and entered like Toyota's specially modified Celicas. But unlike any of the others, Toyota's new Celicas were making their official debut in World Championship Rally competition.

FACT: You can experience advanced engineering and reliability in every Toyota Celica. For winning performance you can count on, start by checking out all the new Toyotas today. See for yourself how the facts come alive when you drive Toyota.



TOYOTA

Ten Years After

a decade after whitlam's ascension, perhaps it's time to have an honest look at ourselves

TEN YEARS after Gough! What's happened? What's become of It's Time, Supergough, the new nationalism, the cultural renaissance, and all those brave new movements of the early '70s which looked like transforming Australia: the counter-culture, the environmental movement, the women's movement, black power, gay power, worker control, resident action, green bans and all the rest of them?

The tempting answer is: nothing. Australia has been in the Deep Freeze. For a while there, in the early days of the Labor government, it looked as though everything was going to unthaw. The Menzies regime had come to an end, his successors, Gorton and McMahon, had become figures of fun, and in 1972 the Australian electorate finally screwed up its nerve to vote Labor for the first time in almost a quarter of a century.

Donald Horne has called the period 1966-72 a *Time*

essay by craig mcgregor

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

of Hope, and I suppose in many ways it was — at least, for those who wanted some change in Australian society. Although it was the period of the Vietnam War, it was also the period of massive demonstrations, the anti-conscription movement, student power and the growth in Australia of local versions of the movements which were causing an upheaval in the rest of the Western world . . . especially its cultural cyclotron, America.

The election of a reformist, activist Labor government back in 1972 seemed to symbolise all those hopes. This wasn't just some tired, hack Labor government dominated by unionists and right-wing machine men. It was intelligent, it had new ideas, and it was led by a committed reformer who had come to dominate Australian politics through sheer will and personality.

Looking back, Labor was in some ways the victim of impossible expectations. It couldn't possibly do everything everyone hoped it would. About half way through Labor's brief time in office, Dr Sol Encel, Professor of Sociology at NSW University, said to me: "People always underestimate the strength of the conservative resistance." He was right.

In 1975, when Whitlam was dismissed by a strange little man in a black top hat, Labor lost heart. Whitlam failed to win two elections in a row and resigned. The current leader, Bill Hayden, refused the leadership when it was offered to him on a plate earlier on and behaved, according to a friend, "like a stunned mullet". A group of businessmen, lawyers, speculators and professional politicians, led by a millionaire grazier, took over the government.

And Australia was put back into the Deep Freeze.

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Now, that appears to be a pessimistic overview of the last 10 years. And there's no doubt that, in essence, it is true. Compared to 1972, Australia today seems to be frozen over. Not just economically — though that is the most obvious indicator of what has happened (in his Budget in August, the Treasurer, John Howard, admitted he expected "no growth") — but politically as well. Many of the great initiatives of the early '70s to which so many people had committed so much idealism and effort, seem to have dribbled away into the sand.

However, it's not all gloom and doom. The arts seem to be as bawdy, lively and rumbustious as ever. The film industry — partly under the impetus of the Fraser government's tax concessions — is still doing reasonably well after its earlier dramatic take-off. The women's movement, the environmental movement, and in fact many of the "alternative" movements in Australia have persisted and survived changes in State and Federal governments. And, in a sense, Australia has become more truly heterogeneous; more like a European nation in the fragmentation of its culture. If you walk down Oxford Street, Sydney or Chapel Street, Prahran, you could be in London: punks, tourists, migrants, bargains, blue movies, buskers, shopfront spruikers, cops, gay bars, discount stores, the whole bit.

It's as well to remember that things never completely freeze up. Societies and cultures are dynamic: they are perpetually changing — even if, during times of reaction, the change seems to be backwards. Beneath the iced-up superstructure of Australian politics, the beat goes on.

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Let's now look at exactly what *has* happened in the decade from 1972 to 1982, including the three years of Labor government.

POLITICS

Whatever its faults, Gough Whitlam's government stood for change. Before he was elected, people had doubts about the degree of his commitment to activist government; maybe he would turn out to be just another Labor gradualist who didn't want to upset the status quo.

They got a shock. In the first few weeks, before the new government was even properly installed, Whitlam and his deputy, Lance Barnard, instigated a flurry of decision-making which itself symbolised the change in tempo: Labor abolished conscription, ended Australia's involvement in Vietnam, recognised China and East Germany, cut back the immigration program, and began creating a new social welfare system which had as its centrepiece a long overdue national health scheme, Medibank.

Such was the pace of government activity that the *Sydney Morning Herald* instituted a new column titled *What the Government Did Today* (it's since disappeared). At one stage, Whitlam boasted that his administration had set up more than 70 committees of enquiry, commissions and the like to plan what the government should do. When the government did fall, the media epitaph was: "too much, too soon".

But, that readiness for change was perhaps the most refreshing quality of the Whitlam government. It broke open the stale old mould of conservative politics which had encased Australia for a quarter of a century; it responded to the popular movements which had turned the city streets into arenas for dissent and protest; it focused the willingness of Australians to try new initiatives in social welfare, the law, foreign policy, Aborigines, the role of women. . .

(continued on page 140)

"The bottle stopped at Leonard! Leonard gets to fuck the bottle!"

TOOT SOUR

where cocaine is king, nosy parkers get blown away

"GENTLEMEN," the general grated, "we have a national crisis worse than anything foreseen six months ago."

He paused and gained a murmur of approval from the eight men who shuffled paper and posed attentively around the table. As this was neither a public nor a distinctly military occasion, the general wore a business suit rather than his grey uniform with braided shoulder boards and lapel flashes. Four of his listeners were also high-ranking members of the armed forces although they, too, wore the superficial anonymity of civilian clothing.

If this sans-uniformity had anything to do with a wish for secrecy, it was pointless. Uniforms would have revealed only part of the power concentrated here. The present scene might have been more revealing had there been a gatecrasher to see it. The gathering of nine looked very like the board meeting of a large corporation.

"The International Monetary Fund and the Inter-American Bank are playing with us as with a fish. The extended credits negotiated after the election announcement and installation of the provisional government are being delayed on pretexts. The bankers are prying into almost every aspect of domestic policy. Military budgets are being questioned. Attempts are being made to interfere in the privacy of corporations. It seems that a return to civilian government was not enough for them."

The general motioned ominously to his right. "Before proceeding, we should hear some details of the economic situation."

He gave way to a balding, broad-shouldered man with a habit of reflectively pulling his earlobe while speaking. One of his most famous teachers at Harvard Business School had the same habit. The attentive former pupil now presided over a large private bank.

The national debt was in tens of billions of dollars and rising. The trade deficit was rising. The world price of tin was falling and further falls threatened, because of impending sales from the United States' bulging strategic reserve. Overall mineral production was falling and increased petroleum and gas exploration had failed to meet expectations. There seemed to be some encouragemet in agriculture: it was at a standstill. Labor problems — especially with the powerful miners' unions — were increasing after relaxation of restrictions under the provisional government. In the voice of an undertaker, the banker catalogued growing difficulties and gloom.

fiction by alex tomsen

He then summed up prospects for a commodity which did not appear in national accounts. Cocaine: a white powder worth up to six times the price of gold. Size of market in the US: about 30 billion dollars annually.

"Part of the extensive American vocabulary for this substance is the term nose candy," said the balding bank president in a bland attempt at humor. "So far, it has been less than sweet for us. Although we are the world's largest producer of raw material, we are grossing less than three per cent of the end price. This situation could be improved with relatively modest re-investment in processing and transportation and some discreet changes in national policy."

The banker at last stopped worrying his ear and attempted to sweep a direct, steely gaze at each of his listeners, as he had seen someone else do in a distant lecture theatre. "It would be naive to debate this as a moral issue. There is a market, and not the market of despair and degradation linked with opiates. It is not even so much a health issue as tobacco or ice-cream. It is a chance for this country to reverse its financial position within five years."

The general rose and leaned forward on his clenched fists. "We have for too long been puppets of the world's pawnbrokers," he growled. "We have for too long relied on a single over-supplied mineral as our major earner of foreign exchange. We have for too long suffered with patience the communists, peasants and intellectual rabble squabbling over whatever they can grab in civilian rule." A vein stood out on his temple. "The armed forces, as the historic guardians of this nation and saviors of this people, have a divine imperative to act."

One of the small, privileged audience to this tirade closed his eyes as if deep in thought. Another scratched his nose. The general continued his attack.

"Therefore, I propose that we vote on two matters of national urgency.

"One: To refer to the financial committee of this council the task of developing a longterm plan of management to turn around our finances by largescale expansion into processing and international distribution of cocaine.

"Two: To refer to the operations committee the question of ensuring installation of a responsible government following the coming election."

Four men opposed the first vote although — or was it because? — they knew that the general owned the two largest clandestine coca paste processing laboratories in the eastern provinces. The second vote was unanimous.

The members of the secret "council of national safety" filed out of their meeting, passing sub-machine-gun-armed plainclothes guards who had stood watch outside. One or two members with a sense of history were slightly awed at having participated in steps to establish the world's first planned cocaine economy.

The improbable landscape of La Paz gyrated beneath the port wing of LAB flight 917. The crossed runways at El Alto stood out on the high treeless plain stretching away to Lake Titicaca. Scooping to 3,000 feet below its airport, the city of Our Lady of Peace tumbled around a sudden canyon as though scattered by a giant hand. The tallest and best-constructed buildings had settled mainly in the lowest places. Sharp, weather-worn masses of dark rock, some capped in white, formed a serrated horizon.

A passenger at one of the forward window seats shifted the portable typewriter between his feet and twisted himself closer to the perspex.

City of Peace! Good joke. One hundred and ninety-odd military coups and a dozen or so assassinations of presidents in less than 160 years since Bolivar.

Somehow the Bolivians have also found time to lose two major wars. If there is a typical corrupt, backward, unstable South American republic, this is its centre ring. They must have kept a daily roster to have managed so many fuck-ups with fewer than

City of Peace! Good joke. One hundred and ninety-odd military coups and a dozen assassinations of presidents in less than 160 years since Bolivar.

five million people in the whole country. The place even looks twisted.

"Sir?" The prettiest stewardess leant towards him, her large eyes and just-revealed boobs distracting him with a sudden thought about human symmetry. She had honey-colored skin so smooth as to seem translucent and a faint, downy moustache.

He waved away the tray of sweets for the last time before landing. She flashed a smile and stepped with arrogant elegance to the forward galley. He considered and dismissed the idea of asking her out. It was not going to be one of his better days and anyway, she had smoker's breath.

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By the time the Swiss Embassy reception came around at 6pm he was drained. He had spent the afternoon compiling a holding story, mainly from official sources, and got it on the hotel telex to his New York office. Although he often went to high altitude and kept himself reasonably fit, his head throbbed and he was breathing like a fat chain-smoker.

He took a mineral water from the waiter's tray and sank with relief into a chair. His friend the commercial attache broke off a conversation across the room and headed his way.

"So — you are on time," he chided. "The well-informed Max Holman especially should know that to be on time here is to be as much as one hour early."

"Excuse me if I don't get up to file that comment in the right pigeon-hole, Anton. High altitude quadriplegia. Take the weight off your feet."

"Won any Pulitzer Prizes lately?"

"Sold any guns to the freedom-loving armed forces lately?"

"The bloody kangaroo does have a sore head."

Holman fought down an argumentative impulse — no doubt induced by the effects of altitude — to remark on the bloodiness of the edelweiss. "I take it that none of these other punctual people are Bolivian."

Anton Girthammer looked around and shrugged. "Well — there's Fred Schoenberg. He owns the local Datsun concession and plays around with property and construction. We sell him a few bathroom fittings. Most of the others are diplomatic mafia."

"No other press?"

Girthammer feigned shock. "Here — in gunrunning headquarters?"

"So tell me, Anton — who's going to win the election?"

"You know how it is, Max. Whoever wins, the military mustn't lose."

"Nice quote," said Max Holman, miming a move for his notebook. "Would you like to be a highly placed diplomatic source, a spokesman for the Swiss Embassy or yourself?"

"You would like to see our new line of exploding wristwatches?"

"That's what I've always liked about you, Anton — straight answers. On the other hand, listen to our friends the Bolivianos. Sixty per cent illiteracy, concentration of tax-paranoid wealth in the hands of about three per cent of the population and a military that operates like a gaggle of Chinese warlords, and there are still people out there who talk as though they believe next month's election is going to change things. The only significant fact forcing this election is international pressure over the foreign debt and that, in its own way, is as much rainbow chasing as anything else."

Holman swirled the ice in his drink. "The irony of it all is that whoever gets in will continue stuffing the country with few meaningful changes other than in rhythm. Maybe all the Garcias in the Department of Poncho Measurements will get chucked out and the family Moreno replace them. New bank accounts will open in Geneva — or is it Vaduz these days? — and a different group of patriots set about farming the economy for their own future security. It's tradition and you can't fight it through the ballot box. Stuffed if I know how you change it. I'm not even sure whether I give a squit."

Girthammer pensively picked at a loose thread in his sleeve. He eventually dislodged it and placed it carefully in an

(continued on page 160)

"Rape! Rape!"

TANYA

TANYA PLAYED Julie, the last and one of the most glorious of *Charlie's Angels*, replacing Shelley Hack who in turn had filled the gap after the defection of Farrah. She's now Kiri the slave girl, a medieval warrior-woman sharing captivity with a number of unpredictable cats in *The Beastmaster*. Though their eyes may hint at ancient mysteries, not a cat in a carload can compete with tawny Tanya Roberts when her stunning peepers suddenly beam onto you like a pair of sky-blue spots. Sipping vodka, we wait for her in a dim little hotel bar. It's been raining outside, grey and sloshy, with a string of puddles between here and nearby Gramercy Park. New York weather is rotten until the moment Tanya appears. She's got on blue-and-yellow striped mini-shorts with a matching top. Those eyes. Those legs. Sunshine after the rain.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

THE new movie, *Beastmaster,* is a sort of combo, a cross between *Conan the Barbarian* and *Star Wars,* except it's a pure medieval fantasy," says Tanya. "Phenomenal special effects, and Mark Singer, my leading man and I had to work with this *animal* every day. It was actually a tiger in the film. They wanted a huge, bizarre creature, but because they're supposed to be easier to work with, they got a tiger and dyed him black to look like a panther. Even so, you've got to be really careful. They're very vicious. You *never* turn your back, because they attack their prey from the rear, and come in running." Tanya laughs. "Of course, in the movie there's practically no nudity."

AMBITION is one of the ties that binds Tanya and husband Barry, thus any question about career-marriage conflicts prompts the missus of Mr Roberts to issue her personal marital manifesto: "If you mean kids, I'm just not ready in any way. I've got a lot of things to do first, a lot of miles to cover. My husband and I get along in every way, we really do. We're a phenomenally well-matched couple. We fight a lot. We're both loud, crazy, hysterical people, but we have the same tastes, we see the world very similarly."

She continues with a curious, vibrant intensity that's as good as money in the bank for bi-coastal dreamgirls, "I'm a more driven person than Barry, more restless. I'm a perfectionist, who wants it all. A perfect career. I have to have a beautiful house out on the coast, *have* to have a fabulous place here. I want to be considered one of the best actresses, and I want the life that goes with it. Not a Hollywood life, but the freedom to do what you want, then do it again, only better."

THE FAT CAT FOUNDATION

is the world wildlife fund a genuinely-concerned body of conservationists or a heavy-duty sop to corporate conscience? p.d. jack chases some elusive butterflies

JUDGING BY the glossy brochures of Australia's richest conservation group, many of Australia's corporate bosses are just as worried about the double-eyed fig parrot or the rabbit-eared bandicoot as they are about labor problems and falling international commodity prices.

And this touching concern for nature is not just an Australian phenomenon. It appears that throughout the industrial world, the men who run banks, oil companies and giant factories are waiting on the latest news about the ivory-billed woodpecker, the Lake Atitlan giant grebe and the mantled howling monkey.

The heads of Shell, Unilever, Rothmans and other multi-nationals regularly meet to plan the next step in the saving of some poor threatened animal, some rare exotic bird.

Two questions thus spring to mind. Why? And who are they trying to kid?

"The World Wildlife Fund (WWF) is a pioneering force dedicated to ensuring that man is aware of his responsibilities to the earth on which human, animal and plant life depend," writes millionaire ad-man David Ogilvy in one of the WWF's brochures.

Warming to his theme, he tells of WWF's sterling efforts to save tigers, Arabian oryxes, and suchlike.

Of course saving the Kauai oo from extinction costs money, so, in the time-honored manner of the ad-man, Mr Ogilvy ends his conservationist rave with a request that we dig into our pockets, or even remember his organisation in our wills. It is all set out clearly and concisely, with plenty of pretty colored pictures; just as one would expect from a bloke described as one of the best copy-writers in the world.

But, what Mr Ogilvy does *not* make clear is that the World Wildlife Fund is run by representatives of some of the biggest polluters in the world, companies whose development programs include environmental destruction on the grand scale and whose officers — even as their superiors are sitting down to save the Lake Atitlan giant grebe — are seeking permission to pour more filthy effluent into our rivers and seas.

There are many fine people involved in the World Wildlife Fund, and being the boss of an oil company does not necessitate a virulent anti-conservation attitude. But, one must question the motives of an organisation with a hierarchy made up predominantly of developers and industrialists.

The World Wildlife Fund was first established in Britain in 1961 by the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Bernhard of Holland and similar notables. It grew out of a decision of the late Sir Julian Huxley that: "a blunt and ruthless demand must be made on those who, with their riches, can build for themselves a shining monument in history."

The International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources (IUCN), — a kind of United Nations consisting of a predictable assortment of national parks people and environmental scientists —was short of a quid. So, calling on a one-time chemist and now tobacco magnate, Dr Anton Rupert, plus the social cachet of royalty, the IUCN tapped into the corporate conscience. WWF was invented.

At the heart of WWF is the 1001, a secret list of rich notables, each of whom has chipped in with 10 grand. It's not an easy list to get on, even if you have the bucks to spare. Membership is strictly limited to 1001, and you must be invited. But once you're in, well, what a great bunch of blokes.

They're not just bleeding heart rich greenies either. There are gung-ho "let's-get-out-there-and-make-a-quid" types too. Like Nelson Bunker Hunt, the diamond cartel king Harry Oppenheimer, cattle baron Edward Vestey, occasional-President Milton Mboto (a man described elsewhere as "banker to the Mob"), another man convicted as the conduit for the bribe money between Lockheed and the aforementioned Prince Bernhard, and, amongst others, a certain Louis Luyt, the man behind the South African Government's disinformation and influence-peddling scheme that became known as Muldergate.

Another member is Daniel K. Ludwig, who, when he owned Clutha Development, wanted to destroy large slabs of the near south coast of New South Wales, and has since destroyed even larger slabs of the Amazon basin. The late Sir Val Duncan, whose mighty Rio Tinto Zinc probably presided over more projects of environmental destruction than there are Japanese crested ibises, was a member. Shipping magnates Stavros Niarcos and Hong Kong's Sir Y.K. Pao are members: so too are various heads of BP, Shell and Atlantic-Richfield.

One of the more interesting members is leading light Anton Rupert, the South African genius behind Rothmans. Besides having a variety of investments in South Africa, Rupert is reported to be a senior member of the sinister Broederbond, one of those groups that make you think paranoid conspiracy theorists are right after all. Rupert is one of eight on the WWF International executive committee. Its president is John H. Loudon, a one-time chairman of Shell Oil. Its treasurer is, not surprisingly, a leading London banker, Louis Franck. Dr Luc Hoffman, from the family that put the Hoffman into Hoffman la Roche (makers of Valium and Mogadon), is a vice-president. Two other committee members are the ad-man Ogilvy and paper merchant, Sir Arthur Norman. Professional conservation bureaucrat Maurice Strong and nature artist Sir Peter Scott (the chairman) make up the rest of the international executive committee.

There are many fine people involved in the World Wildlife Fund, but one must question the motives of an organisation with a hierarchy of developers.

The director-general is a Belgian lawyer, Charles de Haes, seconded from Dr Rupert's Rothmans' headquarters. He did much of the arm-twisting to get all those bods into the 1001, and he swept through Australia in 1978 laying the groundwork for the Australian branch. The executive committee is the controlling body of WWF International, supervising both its own scientific committee and the 26 various national branches. The latter give two-thirds of their fund collections to the international office, except where a different arrangement has been made, as in Australia, where the local bods thought the populace wouldn't cotton to heavy subsidising of foreign conservation efforts.

Some of the national groups — Holland is one — have had the occasional argument with the international office over what it does — or doesn't do — with the money they supply. The building of a million-dollar-plus headquarters was something the Dutch found a bit disturbing.

WWF argues that conservation programs in the developing world would suffer if all the money collected by the national groups was spent in those nations. WWF International acts to internationalise the flow of environmental dollars.

Because the WWF always aims at roping in members of the Establishment, and usually does so, it claims to wield considerable influence at the top levels of governments. According to WWF literature, the governments of Canada, Norway, Mexico, Venezuela and Hong Kong have been pressured by it into cleaning up parts of their acts. It claims to have persuaded Hong Kong to ban all trade in rhinoceros products. With due regard to the rhinoceros population of Hong Kong, the cynic might wonder "so what?" But it's a start.

Most of the $50 million-plus the WWF says it has spent in the last 20 years has been on endangered species. There have been some broad-issue campaigns, but most dollars go to very specific projects, usually involving the study of and perhaps attempts to save, obscure animals and rare plants. There is also an education program primarily designed to teach the tinted people of the Third World about conservation.

The chief conduit for ideas into, and money out of, WWF is the IUCN. Say somebody comes up with the news the Japanese crested ibis is threatened with extinction. The scientists at IUCN have a look at the relevant facts and, if they decide the case is important enough, will include the Japanese crested ibis in the list of projects for which funds are required. This list is then given to the scientific committee of the WWF which sees whether the proposal fits in with its aims and priorities, before making its recommendations to the executive committee.

Dr Chew Wee Lek, a former director of IUCN in South-east Asia and the Pacific, said the IUCN "farms out" the various projects to the relevant WWF branches.

"Take WWF Australia, for example. It prefers local endangered species, so there's no point asking it for money for say, tigers in India," Dr Lek says. "If one WWF branch thinks a project not important enough and rejects it, we might then put it up to another branch, which might decide the project is a good one. Of course we'll do it properly — ask permission if we can. We don't want to slight anyone.

"IUCN takes a positive approach, not an aggressive one. We'll go to the Prime Minister and tell him we don't want to jeopardise his immediate plans, but that, in the long run. . .such and such and so on. It's no good going there and attacking him and his plans, because he'll say thanks very much for your help and you'll be on the next flight out. IUCN believes in the rational solution, that many conflicts can be easily resolved. And this is true. Seven or eight years ago, I had a very pessimistic attitude, but now I can see positive signs in the distance. Governments *are* responding — not always as much as we'd like, but they are."

The IUCN is naturally cautious in its approach, for a third of its members are the government departments with whom the non-government members are often in conflict.

"But that is exactly what IUCN was set up for — to resolve the conflict between the non-government conservation groups and the governments. We function as a forum for these two blocks to air their views and find workable solutions," explains Lek.

Which is to say the IUCN is itself a compromise between what governments think conservation is and what the greenies think it is. Enter the corporations via WWF and you've got yet another compromise to be negotiated. Little wonder then that the upshot of submitting conservationist ideas first to IUCN and then to WWF ends up with a plethora of Bandaid measures — obscure study grants concerning obscure species in obscure parts of the world.

"We're scientists," says Dr Lek. "We have no political skills, so we try to keep out of the political problems."

It is this scientific detachment which gives IUCN its strength, and its acceptability to organisations such as WWF, but which also hamstrings it when consensus becomes impossible. Having provided the facts, it leaves the fighting for others. Which is fair enough, except that information is one of the main weapons in any political dispute, and if the information process is to some extent controlled by any of the parties in dispute, then your chances of getting adequate information are reduced. This is one possible charge against WWF.

By controlling one-third of IUCN's funding, WWF can thus control about one-third of the information IUCN provides. This need not be done by suppressing results or any obvious editorial intrusions; but by ordering the priorities. Hence the preponderance of willie wagtails and dearth of Franklin Rivers. "We've never considered the Franklin River," says Adrian Stark, the director of WWF Australia. "There's enough others involved with that. We don't jump on every bandwagon."

Indeed, they scarcely jump on any bandwagon.

"Our projects are decided on grounds of scientific objectivity, urgency and saleability," comments Stark.

And, one might add, inoffensiveness.

WWF Australia was set up in 1978, and one of its first projects was a study of that great conservation issue, the market for conservation groups. It got the market research arm of one of its major sponsors, Unilever, to sound out the field. I happened to be one of the "opinion-leaders" (ahem) selected for interview. One question I remember was about who would make a good "endorser", which is an advertising word for those prominent people you see on television praising the likes of Jumping Jack jelly beans. This is very much part of the normal commercial process of market positioning and image building; a long way from the usual greenie approach of gang warfare with a Gestetner.

Well-known conservationist, Milo Dunphy, was another person interviewed. As I was, he too was promised a small gift in return for his time; but whereas I chose, received, and duly consumed, a bottle of Para port, the thank-you letter from the research firm to Mr Dunphy, which mentions an accompanying cheque, bears the simple hand-written annotation: "No cheque enclosed". This was not the only promise broken.

Although such long-established conservationists as Milo Dunphy and Australian Conservation Foundation executive director, Geoff Mosley, welcomed WWF to Australia, they did express concern lest WWF's fund-raising activities detract from ACF's own money supply.

Apparently WWF International's de Haes assured ACF that WWF would simply be dipping further into the well, and would not take money away from ACF. Within a few months, the Federal Government's grant to ACF was slashed from $150,000 to $100,000 and a grant of $50,000 announced for the fledgling WWF. When reminded of its promise about not taking money away from ACF — or even applying for Government funds — WWF declined to refuse the Government grant so as "not to offend the Prime Minister". Since then, the WWF has still been receiving $50,000 a year, while the ACF grant continues to shrink.

For a charity just four years old, WWF Australia is remarkably healthy, with an income last year topping one million dollars, something the much longer-established ACF has yet to do. Besides $158,000 in business donations (compared to ACF's $1000), the WWF scored a thoughtful remembrance in some unnamed foreigner's will to the tune of $837,000. No doubt the freckled wallacoot is thankful.

Like its progenitors, WWF Australia is chock-a-block with establishment figures, mostly of the big business variety. Although there are a couple on the 60-strong board of trustees who approach the epithet "Great Australians" (the boss of Bush Pilots, Syd Williams, is one who comes to mind, although he's only a recent addition), most of the big names would be unknown except to readers of *The Financial Review*.

The trustees *are* very establishment, with a predominance of graduates from the better private schools. Interestingly enough, the school with the biggest representation is St Peters Adelaide, with at least three graduates.

More important than the fancy addresses of the trustees are the companies and industries these people represent. There's a director of Peko-Wallsend, one of the chief financiers of the Ranger Uranium mine; there's a director of Shell; there's a director of Beach Petroleum, Dr Reggie Sprigg, who also runs a free enterprise national park; there's Sir John Pagan, a nice enough old gent who's one of the leading lights behind the NSW Liberal Party. There's also a director of shopping centre developer, Westfield Holdings; an aluminium founder;

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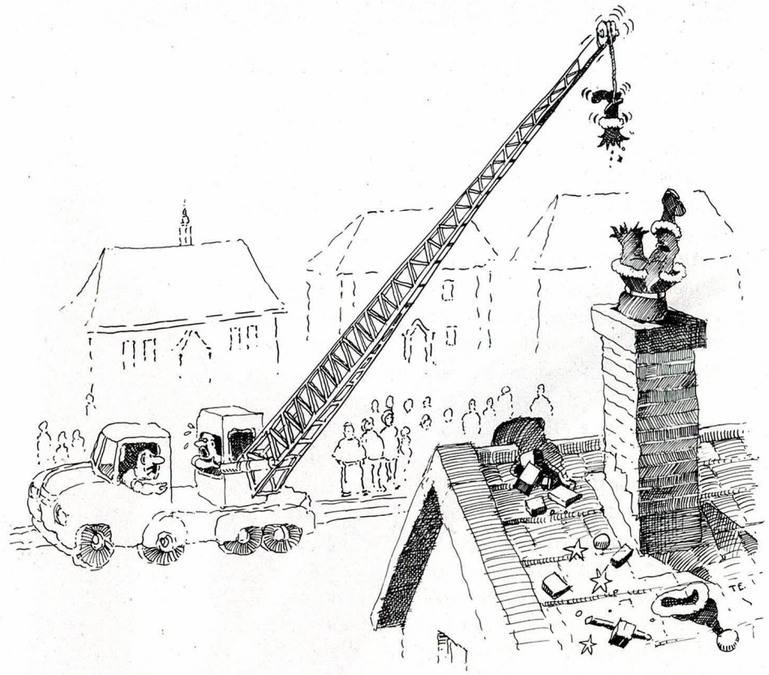

THE SAVAGE CIRCUIT

survival is the real game on the international tennis treadmill

LUNCH on the terrace at the Monte Carlo Country Club one Sunday in April. The salmon-colored tablecloths, newly laundered, gleam in the sunshine, smelling freshly. The Chablis sparkles with golden splinters of spring, the *gigot* is as tender as butter. Overhead two hang-gliders, lemon and vermilion, weave their deliberate, dangerous course. Below, and beyond the cypresses that fringe the Centre Court, the Med is a milky blue; a light breeze tilts the sails of the yachts exactly as Dufy would have had them. Sharing a meal with Yannick Noah, the black tennis ace from France, our view of the final of the Monte Carlo Open, where Lendl is losing to Vilas, is obscured by three of the principality's most stunning women, perched on our table.

Princess Stephanie, the Rainiers' younger, cheekier, prettier daughter, is in fact just as much a star of the Monte Carlo Open as any of the tennis players. The night before, at Jimmy'z, the sea-front night club owned by Regine, which becomes a semi-official watering hole for the tennis set during the championships, the five-foot-two royal teenager had caused a stir by dancing a little too sexily with Ilie

article by peter watson

Nastase's bodyguard, a 17-stone bear of a man known as 'Bambino'.

Later in the day, the practice game of Jose-Luis Clerc, technically number one in Argentina and number five in the world, is up-staged by the antics of Princess Stephanie. She insists on demonstrating her gymnastic somersaults down the practice court tramlines so that Clerc, his partner and a hundred spectators are kept waiting.

Monte Carlo is everybody's favorite stop on the tennis circuit — and not just because of the Princess. The players have spent the previous weeks winning or losing indoor tournaments in some of northern Europe's less exotic cities. They emerge pale and blinking into the Monaco sunshine, as they step down from the helicopter that has brought them from Nice airport. Practice once again becomes a joy and the players mingle with the crowds in a friendly way that would be unthinkable at Wimbledon. Even Ivan Lendl, paler and more taciturn than most, lounges in the bar, gazing wide-eyed at the outrageous hats affected by the Riviera women.

Lendl is fond of saying that he practises five hours a day but this week the man who is rarely off the No.1 practice court (the one with a champagne bar and smoked salmon sandwiches for privileged spectators) is Argentinian Guillermo Vilas. For a poet (his last volume, *Harvest of Four*, was published last year) Vilas is a fantastic tennis player, ranked sixth in the world in 1981. But when it seemed inevitable he would face the top Argentinian, Jose-Luis Clerc, in the semi-final, the poet took to the practice court almost continuously.

Vila's game has improved dramatically since he acquired his new British weapon, a brown Slazenger racket which he strings so tight he often gets through five in a match. As he practises — backhand, forehand, overhead smash, even backhand overhead smash — his coach, Ion Tiriac, the former Rumanian Davis Cup player, squats on his haunches at one end of the court behind him. With his Lech Walesa moustache and bright lemon track-suit, Tiriac is probably the most recognisable figure of all. Every so often he takes Vilas off for a stroll around the court, discussing tactics. Everything will become clear in the final but before that the big surprise is the miserable performance of Borg.

Having taken a few months off for a holiday, Monaco, where Borg lives (a near neighbor of author Anthony Burgess), marks the Swedish star's return to big-time tennis. Unhappily, he goes out in the quarter-finals to Noah, annoying the Press, half of whom haven't yet arrived.

In the final, Vilas's hours of practice pay off. Lendl comes to Monte Carlo having not lost any of his previous 42 matches and having beaten Vilas the last eight times they have met. But this time Vilas stays at his base line and out-waits Lendl. Each rally consists of between 20 and 40 shots, till Lendl, for once, loses patience, and starts moving to the net. *He* makes the mistakes and Vilas wins, apparently easily. Vilas says later that it was all Ion Tiriac's idea.

There is a victory celebration at Jimmy'z, if anyone wants to go, but most of the players leave immediately for Nice airport. Next week it is more sun but in far-off places: Johannesburg, Los Angeles and Houston.

The summer circuit has started and, in that next week alone, there is $575,000 in prize money to be won. It is 13 years since tennis went 'open' and now there are only three weeks in the year when tennis is not being played somewhere. The biggest circuit is the Volvo Grand Prix, which links 89 tournaments in 31 countries. This year it is offering $14 million in prize money and a $3 million bonus pool (to include players who never quite make it to the last rounds). The rival World Championship Tennis Circuit will, in addition, link 22 events with $7.9 million in prizes.

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No two tournaments are alike. Two weeks after Monte Carlo there's Las Vegas, where the atmosphere could not be more difficult. The Eleventh Alan King/Caesar's Palace Tennis Classic is played in the grounds of the city's most vulgar hotel, which has about as much in common with ancient Rome as Vegas habitue Liberace has with Mark Anthony.

On the Tuesday, in front of empty terraces and in a biting northern wind, Bjorn Borg is again defeated dismally, this time in an early round by journey-man Dave Stockton. The Swede shuffles the 300 yards back to the hotel, with just one tennis groupie hanging on.

Days later and the players are even further from the Princesses and the *Belle Epoque* hotels of Monte Carlo. This time it's the World Championship Tennis Finals in Dallas.

So that the organiser, WCT, which is owned by Lamar Hunt, can get maximum spectators into the brand-new indoor Reunion stadium, matches do not begin until 7pm. This means that, on the Thursday when John McEnroe saves three match points against local boy Bill Scanlon to beat him in five sets after a grinding game, it is five minutes before midnight when the last point is played. As usual, McEnroe has fought not just Scanlon but the umpire, a line judge who had to leave her post for a call of nature, and several rowdy spectators. In fact, he has exhausted us all so much that when the 'Reunion stars' game, between former top seeds Ken Rosewall and Cliff Drysdale, finishes at 2am, there are just 57 diehards left in an arena which seats 17,000.

If the matches are gruelling, the globe-trotting takes its toll, too. Most of the 70 players who earn more than $50,000 a year spend 40 weeks sharing the same long plane rides, the same boring hotels and the same tense locker rooms. It makes the circuit an international hot-house and it is no surprise to find it filled with spikey incidents, puzzling superstitions and bitter rivalries, occasionally relieved by some unlikely friendships.

The superstition and ritual which are rife are mostly hidden from spectators. Vijay Armitraj, for instance, always sits for a while in the locker room before a game, sucking the charm he wears around his neck, trying to build his concentration. McNamara and others have their favorite showers at Wimbledon, Flushing Meadow and elsewhere. Even if they are late they will wait until a particular shower is free. McNamara always puts his left shoe on first and McEnroe tries never to step on the centre line of the court between points.

Gerulaitis is the most ritual-conscious of all. After each break, when the players are changing ends, he takes a towel with him to the back of the court — but he never brings it back. The specially-briefed ball boys have to do that. And, during the breaks in the game, Gerulaitis has developed to a fine art the taping and un-taping of his racket handle. He does it *every* time and has the timing worked out perfectly.

●

The rivalries in the men's pro game is another dimension which helps give the circuit its flavor. There is the friendship between the Argentine Guillermo Vilas and the Rumanian Ilie Nastase, based on the fact that both have been coached by Ion Tiriac. And that between Borg and Gerulaitis and between the young Czech Ivan Lendl and Wojtek Fibak, the older Pole. Fibak is perhaps the most interesting man on the circuit: he speaks six languages, collects French Impressionist and 19th-century Polish paintings and is a good friend of the Polish Oscar-winning film producer/director Andrej Wajda.

Now, Fibak is Lendl's close friend as well as his mentor and business consultant. Lendl has to return 20 per cent of his earnings each year to the government in Czechoslovakia but, since he should clear $900,000 in 1982, he won't go short. Together Fibak and Lendl are investing in property in Florida where Lendl has bought a flat in the smart suburb of Boca Raton. And together, most days on the tour, they spend their time in their hotel rooms dialling their friends around the world, looking after their investments, strengthening their arms and reading; war history in the case of Lendl, poetry, drama and other high-brow stuff in Fibak's case. Fibak for one is already thinking of moving on: his friendship with Wajda has given him the itch to produce, and perhaps direct, films.

Of the rivalries and jealousies on the circuit just now, three stand out as almost notorious. They are Vilas v Clerc, McEnroe v Scanlon and Fibak v Gerulaitis.

Clerc brought matters to a head with Vilas earlier this year when he refused to play in the Davis Cup against France.

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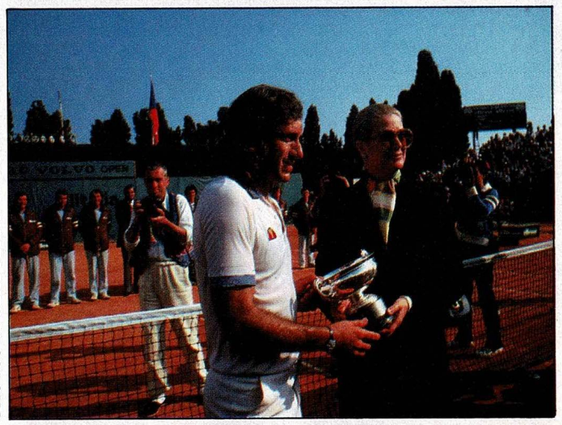


PHOTOS BY CLAY PERRY/THE SUNDAY TIMES, LONDON

The famous and the unknown, making the scene at Monte Carlo

The Book of Creation

herewith, a brand-new translation of a brand-new bible — proving in chapter and verse that you can't make a monkey out of god.

CHAPTER ONE — IN THE BEGINNING, God created dates. 2 And the date was Monday, July 4, 4004 B.C. 3 And God said: "Let there be Light"; and there was Light. And *when* there was Light, God *saw* the date, *that* it was an Monday, and He *got* down to work; for verily, He had a Big Job *to do*.

humor by tony hendra and sean kelly

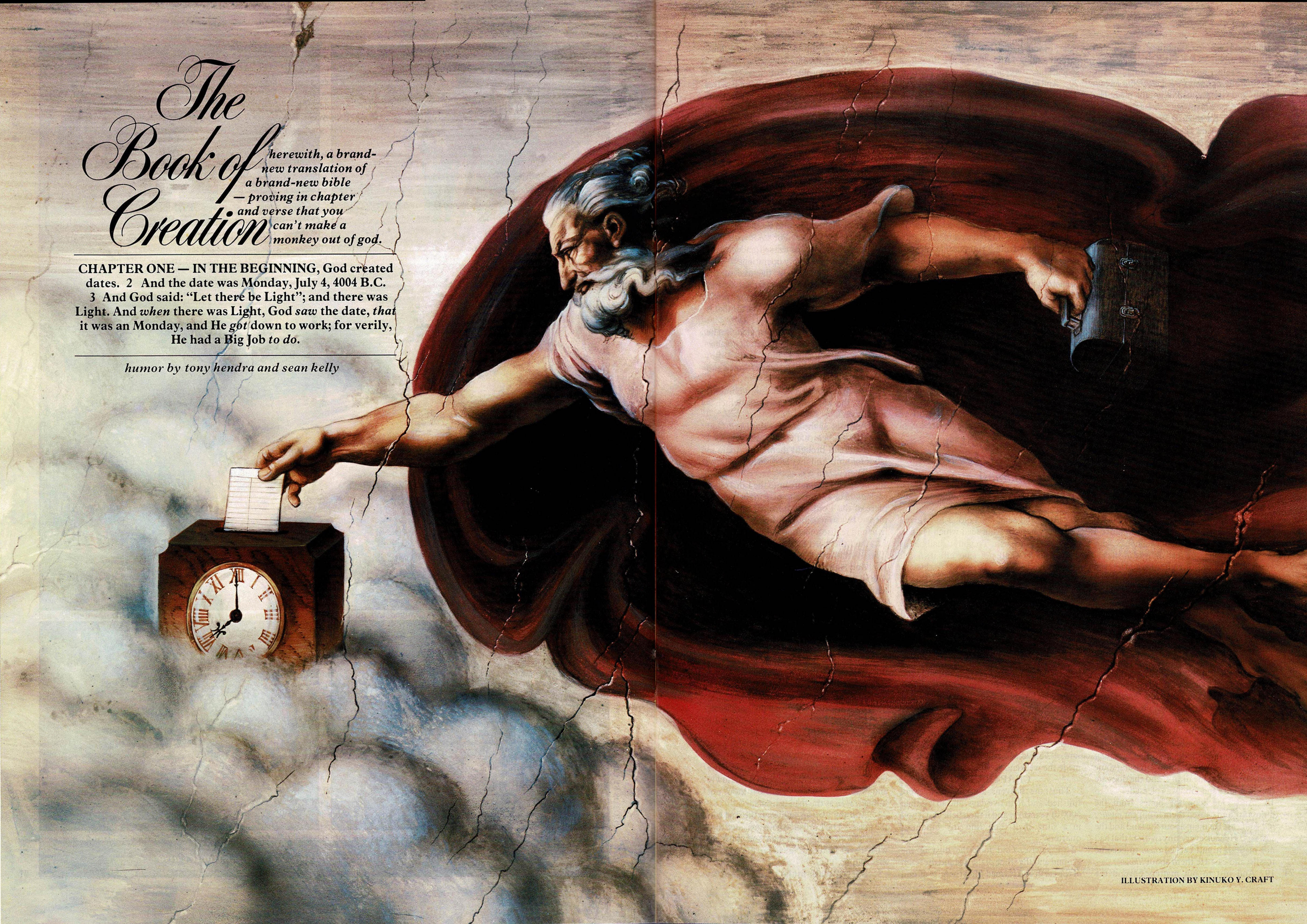


ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

4 And God made pottery shards and Silurian mollusks and Pre-Cambrian limestone strata; and flints and Jurassic mastodon tusks and *Pithecanthropus erectus* skulls and Cretaceous Placentalia made He: and those cave paintings at Lascaux. And that was *that* for the first Workday.

5 And God saw that He had made many wondrous things *but* that He had not wherein to put *it* all. And God said, "Let the heavens be divided from the earth; and *let* Us bury all of these Things which We have made in the earth; *but* not too deep."

6 And God buried all the Things which He had made, and that was *that*.

7 And the morning and the evening *and* the overtime were Tuesday.

8 And God said, "Let there be water; and let the dry *land* appear"; and that was *that*.

9 And God called the dry *land* Real Estate; and the water called He *the* Sea. And in the land and beneath *it* put He crude *oil*, grades one through six; and *natural* gas put He thereunder; and prehistoric carboniferous forests yielding anthracite and other ligneous matter; and all these called He Resources; and *He* made them Abundant.

10 And likewise all that was in the Sea, even onto 200 miles from the dry *land*, called He resources; all that was therein, *like* manganese nodules, for instance.

11 And the morning unto the evening *had been* an long day, *which* He called Wednesday.

12 And on the fourth day, God noticed that there *had been* Mornings *and* Evenings *and* Light *and* Darkness for the *past* three days;

13 But *nevertheless*, God said, "Let there be lights in the Heavens to divide the Day from the Night"; and *that* was that.

14 And God said, "Let the water bring forth abundantly every moving creature I *can* think of, with or without backbones, with or without wings or feet or fins or claws, vestigial limbs and all, right *now;* and let each *one* be of a separate species. For, lo, I can make *whatsoever* I like, *whensoever* I like."

15 And the earth brought forth abundantly *all* creatures, great and small, with and without backbones, with and without wings and feet and fins and claws, vestigial limbs and all, *from* bugs *to* Brontosauruses.

16 But God blessed them all, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply and *evolve not.*"

17 And God looked upon the species He had made and saw that the earth was exceeding crowded, and He said *unto* them, "Let each species compete for what it needeth; for Healthy Competition is My Law." And the species competed amongst themselves, the cattle and the creeping things, the dogs and the dinosaurs; and some madeth it and some didn't; and the dogs ate the dinosaurs and God was pleased.

18 And God took the bones from the dinosaurs and caused them to appear *mighty* old: and cast He them about the land and the sea. And He took every tiny *creature* that had not madeth it and caused *them* to become fossils; and cast He them about *likewise*.

19 And just to put matters beyond the valley of the shadow of a *doubt*, God created carbon dating. And *that* is the origin of species.

20 And in the Evening of the day which *was* Thursday, God saw that He had put in *another* good day's work.

21 And God said, "Let Us make man in Our image, after Our likeness, *which is* tall and well formed and pale of hue; and let Us *also* make monkeys, which resembleth Us not in any wise *but* are short and ill formed and hairy." And God added, "Let man *have* dominion over the monkeys and the fowl of the air and every species, endangered or otherwise, and everything that is in the earth or on it or under it or over it or near it, including but not limited to mineral rights, timber rights, drilling rights, rights of way, easements and eminent domain, without let or hindrance, irrespective of prior claim, in perpetuity, *signed* GOD."

22 So God created Man in His *own* image; tall and well formed and pale of hue created He him, and nothing at all like the monkeys.

23 And God blessed him, and God said unto him, "See paragraph 26 above *passim*."

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and if thou believest it not, in a sling shall thou find thy hindmost quarters.

24 And God said, "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the earth. To you it shall be for meat. But ye shalt not smoketh it, *lest* it giveth *you* ideas.

25 "And to every beast of the earth and every fowl of the air I have given also every green herb, and to them it shall be for meat. But they shall be meat *for you*. And the Lord God your Host suggesteth that the flesh of cattle goeth well with the fin and the claw; thus shall Surf be wedded unto Turf."

26 And God saw everything He had made, and He saw that it was very good; and God said, "It *just* goes to show Me what the private sector can accomplish. With a lot of fool regulations, this could have taken *billions of years.*"

27 And on the evening of the fifth day, *which had been* the roughest day yet, God said, "Thank Me it's Friday." And God made the weekend.

CHAPTER TWO

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and *all* in five days, and all less than 6000 of years *ago:* and if thou believest it not, in a sling *shall* thou find thy hindmost quarters.

2 Likewise, God took the dust of the ground and the slime of the Sea and the scum of the earth and formed Man therefrom; and *breathed* the breath of life right in his face. And he *became* Free to Choose.

3 And God made an market place eastward of Eden, in which the man was free *to* play. And this *was* the free play of the market place.

4 And out of the ground made the Lord God *to grow* four trees: the tree of Life, and the tree of Liberty, and the tree of the Pursuit of Happiness and the tree of the Knowledge of Sex.

5 And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, "This *is* My law, which is called the Law of Supply and Demand. Investeth thou in the trees of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, and thou shalt make for thyself an *fortune*. For *what* fruit thou eatest not, that thou mayest sell, and with the seeds thereof expand *thy* operations.

6 "But of the fruit of the tree of the Knowledge of Sex, thou mayest not eat; nor mayest thou invest therein, nor profit thereby nor expand *its* operations; for that is a mighty waste of seed."

7 And the man was exceeding glad. But he asked the Lord God: "Who then *shall* labor in this market place? For am I not management, *being* tall and well formed and pale of hue?"

8 And the Lord God said unto Himself, "Verily, this kid hath the potential which is Executive."

9 And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to labor for him. And they labored for peanuts.

10 Then Adam was again exceeding glad. But he spake once more unto the Lord God, saying, "Lo, I am free to play in the market place of the Lord, and have cheap labor in plenty; but to whom shall I sell my surplus fruit and realise a fortune thereby?"

11 And the Lord God said unto Himself, "Verily, this is an Live One."

12 And He caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and He took from him one of his ribs, which was an spare rib.

13 And the spare rib which the Lord God had taken from the man, made He woman. And He brought her unto the man, saying:

14 "This is Woman and she shall purchase your fruit, to eat it; and ye shall realise a fortune thereby. For Man produceth and Woman consumeth, wherefore she shall be called the Consumer."

15 And they were both decently clad, the Man and the Woman, from the neck even unto the ankles, so they were not ashamed.

CHAPTER THREE

Now, the snake in the grass was *more* permissive than any beast of the field which the Lord God *had* made. And he said *unto* the woman, "Why hast thou accepted this lowly and submissive *role?* For art thou not human, *even* as the man is human?"

2 And the woman said unto the snake in the grass, "The Lord God hath ordained that I am placed under the man and must do whatsoever he telleth me to do; for is *he* not the Man?"

3 But the snake in the grass laughed an cunning laugh, and said unto the woman, "Is it not right and just that thou shouldst fulfill thy *potential?* For art thou not comely in thy flesh, even as the man is comely in his flesh?"

4 And the woman said, "Nay, I know not; for hath not the Lord God clad us decently, from the neck even unto the ankles, and forbidden that we eat of the tree of the Knowledge of Sex?"

5 But the snake in the grass said unto the woman, whispering even into her very ear, "Whatsoever feeleth good, do thou *it*, and believest thou me, it feeleth *good.*"

6 And when the woman saw the fruit of the tree of the Knowledge of Sex, that it was firm and plump and juicy, she plucked thereof, and sank her teeth *therein*, and gave also to her husband, *and* he likewise sank his teeth *therein*.

7 And the eyes of *both* of them were opened, and they saw that they were not naked.

8 And the woman *then* loosened Adam's uppermost garment; and he likewise loosened his nethermost garment, and the man *then* loosened her nethermost garment; until they were out of their garments both, and *likewise* of their minds.

9 And, lo! They did dance *upon* the grass of the ground, and they did rock backward, and roll forward continuously.

10 And as they did rock and roll, the serpent that *was* cunning did play upon a stringed *instrument* of music and did smite his tail upon the ground in an hypnotic rhythm; and he did sing *in a voice* that was like unto four voices, "She loveth you, yea, yea, yea."

11 And they did both twist and shout and fall into an frenzy, both the man *and* the woman, and lie *themselves* upon the ground, and commit there abominations.

12 And when they *were* spent from their abominations, they did take the herb bearing seed, and did *roll* it and smoke it; and, lo! It gaveth them ideas, even as the Lord God *had* said; and they were like to *commit* new abominations.

13 Now, the Lord God was walking in the garden in the cool of the day, with His dog; and as Adam and his wife were *beginning* these new abominations, the Lord God did stub the toe of His *foot* upon their hindmost quarters.

14 And the Lord God *waxed* wroth, and said unto Adam, "Wherefore art thou naked? And what is *that* thou smokest? And why art thou not at thy *work?* For have I not said that it is the man's part to produce, and the part of the woman to consume whatsoever he produceth?"

15 And Adam and his wife did look *upon* each other, and did giggle.

16 Whereupon the Lord God waxed exceeding wroth, and He said, "Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded *thee* that thou *shouldst* not eat?"

17 And the man said, "The woman *whom* Thou gavest to be *with me* made me do it."

18 And the Lord God said unto the woman, "What is *this* that thou hast done?"

And the woman said, "The snake in the grass made me do it."

19 And the snake in the grass said, "The Devil made *me* do it."

20 And the Lord God said unto the snake in the grass, "Thou art an permissive *beast;* wherefore art thou cursed to crawl upon thy belly, and be *made into* belts and boots and handbags hereafter."

21 Unto the woman He said, "Since thou hast hearkened unto the snake in the grass, which is broad of mind and permissive, henceforth let it be thy lot to be confused and *scattered* in thy brains, and to be plagued by demons who shall tempt thee to become that which thou canst not be such as an warrior, or an extinguisher of fires; or an operator of heavy machinery.

22 "And since thou hast put aside the decent clothing wherein I clad thee, hereafter, no garment *shall* satisfy thee, and thou shalt be overcome by longings to change thy raiment *every* spring and fall.

23 "And above all this, since thou hast desired to taste of the fruit of the tree of the Knowledge of Sex, now let thy *very* body be a curse unto thee. From generation unto generation, men *shall* whistle, and hoot after thee as thou passest; yea, and women also."

24 And unto Adam he said, "Woe unto thee who hast hearkened not to the voice of the Lord thy God but rather to her who is *thy* inferior; for thou wast free to choose. Now shalt thou be banished from the market place and the free play thereof; *neither* shalt thou pluck the fruit from the trees of Life and Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

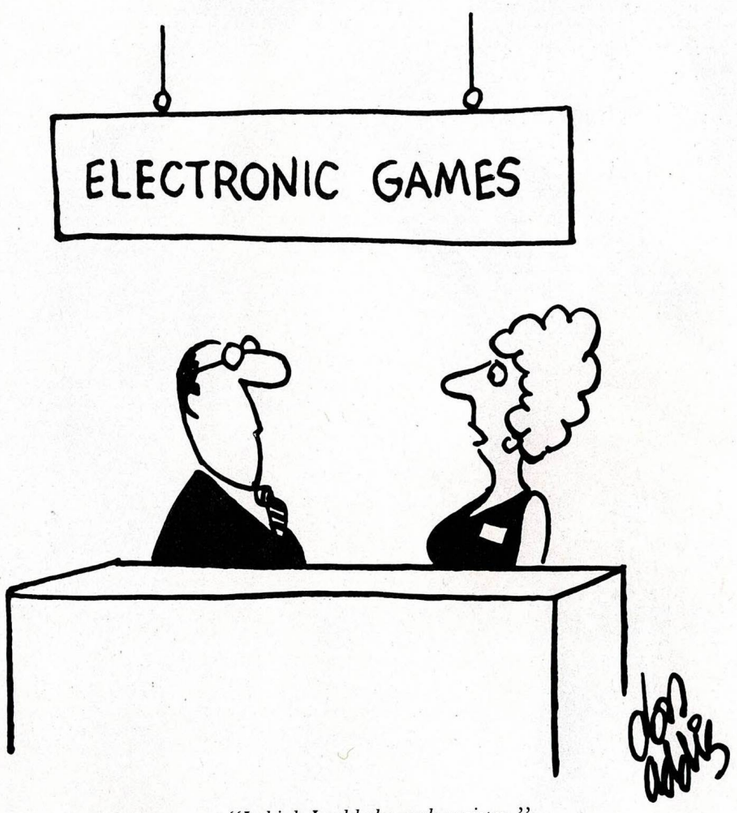
25 "In the sweat of thy face *shalt* thou earn thy bread, and bankruptcy shall be *thy* lot; and upon thy back, as a burden *unto* thee, thou shalt bear Big Government."

26 And the Lord God said unto the man, "Behold, thy knowledge of sex shall be as a curse upon thee and thy generations, and thy loins shall be a trial unto thee.

27 "For whensoever thou goest into a public place, *then* shall thy member rise *up;* when thou sittest to eat and drink among thy fellows, likewise shall it rise *up;* yea, even when thou standest before the people to preach unto *them* in my name shall it rise *up*, and be a scandal unto thee, and make an unseemly lump *in* thy garments; yet when thou goest into thy wife shall thy member wither and rise *up* not."

28 And then the Lord God was silent, and waxed sad, and made as if to leave them *there*.

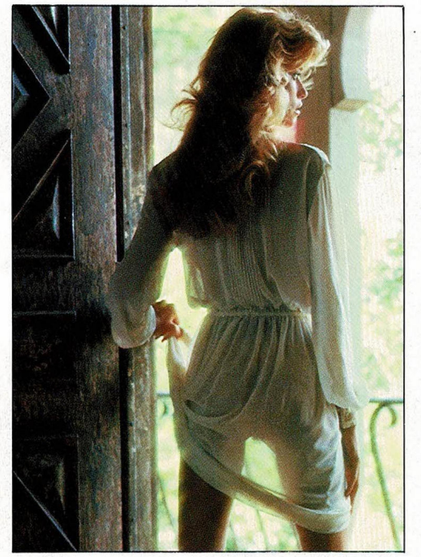
But He turned, and spoke softly *unto* Adam and his wife, Eve, saying, "Knowest thou *something?* Mine *only* hope is this: that someday, ye have children who do *unto* ye the way ye have done *unto* Me."



"I think I sold the cash register."

IN FULL FLOWER

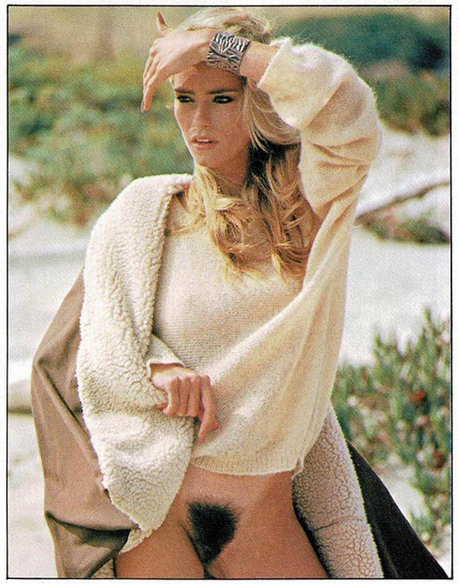
from slow and shy beginnings, marianne gravatte has blossomed into a young lady of model proportions



AT ONE POINT

during our recent conversation with Marianne Gravatte, she whipped out a comb, ran it through her sunny locks, braided them into a pigtail, then added a spangle and a brightly-colored band. In seconds, she was transformed from lush and lovely to bright and sporty.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

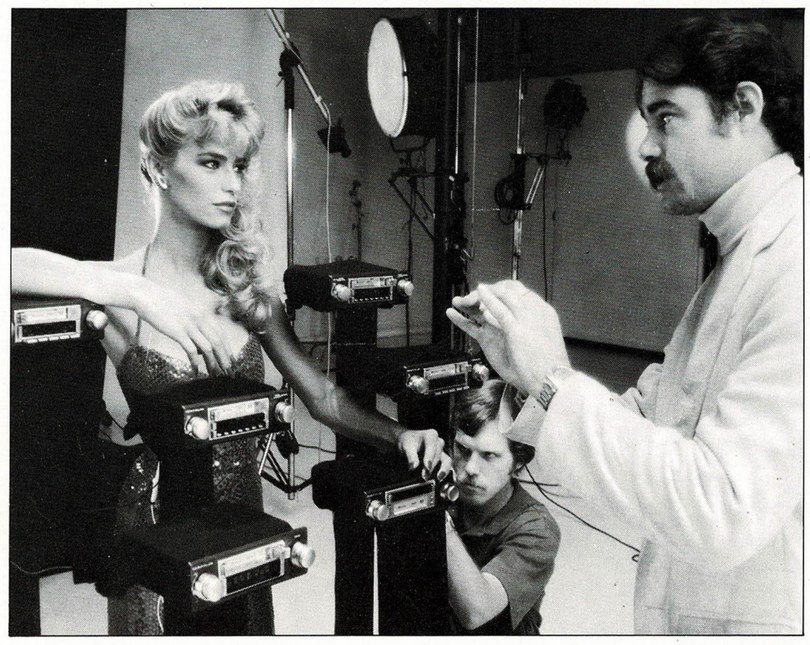


THE CHANGE

was significant. In that moment, she had gone from professional model to private person, and she seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. Private person, you see, is a bit of an understatement. Marianne is one of the quietest, shiest people we've ever run across.

ALTHOUGH

she's been modelling successfully for a year now and is determined to make it in the most public of professions, for her to be a model is like water running backward. Marianne is at a loss to explain why she's so reserved, but her startling looks may have something to do with it. She simply attracts attention whether or not she wants to.



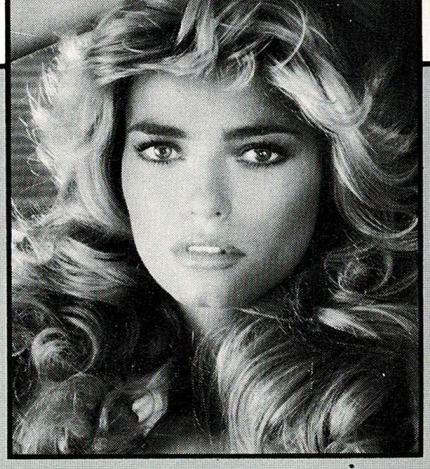
HER APPEARANCE

in PLAYBOY is a big step for her. There is resolve in her voice as she explains her coming out: "I figured, for once in my life, I'm going to take a chance!" For someone with Marianne's looks and quiet charm, it's hardly a gamble.

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Marianne Gravatte



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Marianne Gravatte

BUST: 34 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: Dec. 13, 1959 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, California

AMBITIONS: to continue modeling as long as possible, then get married and start a family

TURN-ONS: Colorado River, clean air, animals, spending money, good music, fast cars and boats

TURN-OFFS: Crowds, getting up early, traffic, rude people, smog, lies and flying.

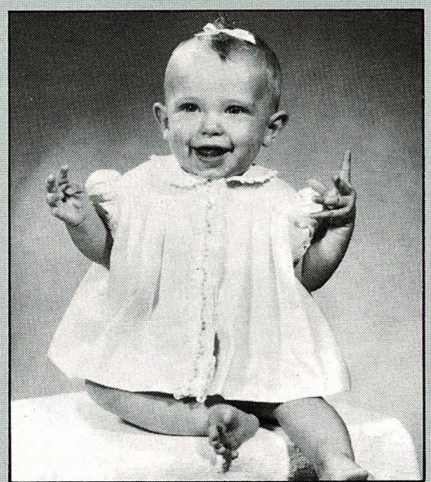
FAVORITE SPORTS: Water skiing, jet skiing, boating, racquetball, snow skiing and bicycle riding.

FAVORITE FOODS: Frozen bananas, milk, cheese, baked potatoes, artichokes, scallops and crab legs.

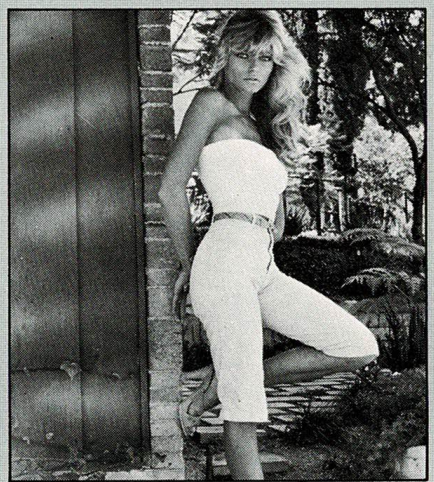
FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Johnny Carson, Steve Martin, The Cars.

IDEAL MAN: Patient, honest, outgoing, content, affectionate and fairly athletic

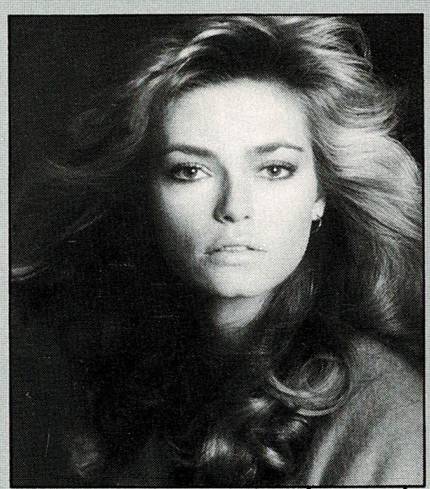
SECRET FANTASY: To live on a tropical island, with my ideal man and lots of exotic pets



Don't count me out!



looking sultry



turn that fan off!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"My taste in fellas," the girl remarked during a lunch-hour hen session, "runs to men who are tall, dark and hung some."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *necrophilia* as dead boring.

Many of these rebellious young girls who leave their homes to live like derelicts in the city are bound to become pregnant," stated the social worker.

"In other words," said the talk-show host, "it's runaway inflation."

There they were in bed languishing in post-coital bliss and he asked, "Am I the first man to make love to you?"

"I dunno," she replied. "Were you in Surfers in January 1978?"

A just-married couple made a frantic last-minute dash for the train for their honeymoon journey and just made it on board before the train pulled out.

In the confusion, the bridegroom handed the conductor an envelope, which when opened, revealed the couple's marriage certificate.

The elderly conductor looked at it for a few moments, turned to the young fellow and smiled, "Son, this piece of paper is good for a lot of rides . . . but not on this train!"

The couple were divorced but remained good friends. When the man broke his arm, he called his ex-wife and asked if she would come over and help him to take a bath. She readily agreed.

After she had helped him into the bath and began soaping his body, she noticed a change gradually taking place in his anatomy.

"Now, isn't that sweet, Harry," she cooed, "Look, it still recognises me!"

There was a young parson of Goring
Who made a small hole in the flooring;
He lined it all round,
Then laid on the ground,
And declared it was cheaper than whoring!

And who," asked the scornful little sexpot after she and her pick-up had both stripped in the motel room, "do you expect to satisfy with *that?*"

"Me," grinned her eager partner.

Because Sir Lancelot had been complaining about the fit, Queen Guinevere went secretly to a famous plastic surgeon for a tightening of her vagina.

"And now," she mused happily, "I'm all tucked in for the knight."

Question: What's pink and wrinkled and hangs out your underpants?

Answer: Your mother.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin* as a member of the Moral Minority.

Let's do it alternative doggy-style!" panted the excited youth.

"How's that?" murmured his wide-eyed companion.

"With my bone in your mouth!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Planned Parenthood Clinic* as Emission Control Centre.

A certain young lady of Babylon
Decided to lure all the rabble on
By raising her shirt
And dropping her skirt,
Exposing a market to dabble on.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

AN OCKER ABROAD

poetry by Rus Center illustrated by Tony Edwards

ROME

THE COLOSSEUM'S STORY
WAS A STIRRING ONE, BUT SORY,
OF BRAVE MEN FACING LIONS BY THE PRIDE,
IF I HADN'T SAT TILL THREE
WATCHING LATE SHOWS ON TV
I'D NEVER KNOW HOW THOSE POOR BASTARDS DIED.
THE LIONS, BIG AND BAGGY,
WERE MOTHEATEN, OLD AND DAGGY
BUT THEY MOSTLY HAD A FEW DECAYING FANGS,
THOSE THAT DIDN'T USED THEIR GUMS,
AS THEY GNAWED THE CHRISTIANS' BUMS
THE ROMANS ORGIED ON WITH MASS GANG BANGS.
IT GETS ME STEAMING HOT
WHEN I THINK HOW MUCH THEY GOT
COMPARED WITH WHAT I'M GETTING HERE IN ROME,
FOR THOUGH IT SEEMS ABSURD
I CAN'T CRACK IT FOR A BIRD,
I'M MORE FRUSTRATED THAN I WAS BACK HOME.
SO IF SOMEONE WANTS TO KNOW
WHETHER I AM ON THE GO
WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO SAY,
IF IN ENGLAND LOVE IS BLIND
HERE IN ITALY YOU'LL FIND
THAT THERE IS NOT ENOUGH WHORES IN THE DAY.

VENICE

VENICE IS ALL WET, AS YOU KNOW,
WHEN A GONDOLIER NAMED BRUNO
TOOK ME BOATING I THOUGHT, "THIS IS RIDGY DIDGE",
BUT HAD MY LUCK CHANGED? NO FEAR!
BRUNO WAS A RAVING QUEER
WHO ATTACKED ME NEAR THE FAMED RIALTO BRIDGE.
HE TOOK ME BY SURPRISE
WHEN HE GRABBED ME BY THE THIGHS
AND I DIVED IN THINKING IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE,
I HAVE SWUM IN MANY OCEANS
BUT THIS GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS
WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE A DINKUM AUSSIE HEAVE.
I WADED TO THE SHORE
SMELLY, SICK AND FEELING SORE
WITH BITS OF OFFAL STICKING TO MY HAIR,
ALTHOUGH I WAS MOVING SLOW
THE VENETIANS YELLED, "BRAVO"
AS I LIMPED ACROSS THE OLD 'SAINT MARCO SQUARE.
WHEN I'D MADE IT TO THE PUB
AND WAS SOAKING IN A TUB
I REFLECTED DEEPLY ON WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE THING
FLOATING IDLY LIKE A KING
IF MY CHOSEN BOATMAN HADNT BEEN A QUEEN.

PISA

A POMMY GIRL CALLED LISA
SAID, "YOU MUST VISIT PISA,
IT TRULY IS A MOST DELIGHTFUL TOWN."
BUT WHEN I SAW THE TOWER
LEANING MORE WITH EVERY HOUR
I SAID, "BUGGER THIS THE PLACE IS FALLING DOWN."
IT HAS SUCH A SAVAGE LIST
WAS THE MAN WHO BUILT IT PISSED
OR DID HIS PLANS GET ARSE ABOUT SOMEHOW?
WELL THIS IS IDLE CHATTER
FOR IT DOESNT REALLY MATTER,
ALL I KNOW IS THAT I'M GETTING OUT RIGHT NOW.

FLORENCE

IN FLORENCE OFF I RUSHED TO VISIT DAVID,
AND FOUND HE WAS A MOST IMPRESSIVE SIGHT
BUT I FEEL I CANT ENTHUSE,
MICHAEL GAVE A TINY FUSE
TO A MAN WHO SEEMS CHOCK FULL OF DYNAMITE.
STILL THIS STATUE IS GOOD FOR MANLY EGOS,
ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO THINK THEY'RE SMALL,
FOR WHEN THEY FEAST THEIR EYES
ON POOR OLD DAVIDS PRIZE
THEN THEY KNOW THEY'RE NOT SO PUNY AFTER ALL.

NAPLES

THEY SAY, "SEE NAPLES AND DIE"!
AND THERE'S NO WAY ITS A LIE
FOR I'M SITTING IN A GRIMY LITTLE STREET,
IT ISN'T VERY FUNNY
WHEN SOME BASTARD'S PINCHED YOUR MONEY,
YOUR PASSPORTS GONE AND YOU'VE STUFF-ALL TO EAT.
I HAVE BEEN TO SEE THE COPPERS
WHO QUICKLY FLASHED THEIR CHOPPERS
IN WIDE, INGRATIATING GRINS,
BUT WILL I GET BACK MY GEAR?
THEY SAID, "NO-A-BLOODY FEAR",
THEN LAUGHED UNTIL IT SHOOK THEIR DOUBLE CHINS.
WELL, I CAN'T TAKE ANY MORE,
I'VE A BLOODY BIG COLD SORE
PLUS A DOSE OF CRABS I PICKED UP ON CAPRI
AND I'M SICKENING FOR FLU,
CHRIST! THEY THINK THE GROTTO'S BLUE,
THEY'VE SEEN NOTHING TILL THEY'VE HAD A LOOK AT ME.
ONCE I'VE CONNED SUFFICIENT DOUGH
TO AN AIRLINE I WILL GO
AND BOOK A SEAT FOR SYDNEY OR FOR MELBOURNE,
IT JUST SHOWS HOW CROOK I AM
WHEN I DONT GIVE A DAMN
WHICH ONE IT IS, AS LONG AS I GET AIRBORNE.

QANTAS

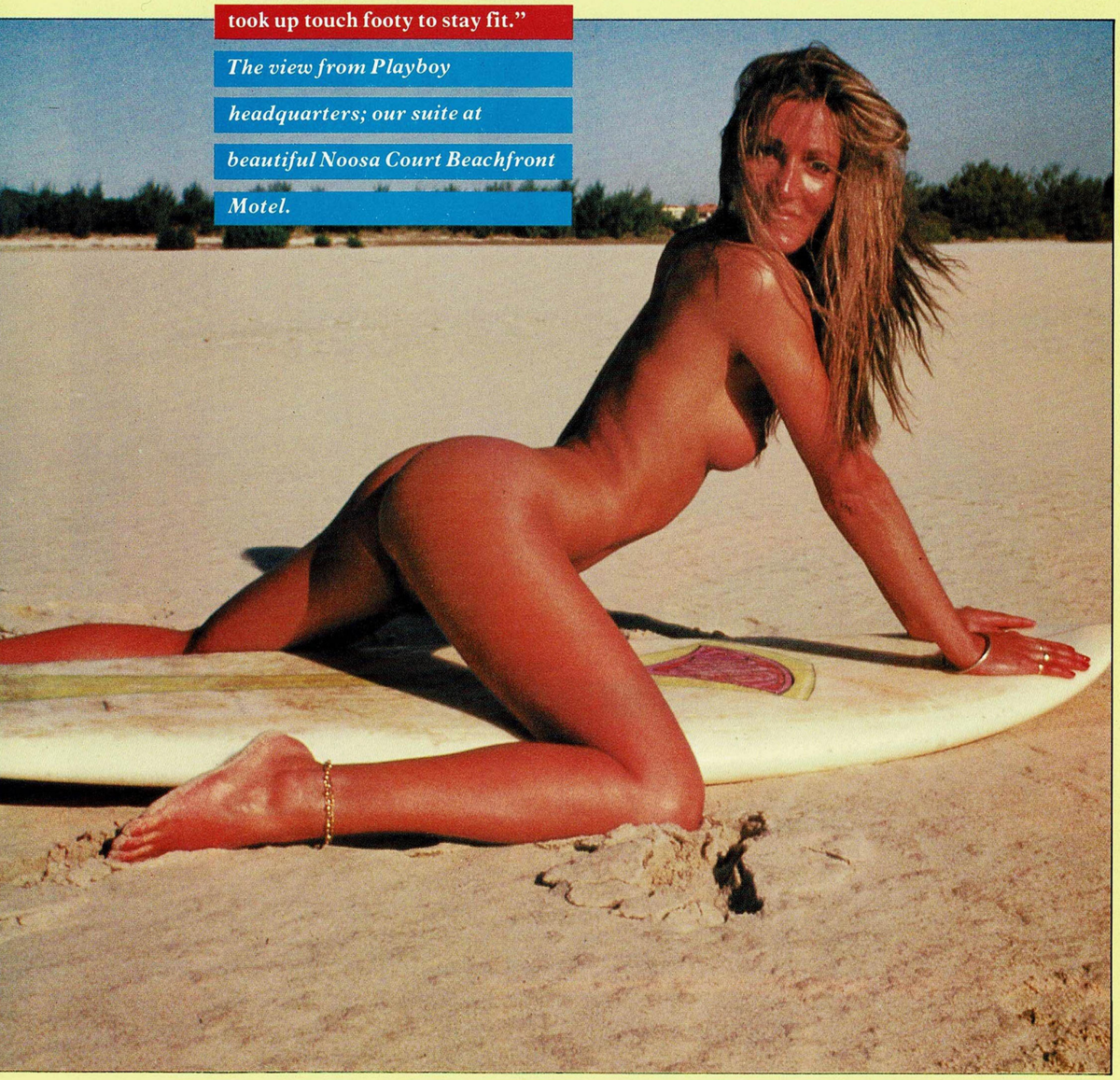
THE GIRLS OF NOOSA

THE GIRLS of Noosa are special and unique. Their golden bodies will make your knees go weak. (To paraphrase an old song.) Noosa brings to mind old songs and simpler times. Cool drinks, hammocks in the shade and lazy days. At the far end of those 60 glorious kilometres that make up Queensland's Sunshine Coast, Noosa village is a magnet for free and easy sun-worshippers. Like gorgeous Natalie Wilson, 22, who came north from Sydney a few years ago to get away from "heavy traffic and aggressive people". Natalie (pictured below, relaxing beside local personality Hollywood Bob's pool) has found her ideal speed at a ridgetop home just out of town. But this lovely Leo ventures down to the ocean almost every day to soak up the rays and to windsurf.

PHOTOS BY RICO METTBACH

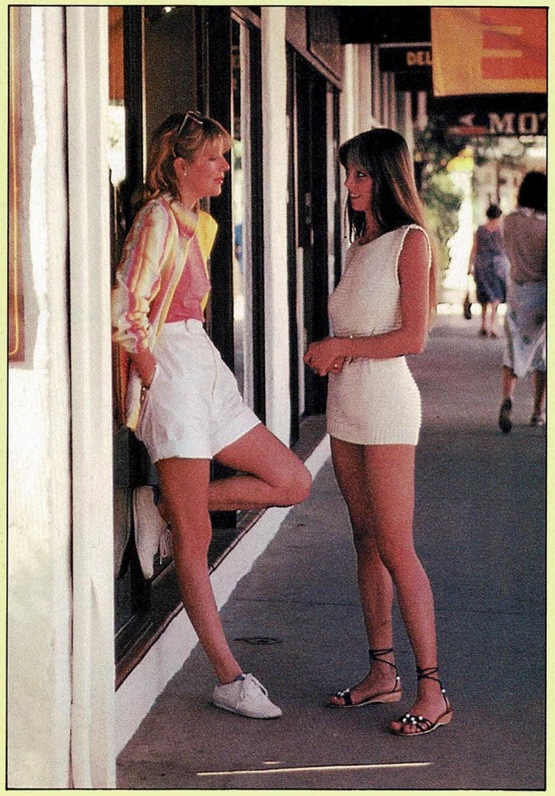
Male visitors to Noosa could do worse than succumb to a diving tackle from budding touch footballer Richelle Jonsen. Originally from the NSW central coast, Richelle moved north to indulge her passion for warm weather, fine restaurants and spunky men. "The local guys are fast movers," quips Richelle. "So I took up touch footy to stay fit."

The view from Playboy headquarters; our suite at beautiful Noosa Court Beachfront Motel.

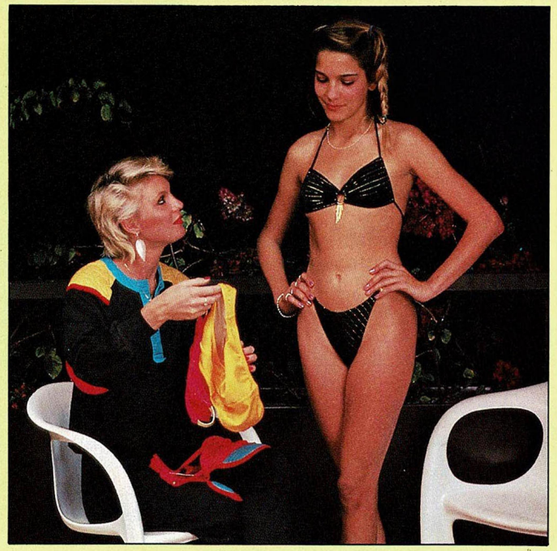


Heading south from Noosa, the coast highway passes some beautiful scenery, none of it more eye-catching than Warana Beach's Colleen Miles or Coolum's Gemma Wills. Colleen (above) gets her kicks swimming, dancing and just lazing on one of the Sunshine Coast's more isolated beaches, while Gemma (right) reads a lot, keeps in shape with netball and awaits "a compassionate man".

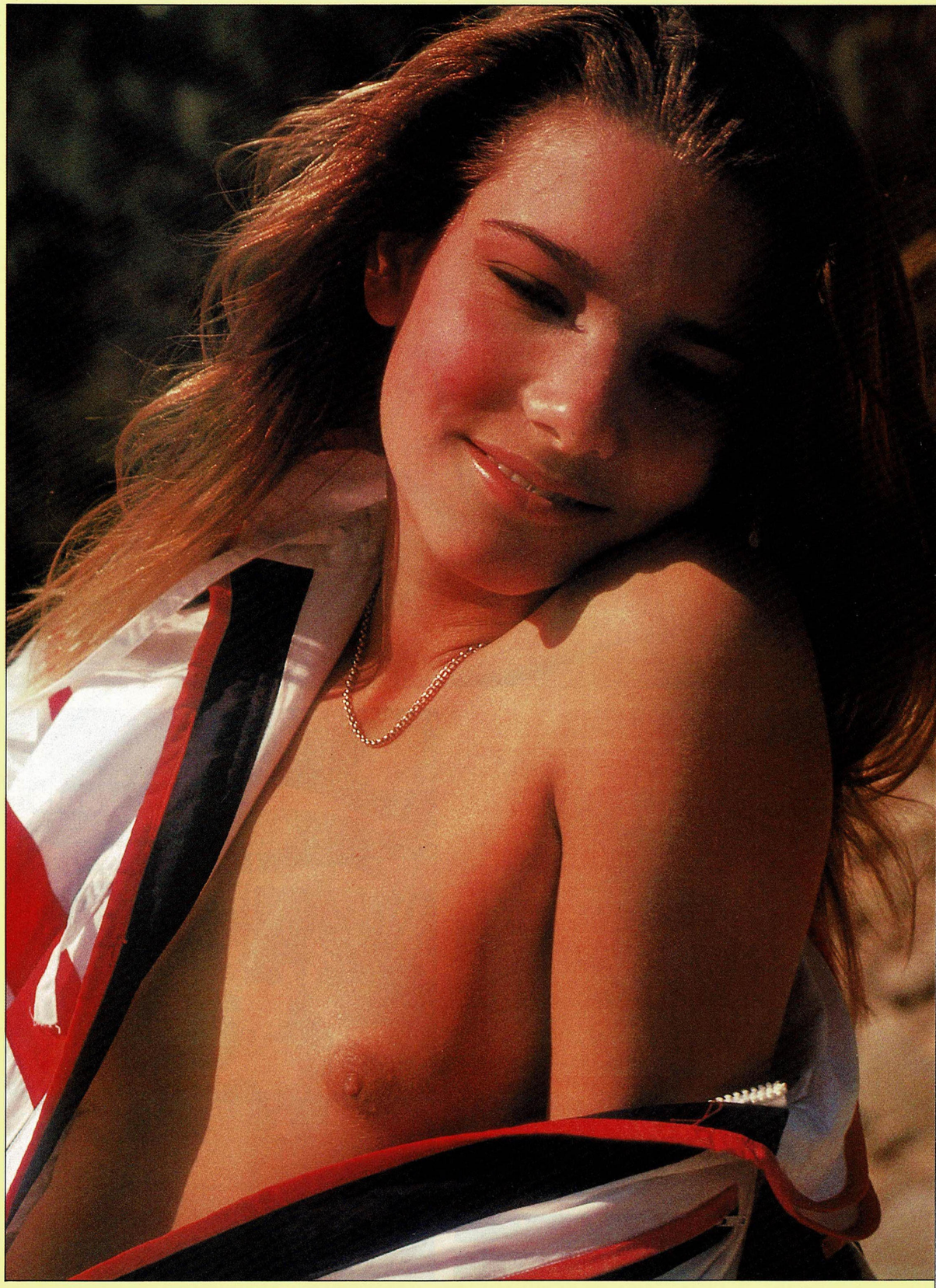
Playboy stylist and make-up artist Petrina Devlin takes time out for some Hastings Street shopping with Gemma Wills.



Beautiful Simone Darragh grew up with the cosmopolitan resort life of Hastings Street, Noosa, where her mother runs the popular Damiani's Bistro. From surf bums to sailors to smooth customers, this streetwise Brooke Shields lookalike has had to deal with them. "No problem," says the dynamite fledgling model, "I just smile and keep walking."

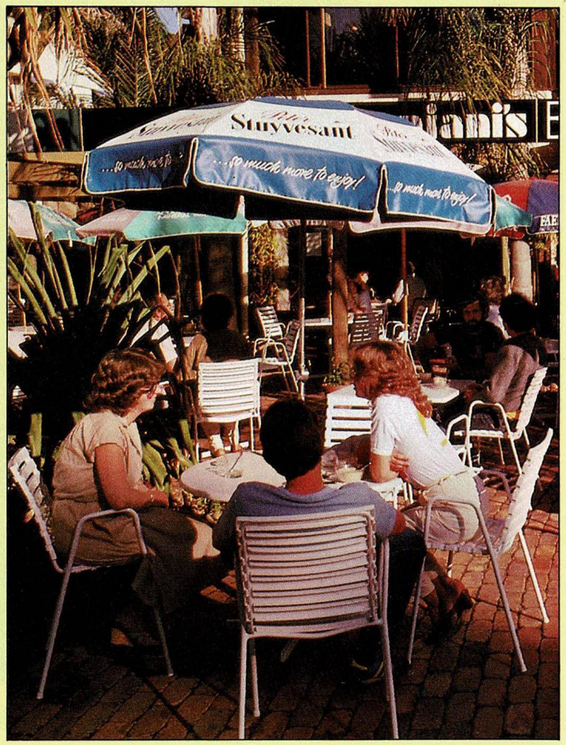


Playmate of the Year Lyn Barron, pictured here with Simone Darragh, organised clothing and special props for The Girls of Noosa.

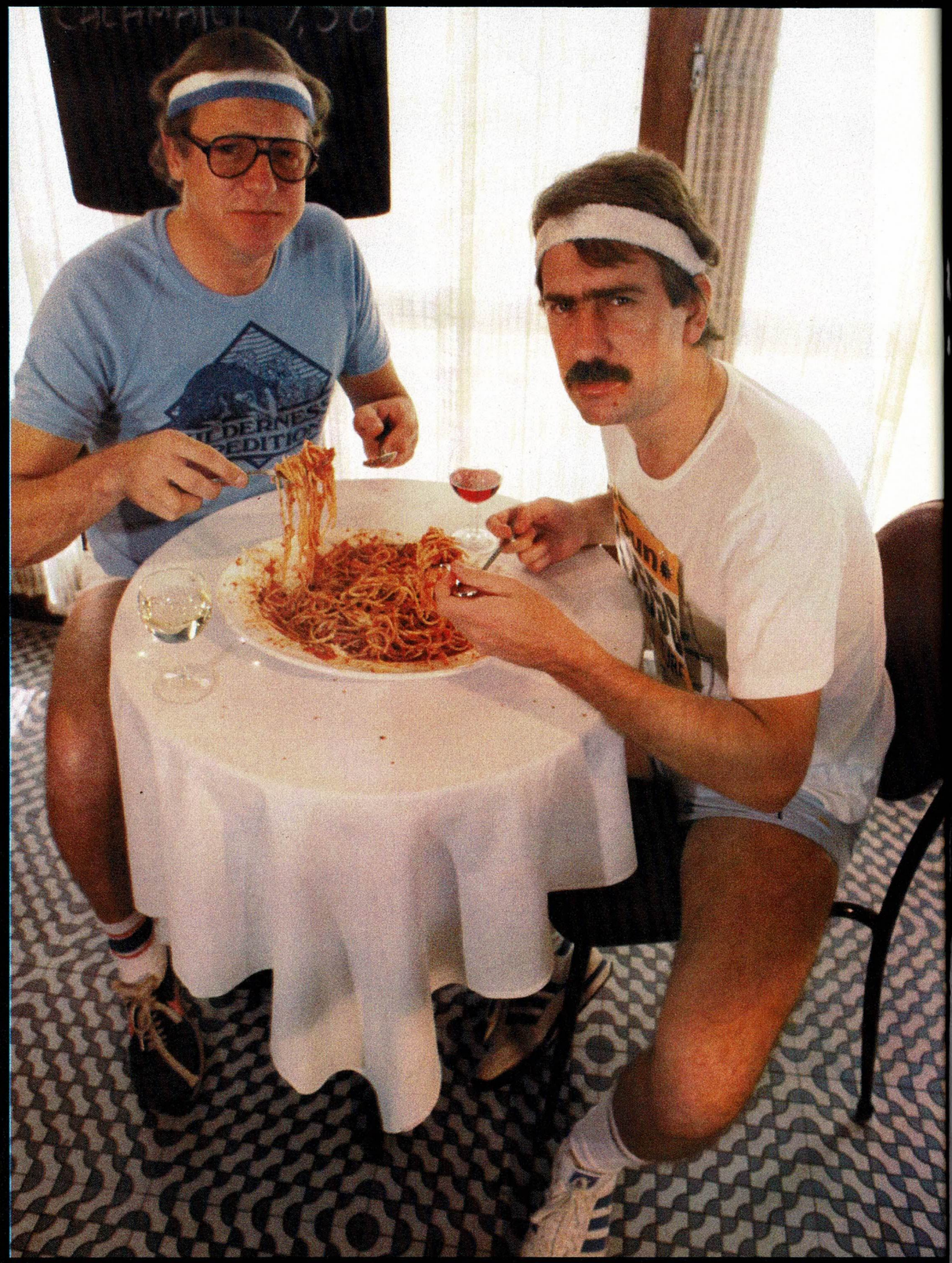


Wide-eyed Cancerian Michaela Dedek wants to be a journalist and photographer when she finishes her studies, but with a body like that, we figure she's more likely to spend her working life at the other end of the lens. German-born but Noosa-bred, Michaela is a keen skin-diver in the placid waters of Laguna Bay, and keeps trim swimming and cycling.

Midday, midweek. Within the hour Damiani's will be alive with laughter and the clinking of glasses.



GIRLS OF NOOSA WAS PRODUCED WITH THE KIND ASSISTANCE OF NOOSA COURT BEACHFRONT MOTEL, NOOSA INTERNATIONAL RENT-A-MOKE, EVERGLADES WATER BUS COMPANY, RESORT REPORT, BIZEE BODEE, NETANYA NOOSA, HOLLYWOOD BOB AND THE SUNSHINE COAST TOURISM AND DEVELOPMENT BOARD.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROWAN FOTHERINGHAM

can playboy's sedentary superstars run the marathon? place your bets

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

BACK IN 1978, when Australian PLAYBOY was still in the womb and a bunch of us were playing midwife, we used to plot and drink at a seedy bar opposite the leafy acres of Hyde Park.

We were a bad crew. Schooners had yet to reach a buck and we downed them like there was no tomorrow. Conceding defeat, our boss Kerry Packer had installed a land-line television at the bar so that proceedings at the Sydney Cricket Ground could be beamed directly to us at branch office. There was seldom reason to leave.

Into this heady, sporting atmosphere each evening around five would stride the not inconsiderable figure of one Allan Moult, journalist, photographer, freeloader and sometime con-man. Invariably, the conversation was sport. At first, the variety seen on television and later, as the alcohol took hold, the much-exaggerated and richly anecdotal turf of Personal Best.

"I can run the mile in five and a half minutes," Moult dribbled into his lager one night.

"Garbage."

"I could run down these stairs, right around Hyde Park and back up before you could finish a schooner."

"Bullshit."

And so on. Eventually, fearing a lengthy spell of this sort of nonsense, I slapped 20 bucks on the bar and challenged Moult to put his money where his running shoes were.

"C'mon Moult. I'll lay 20 I can beat you round the park." A semi-hush fell over our corner of the bar. Moult put down his beer and fumbled with his slim wallet. He found 20 in small, battered notes and placed it on the bar. An independent observer simulated a starter gun and we were off. Down the stairs and into the peak hour madness of Park Street, Sydney. Gaining an early lead, I shot around the corner of the T and G building and down the straight toward the New Hellas restaurant.

The beer intake began to claim its toll as I rounded Jimmy Carruthers' juice bar and ran the amber light up Liverpool Street past Museum Station. Slowing just a little, I turned my head and scanned Elizabeth Street for a puffing Moult, bringing up the rear. Strange to relate, he wasn't there.

I staggered up the stairs and received a rousing cheer. "Ah," said Moult, "it's your shout. What took you so long?" And he thrust the meagre remains of my 20 across the bar to cover the next round.

●

This story may go part-way to explaining why I hate Allan Moult. It will not explain why, four years later, I'm placing my head (and legs) on the chopping block again. Another day, another drunken lunch.

"Let's get fit and run in a marathon and then write a story about it," gurgled Moult, knocking over a vase of flowers as he called for another carafe of rough rouge.

"Listen Moult," I said emphatically, "I might be gullible but I'm nobody's fool. Marathon running can hurt you. Besides, you're a stone overweight (Moult and I, who basically live in the past,

article by phil jarratt and allan moult

never use metrics in conversation) and you've got the gout."

Moult patted his girth and eyed me with his steely, concentration camp stare before replying. "You're not exactly Charles Atlas yourself, my friend. For blokes like you and me, this is more or less our last chance."

And so it was that Mission Impossible came to be. The Last Chance for sporting glory and mincedmeat legs, the agony, ecstacy and wonderful loneliness of the long distance runner. We decided on the Honolulu Marathon on December 12, 1982, for a variety of reasons, not the least of which was that after running 26 miles and 385 yards — more than 42 kilometres — a nice long mai tai with a little umbrella and a cherry in it would go down quite well.

●

My training program began not with a bang but a whimper. I limbered up on the beach for a couple of mornings, then ran eight kilometres cold. I whimpered for about a week. I have run before, of course, but I had just been through a particularly sedentary phase of my life, culminating in 10 days in Chicago, where the bars never close. To put it bluntly, I looked and felt like a blown-out pig. Overweight at 70kg and totally out of condition.

I had just over 22 weeks to get right for the race, to finish a marathon without destroying body and mind. And to do it without becoming an abstemious bore. This was the challenge.

There is a mountain of literature on how to run a marathon and very little of it is to be recommended. However, on one point the experts are all in agreement. You need a minimum of 12 weeks to train up to the event, assuming that you are already an experienced runner doing around eight kilometres a day. I had 10 weeks to become such a creature before the serious stuff started. And knowing my willpower to be zilch, I figured it best to set myself a goal immediately — the 14-kilometre Sydney City To Surf Fun Run, just six weeks away.

For five weeks I ran eight kilometres a morning, never less than six mornings a week. Some days it was a breeze, other days it nearly killed me. I discovered new things: that, for example, you can run off a hangover. I learnt to liberate mind from my body while I ran. My feet would be pounding the streets but my head would already be at work, wondering where to go for lunch. I sharpened my time for the eight kilometres from 50 minutes down to 42. And all the time I refused to moderate my excessive ingestion of wine and pasta. This was too easy, even training in the cold, pre-dawn rains of July.

Then, in the sixth week, the week of the race, I ran 12 kilometres for the first time and broke down. After 10 kilometres everything hurt, and at the finish I was completely buggered. I got blisters, my legs got stiff and my stomach ached. Worse, I didn't want to run. This is apparently not uncommon in early training. According to Ardy Frieberg's 100 Day Plan, the basis of his book *How To Run Your First Marathon,* the period between day 40 and day 50 is a danger zone for physical and mental stumbling blocks. He advises a week's layoff. I had a race to run on Sunday. I struggled on, feeling washed out and wasted, and ran 12kms again two days before the race. Then I sat on my bum for two days and drank beers, wondering how I'd gotten myself into this mess.

●

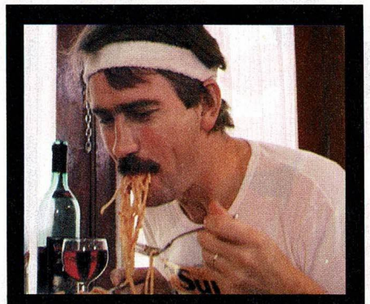
On race day I was at Sydney Town Hall even before the doors opened for registration. I was tense and I had diarrhoea. Why was I tense? Wouldn't you be tense if you had diarrhoea and were about to run 14 kilometres with 25,000 people you hardly knew? I got my number (12,556), bought the papers and waited for the start. Ten minutes before the gun, I felt like taking a leak. I was a good 50 yards from the starting line and there were people stretched back the other way as far as I could see. I wasn't going anywhere. I thought of other things. The air was heavy with Dencorub and personal hygiene problems. This is one thing they don't tell you in any of the books about running — the air smells like camel sweat before the race even starts.

The gun went off right on 10 a.m. and there seemed to be a forward surge, yet none of us actually was moving. I even could hear people groaning and gasping but, as far as I could tell, we hadn't moved an inch. Eventually it was possible to shuffle, then walk, then almost jog. I could see Tiny Tim mincing about on Museum corner, laughing inanely at us. By the Kings Cross tunnel you could actually run, although ducking and weaving were more important. I ran with a friend and we struck out through Double Bay at a moderate pace. At Rose Bay he decided I was moving too slowly and left me to my own devices. I caught him again on Rose Bay hill and we watched helplessly as a guy in a wheelchair fanged past us. Climbing up through Vaucluse, alone again, I suddenly felt that the area above my headband was about to explode. Then I felt a great tiredness and wanted to simultaneously throw up and shit. All things considered, I wasn't 100 percent.

This was all wrong. It was a warm August morning, but not *that* warm. My collapse point, even on my limited training, should have been around 24 kilometres. I'd run no more than 10. Old men, dogs, kids, cripples and quiche eaters were bolting past me. Then I crashed through. Runner's high? Not bloody likely, but some kind of survival mechanism took over and I surged forward again, faster than before. The last straight was a mechanical effort. By this time, my head already was cracking open beers in Centennial Park.

Seventy minutes on the knocker. 70.00. 5313th out of a field of more than 20,000. A way to go yet, but not bad for a physical wreck. Look out, Honolulu.

— PHIL JARRATT



NAME: Phil Jarratt
AGE: 31
WEIGHT BEFORE TRAINING SCHEDULE: 70kg
FORM: 5313th 1982 City To Surf Fun Run; seeded straight to final of Chicago Indoor Masters Tennis 1982 where narrowly defeated by A. Kretchmer 6-0, 6-0; 1981 Broken Raquet Award for bad sportsmanship during mixed social doubles; 1st Bells Beach Purple Flyer Drinking Contest, 1975, 1976; holds world record for hanging around in a restaurant (11hrs 45mins).
VICES: Eats pasta every day, drinks Heineken beer, all wine except Bodega and blue things, known to take an occasional cigar.
AMBITION: To finish Honolulu Marathon under 3hrs 30min.
CURRENT ODDS: 250/1 against.

MOULT RETORTS

French philosopher Blaise Pascal put his finger right on my predicament when he wrote: "The sole cause of man's unhappiness is that he does not know how to stay quietly in his room." It's a lesson I have yet to learn with PLAYBOY.

In the four years since it first left its mark on the Oz male, I have completed a number of fairly bizarre assignments initiated on mere whim by its editors. For them I have risked life and limb to deliver the goods. Minor ones have involved me hurtling earthwards in an out-of-control hot air balloon, traversing the bleak wilderness of the Snowy Mountains in the heart of winter, and scuba diving in some of the sharkiest waters that Australia can offer. Now, Phil Jarratt, our talented but devious editor, has conned me into running a marathon.

Admittedly we've had a minor athletic feud over the years. Being deskbound, he'd naturally resent the re-appearance of my trim, taut and tanned body following an assignment in the Whitsunday Passage or tropical Lord Howe Island or wherever. And, after taking vicarious pleasure in the photographic fruits of my labor, he'd bore

One of our best whites wears black.
Leo Buring
BLACK LABEL
BIN 33 RHINE RIESLING
1980 VINTAGE
1980 Bin 33 was vintaged from Rhine Riesling grapes grown in premium wine-producing districts of South Australia.
This wine has an excellent medium light colour with green tints. The bouquet shows good varietal fruit character, while the palate remains soft and flavoursome. The depth of soft Rhine Riesling fruit is well balanced by a crisp acidity.
Bin 33 Rhine Riesling is most enjoyable when young and will develop good bottle age character given a moderate period of cellaring.
LINTAS: BU1125 APFPC AB574/80

me with his latest attempt at reviving the body beautiful. His!

Four years ago it was swimming, then came running, then tennis, and now he's back to running — or perhaps more accurately, considering his dotage, jogging. He began claiming he was doing five miles a morning — "checked it on the car's speedo" he stressed at our weekly editorial conference at Romaninas (our local one-stop carbohydrate loading — and watering — establishment). I checked the company car — the speedometer is metric. Translated, it seems he's been running 3.1 miles. Not bad for a deskbound type-A executive.

But then, late last year I also succumbed to a desk job through an offer from Mammon. When I finally paid my dues, I'd gained 11kg in weight: my taut was slack, my trim was flab, and my tan was a memory. And Jarratt was gloating. Suddenly the Adidas were on the other feet.

Back on the literary streets as a freelance photojournalist, I offered him a long list of ideas for future assignments. Among them were proposals to climb a Himalayan peak of modest proportions: a 10-day walk through an African game reserve and an ongoing story about training for a marathon over a two-year period.

"Christ, Moult! All you're trying to do is get fit — at our expense," he cried before launching into a stock tirade, the gist of which was that one day he would give up being an editor — yes, he would give up the expense account, the car, the overseas business trips — and he would get back to writing again and show us freelance bums how it should be done. The end result? Well, I'm off to Africa and the Himalayas, and I'll be running a marathon — with four months training instead of 24!

Jarratt, I should have guessed, was running again and he reckoned he could beat me. "We're running in the Honolulu Marathon, and I've got a thousand bucks that says you won't finish," he gloated.

Now, Jarratt's association with the misplaced betting plunge is so legendary that even he has become aware of it. To shuffle the odds, he lumbered me with an outrageous assignment schedule to see that I'd be doing anything but pounding the pavements in preparation for Honolulu. I was halfway up a mountain on a cross country ski jaunt with a 35kg pack on my back when I realised his plot. Cross country skiing is fine for the stamina but a relaxing windsurfing stint in the Whitsunday Passage is hardly a regimen for a marathon man. In *How To Run Your First Marathon*, Ardy Frieberg targets 75 hours of running at 12km/h — a total of 900 training kilometres. I think the editor read the same book. After all, where can you find 900 kms of pavement in the Whitsundays, the Himalayas or the jungles of Africa?

In Africa, there is a 16-day canoe safari through the Okavanga Swamps of Botswana. Ever run in a swamp? There's also the 10-day bushwalk through the game reserve. Where am I going to find a gun-bearing eight-minute miler to escort me on the morning run? The plot thickens. There's only a week's break, and I'm off to New Zealand — to photograph skiers from helicopters. Fine, I guess, but the camp is being set up on a small plateau high on the slopes of Mt Cook . . .

That's to be followed by a 360-kilometre trek round the Annapurna massif in central Nepal. It is a rocky, treacherous switchback of high-altitude passes and bleak sheer valleys. Once again, ideal training territory.

But there, it seems, lies my trump card. On my last jaunt through the Himalayas — a 260km trek in Kashmir — I lost 7kg, and on my return managed several seven minute-a-mile runs. The secret was the high altitude (remember the Mexico City Olympics?) and the aerobic training effect it generated. The sheer effort involved in any sort of exercise at all at altitudes above 4500m builds up stamina and endurance qualities.

NAME: Allan Moult
AGE: 38
WEIGHT BEFORE: 94kg
FORM: Has climbed Australia's three highest mountains (only sometimes using the footpaths leading tourists to the top). Plays mean game of Othello and Yahtzee. Editor forces him to scuba dive, fly hot air balloons, ski cross country, ride trail horses, bushwalk, bicycle and trek through lonely Himalayan mountain kingdoms and African game reserves.
VICES: Getting involved in bets with editors.
AMBITION: To win a bet with an editor.
CURRENT ODDS: 2-1 favorite (with me Mum).

This 26-day trek will have to be my last-ditch training session. Thanks to the boss, I have no option.

When your job involves reporting and photographing adventures in travel and leisure, there is little time or incentive for everyday pursuits — like mowing lawns and jogging. My diary jottings hint at the enormity of the task:

"July 25. Now I've done it. I've got to run a bloody marathon in December. Today I hopped on my trusty, but rusty, bicycle and pedalled precisely 9.27km. How long it took, I've no idea, as I forgot to take a watch.

"The first pain started less than 1.5km from home, crossing Iron Cove bridge. Here I had to turn on a bit of speed to stay safely ahead of the traffic, and the dull throb began in my upper thighs. It began to ease off as I settled in to the rhythm of the flat section. The final hill took its toll and I was forced to detour down side-streets to ease the load of a full-frontal attack. At least it's a marathon and not the Tour de France.

"It was at this stage that I began taking to heart the often-quoted letter from a doctor, published in the London Daily Mail *in 1954: 'One can but hope that the tragic examples of Dorando in the 1908 Olympics and now of Jim Peters will have at last convinced world officials that marathon racing is not a sport but an excessive physical strain which should not be tolerated in any civilised country.' (Peters fell 300m from the finish and took 14 agonising minutes to cover the last few yards of the marathon in the Vancouver Empire Games).*

"Here I am planning to run a marathon from scratch in 140 days' time and I feel like a lump of lard. (The scales show me at 94kg.) Now, writing this, I don't feel any specific pain or discomfort, just a dullness, a vague feeling of lassitude — of feeling fat, frail and nearly 40.

"Monday: Set alarm for 6.30am and woke up at 8.15. Considered calling it a day, but finally made it to Iron Cove at 8.50. Set off feeling fairly sprightly. A hundred metres in I even hurdled a set of five low hurdles. Aches and pains soon developed, though. First the famous left ankle began to hurt, then the knees, and a hint of left shin splint. On return stretch, tingle began to develop in left arm and upper left thigh. Is this how it feels to die? I wondered. Best of all, I came in under five minutes a kilometre — spot on target. And, at the end I felt there was something left in reserve. Tomorrow will tell. If I live that long.

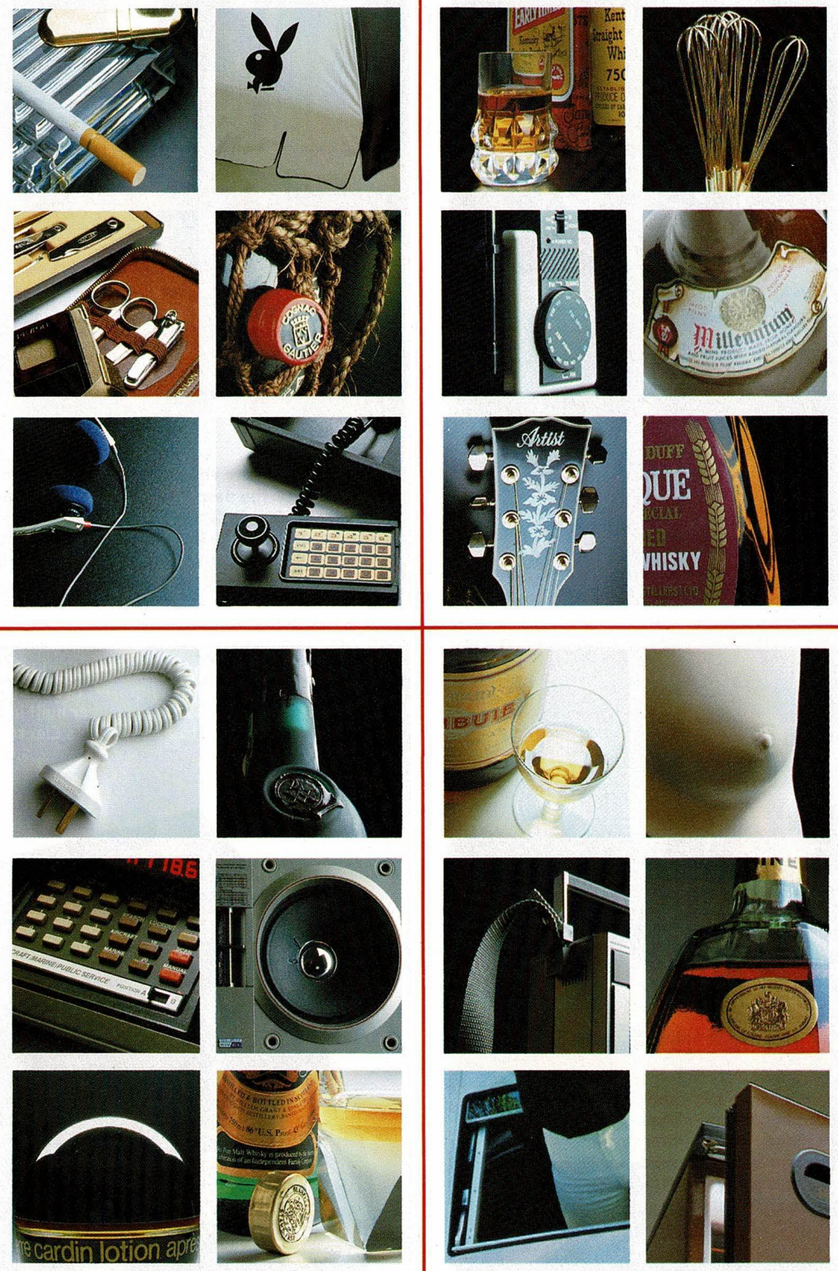
"Tomorrow did tell. Alarm went off at 6.30. I finally got on the road at 8.00, and then on the bicycle. I did the 9.25km in 24.59.5 (call it 25 minutes) and according to Kenneth Cooper I only get three aerobic points — yesterday's run was worth 12! Still, that's 18 points in three days and his maintenance schedule calls for 30 a week. I've got five days of cross country skiing coming up — and he reckons that an hour at full bore is worth 30 points. With a pack I'll get even more. Maybe I'll accumulate so many, I won't have to enter the marathon!"

Since I wrote that I've been bedbound for a week with chronic gout in that infamous left ankle, with its remarkable history of injuries.

Still, there're a few months to go, and all you need is 100 days to get fit. At least, according to Ardy Frieberg, who also claims it is the "mystique, the novelty, and the glorified pain of the marathon that people can't seem to resist."

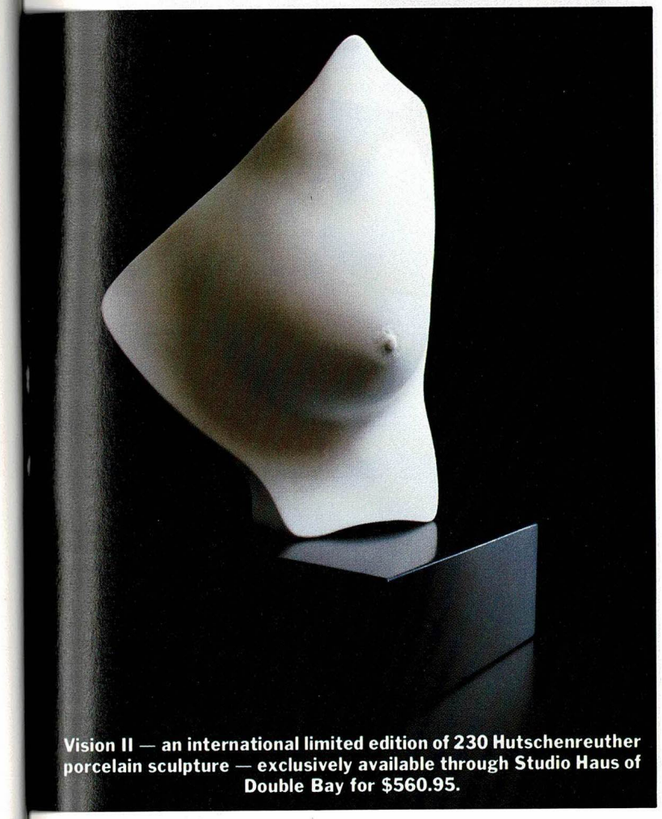
How about another run round Hyde Park, Mr Jarratt? — ALLAN MOULT

PLAYBOY GIFT XMAS GUIDE



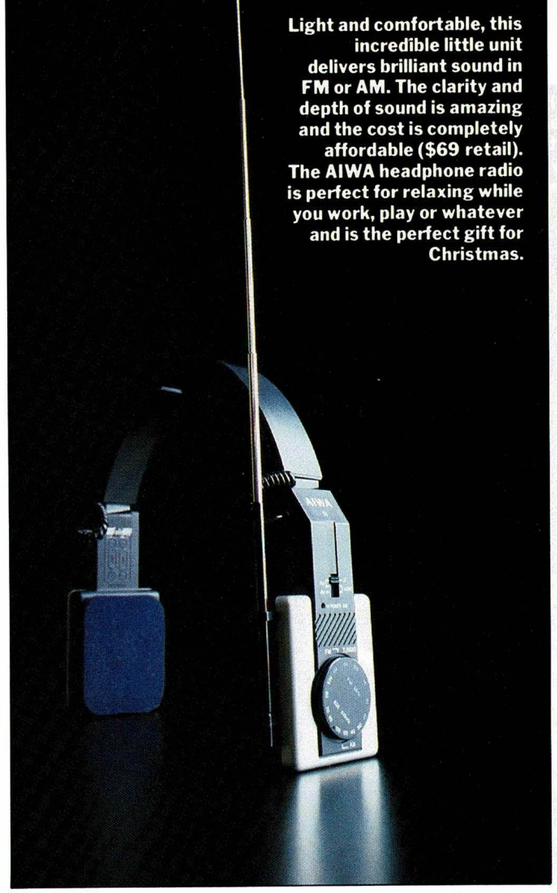
Akai's new "6-Mates" Stereo Cassette Player system can be used with the amplifier and speakers detached. Alternatively, the powerful amplifier and separate speakers can be used for stationary listening or locked together and used with the carrying strap. Recommended retail price $269.

Today there are very few Scotch whiskies that are produced to the demands of Scottish tradition. Such a whisky is Glenfiddich Pure Malt, a 100% pure malt whisky, perhaps the finest single malt the Highlands has to offer. When you give Glenfiddich you give the essence of the pure malt tradition.



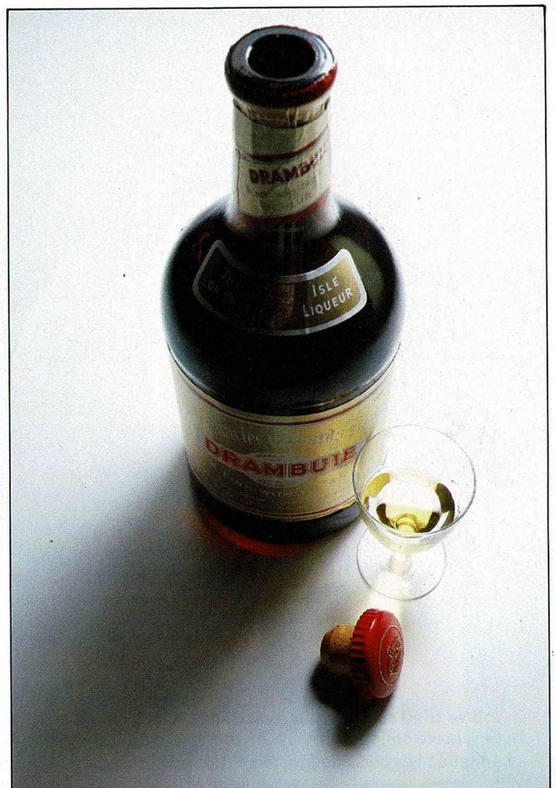
Vision II — an international limited edition of 230 Hutschenreuther porcelain sculpture — exclusively available through Studio Haus of Double Bay for $560.95.

Light and comfortable, this incredible little unit delivers brilliant sound in FM or AM. The clarity and depth of sound is amazing and the cost is completely affordable ($69 retail). The AIWA headphone radio is perfect for relaxing while you work, play or whatever and is the perfect gift for Christmas.



Artist guitars — imported exclusively by Palings — offer a versatile range that not only enhances the beginner but matures the scope of more experienced musicians. Priced from around $200 at Palings. Artist Guitars. . .made for all your changes.

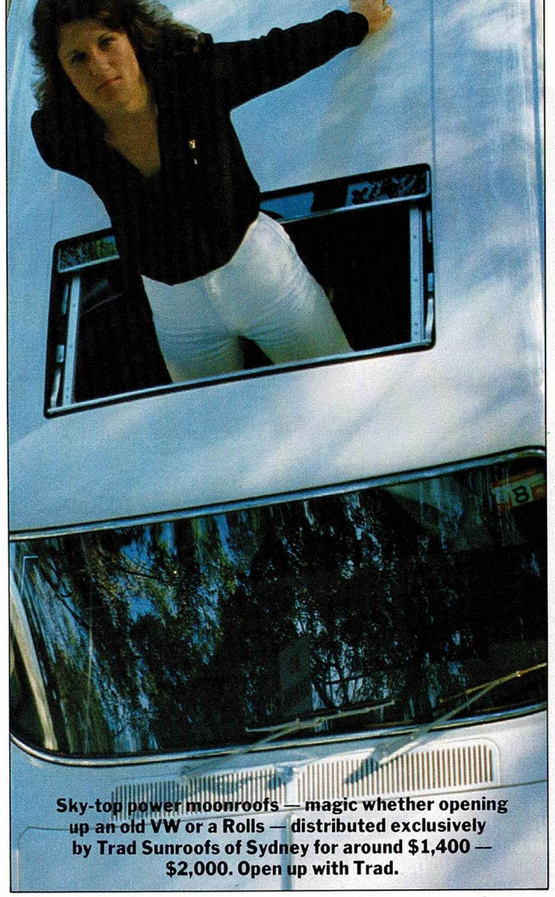
It's got to be the ultimate toy — for big kids too! The all new Wizard Home Entertainment Computer: the world's most advanced TV game. With a personal computer built in! At only $295, it's exclusive to Dick Smith's Electronic stores.



Heady, tantalising and made from a secret recipe steeped in history. Place a bottle under the Christmas tree, and it may not last until morning. But who does?

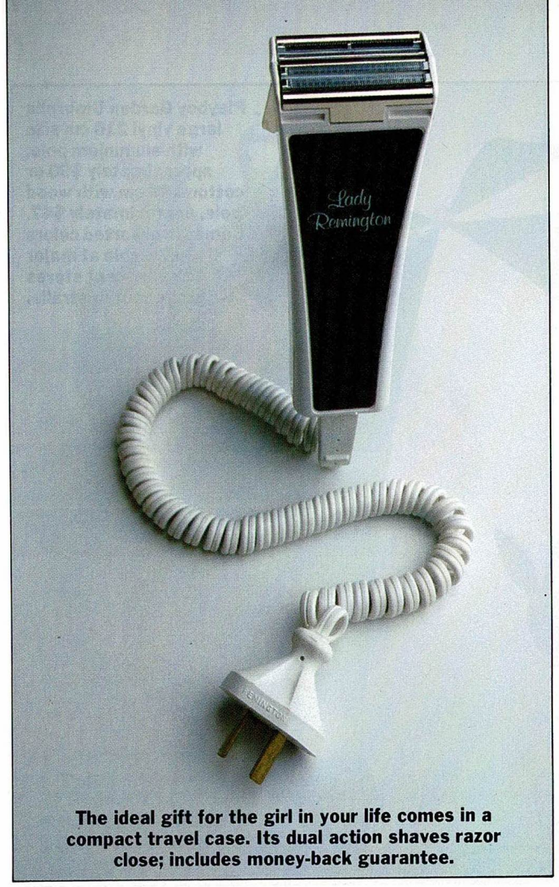
Pacific's Compact 140 litre bar refrigerator with push button defrost. Designed for entertaining, loads of shelf space, generous fast freeze ice cube freezer, laminated top for extra work surface. Pacific — number one in bar refrigerators. $249.

Some things in life, they say, have a special quality. This Christmas you can now buy internationally-acclaimed John Player Special cigarettes in a distinguished black and gold presentation drum of 50. Twenties too, in their distinctive black and gold pack. Believe us, some things in life do have a special quality. John Player Special.



Sky-top power moonroofs — magic whether opening up an old VW or a Rolls — distributed exclusively by Trad Sunroofs of Sydney for around $1,400 — $2,000. Open up with Trad.

For the man who has everything, a leather Rhinoceros made from Connolly hides (the same used for Rolls Royce seats). On a steel frame, this Rhinoceros makes a great foot stool or just a talking piece. $369.00. Available at Hunt Leather, MLC Centre, Sydney and Block Arcade, Melbourne.



The ideal gift for the girl in your life comes in a compact travel case. Its dual action shaves razor close; includes money-back guarantee.

A fully-fledged video deck with built-in tuner, timer and battery charger. Compact, light and versatile. Use at home, in the office or on holidays. Add a camera and make your own movies. $1,100.

You've tried cognac, now experience Hine Antique. After most things, mere cognac suffices. After some things, only Hine Antique cognac is good enough. Hine. Look for the symbol of the reclining stag.

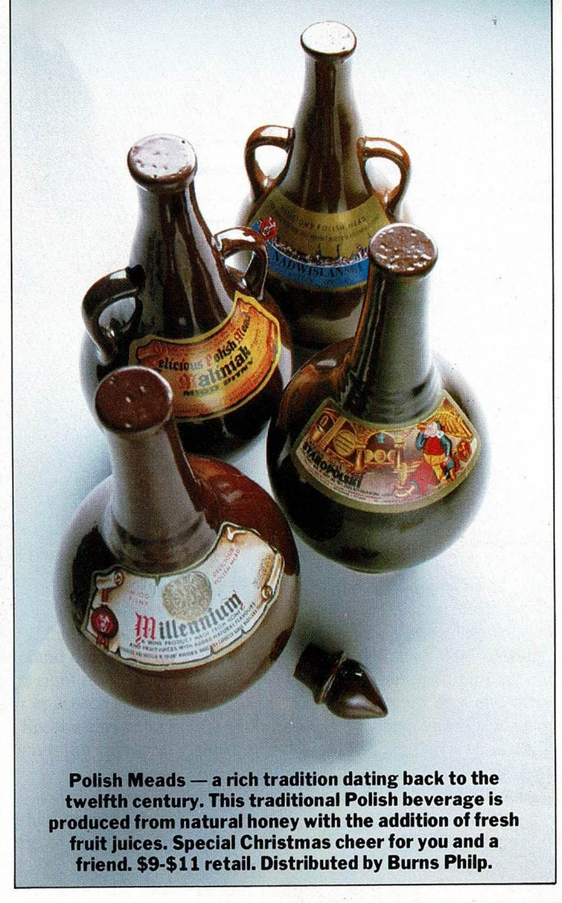
Early Times is a true, old-style bourbon imported from the U.S.A. Light in flavor, it maintains its character in tall drinks and cocktails. See for yourself, send for a free Cocktails and Mixed Drinks Recipe Booklet: John Cawsey, P.O. Box 61, Lidcombe, 2141.

Akai's compact AJ-C1 Stereo Cassette Receiver with 20W x 20W maximum output power. Feather-touch cassette deck controls and quartz synthesiser 3-band tuner with preset stations and liquid crystal display. Time display, highly visual control settings, IPLS (Instant Program Locating System), Dolby* B-type noise reduction, provision for phono selection and auto tape selector. And, alternate battery operation plus a convenient carrying handle.

Playboy Garden Umbrella large vinyl 210 cm size with aluminium pole, approximately $90 or cotton 180 cm with wood pole, approximately $47. Comes in assorted colors available at major department stores throughout Australia.

Bar accessories to tantalise any amorous thirsts available at Le Fanal, Mid City Centre, Sydney. Whisks, picks, champagne corks plus special openers for the bubbly. Priced to please.

Fine specialty products from the house of Gautier, established in 1755. The Gautier VSOP (very superior old pale) is available in a unique Fisherman's Float, a true reproduction of the old glass float used by seamen when net fishing off the French coast; $25-$27 retail. Gautier's Ship's Lantern is another exciting bottle shape filled with fine XO (extra old cognac) — an unusual gift for someone special; $62-$64 retail. Distributed by Burns Philp.

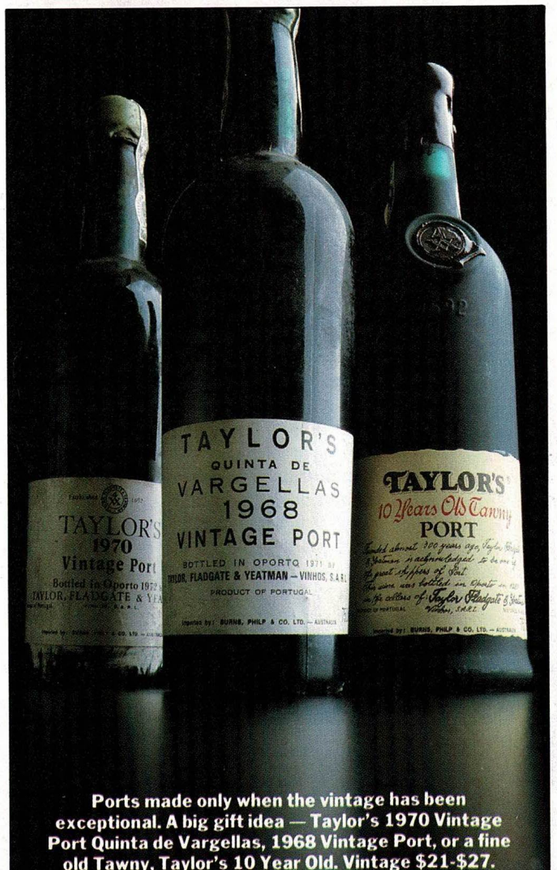


Polish Meads — a rich tradition dating back to the twelfth century. This traditional Polish beverage is produced from natural honey with the addition of fresh fruit juices. Special Christmas cheer for you and a friend. $9-$11 retail. Distributed by Burns Philp.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TANDY ROWLEY

An internationally acclaimed personal grooming collection for the truly discerning male. It's warm, oriental, amber fragrance is available in a superbly presented range. You won't wear anything else!

Revlon presents the perfect gift idea for that special someone "who has everything": a range of precision manicure implements packaged in a series of handsomely tailored cases and wallets. Pocket Attache from $12.45.



Ports made only when the vintage has been exceptional. A big gift idea — Taylor's 1970 Vintage Port Quinta de Vargellas, 1968 Vintage Port, or a fine old Tawny, Taylor's 10 Year Old. Vintage $21-$27. Tawny $14 retail. Distributed by Burns Philp.

Macleay Duff's fine Scotch whiskies are world-renowned for their soft, rich palate. Millburn Malt is a premium 12-year-old malt whisky distilled in the Scottish Highlands and featuring a rich and mellow taste and an outstanding malt bouquet. The Antique is a rare and mellow blend seldom encountered outside private cellars. $22-$24 retail. Distributed by Burns Philp.

Glasses and accessories courtesy of Studio Haus, Double Bay.

PHOTO BY RICO METTBACH

20 QUESTIONS: RAINA McKEON

a stunning debut in far east, and fame revisits a former miss india

The obvious choice to portray a hard-nosed Filipino activist in the film Far East *certainly wasn't a well-mannered model and former Miss India, but Raina McKeon may have been the cagiest casting move director John Duigan ever made.*

Raina's performance in her film debut as muckraker Rosita Constanza turned the heads of more than a few critics. Lest any reader harbors unseemly visions of turning Raina's head, that role already is taken. No sooner had she touched down in Australia six years ago (on a modelling assignment at the nascent age of 19) than Air India marketing and sales exec Peter McKeon swept her off her feet. They married right after the 1979 Miss World pageant, in which Raina competed, and by March of 1980, the newly-weds were settled in Australia.

Upon her return from the Portuguese-controlled peninsula colony of Macao in the Republic of China, where much of Far East *was filmed,* PLAYBOY *sent staffer Steve Bunk to get Raina's story.*

1.

PLAYBOY: You went to a convent high school in Bombay. Did you have a strict upbringing?

McKEON: Yes, I had a very strict upbringing. My father is very broadminded because he's in the film business (a film distributor and exporter) and has travelled a lot, but it was fairly strict by any Australian standards. I wasn't allowed out at nights until a couple of years before Peter and I got married, unless it was to very close friends' parties or things like that . . . which may seem very strange to Australians, but that's just the way it was, and I accepted it.

2.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, you weren't poor. What were you taught, and what did you feel, about the plight of India's poverty-stricken masses?

McKEON: Well, when you grow up in the midst of all that poverty, one tends to take it for what it is. The poverty is so great there that there's really nothing you can do about it, to a certain extent. I still have a little boy is an ashram in India who I send money for his education and things like that . . . and again, poverty is like a profession for the people, begging is a profession. When the kids are little the mother will sort of cut off a hand or a leg or something and make the children beg. It happens to a lot of little kids there.

3.

PLAYBOY: You went to university there; what did you study?

McKEON: In my last two years, I studied history of the world.

4.

PLAYBOY: In 1979, you won the Miss India pageant. What are your thoughts now about the advantages or disadvantages of such contests?

McKEON: I don't think I really have anything nice to say about beauty contests. It was a good experience going to the Miss World quest and meeting 70 girls from different countries; I think that was the best part. But the quest itself was fairly boring, in the sense that you go there about 15 days before the quest, and everything's nice and cool and you're going out and doing all the nice things and saying the right things, and all of a sudden as the days approach you see the girls get very tense. So, the claws start coming out, and then it's not fun anymore.

5.

PLAYBOY: Although you had been a model in India, when you came to Australia in 1980, you studied acting.

McKEON: Yes, I came to Australia and joined an agency in Sydney and started modelling, when I met up with Brian Adams, who runs an acting school in the city. He and my husband got together and twisted my arm and insisted that I do the course. So I did it then, because at that time, I was a bit lonely, I think, because I was getting used to the idea of living in Australia. I had no friends down here and was starting out working again, and so I thought it would be a challenge, something to put my mind to and meet new people. And after six months, I went on to do *Young Doctors* and then *Far East*.

6.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the role in the *Young Doctors* series?

McKEON: My agent sent me and they did a screen test and decided to write a character into the series for me and I played an Asian doctor. And then a few months later I auditioned for a part in *Far East*, actually for the part of Nene, who is Bryan Brown's girlfriend in the film. I had to go off to Tasmania for work and when I returned my agent said, "You've missed out on the part, they thought you were too glamorous", and I thought, oh yeah, that's another excuse. . .And then John Duigan, the director, had seen a whole lot of girls in Sydney to play the part of Rosita and then he went up to Hong Kong and saw a lot of girls there but he still hadn't found one that was suitable . . . He finally asked me to come back with my hair tied up and no makeup on. He worked with me for about three hours, to see how I would take directions, and decided to give me the role, which is a far better role than the one I originally auditioned for.

7.

PLAYBOY: Was it a difficult transformation for a one-time beauty queen to play a strong-willed political activist?

McKEON: Yes, it was. The character is everything I'm not. I had to change my facial expressions — I had to stop smiling. Like everytime I would deliver a line John would say, "No, I see a smile creeping in there". Besides which, I had no makeup at all for the film, I had absolutely nothing, except for after I've been tortured I get the dark rings and red-rimmed eyes and dirty matted hair, and my scars and burns were the only makeup I had. Initially, I felt really funny going in front of the camera with nothing on — almost naked — but I did get used to it. The part that took a while for me to get used to was after I'd been tortured. I'd sit there and I just wouldn't relate to the person on the screen. But I did a lot of research for the film.

I wrote a story on the character, from the day the character was born right up to the day of the script. So the character became almost real for me and for those few months I was another person.

8.

PLAYBOY: What kind of details did you invent for the life of Rosita in the story you wrote?

McKEON: I started writing from the time she was born, and her parents and how they were done out of their property, and little things I read about different people sort of crept into it, different aspects, and how I went to university and different friends I had.

I sort of elaborated on the whole thing. . . which gave me a whole person there in front of that script.

9.

PLAYBOY: Although Rosita is a tough character, you managed well the task of portraying her gentleness with the reporter, Peter Reeves. Were you and John Bell trying to imply a subliminal sexual attraction between the two characters?

McKEON: Yes, there is a very different attraction between John Bell and myself than what is happening between Jo (Helen Morse) and Morgan (Brown). Theirs is purely sexual whereas ours is very spiritual; we respect each other, and there are never any sexual advances.

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10.

PLAYBOY: At the moment when Rosita tells Peter about her boyfriend's death in prison, one of your eyes develops a nervous tick. Were you aware of that?

McKEON: Yes. I was just trying to portray some sort of emotion, and I felt that was how it would be if I really was in that situation.

11.

PLAYBOY: The scene in which Rosita is gang raped is perhaps the most disturbing footage in the film. Were you worried about that turning into an exploitive scene?

McKEON: No. When I first read the script John said, "Do you see anything that worries you?", and I said, "Yes, the rape scene, what's it going to be like?" and he said, "Look, we're not here to make a porno film or anything, we have to include that because it happens all the time". In fact, the character I play, which is based on a real person in the Philippines — it's happened to her, her sister was raped in front of the whole family. So he said, "Don't worry you'll have your clothes on and we'll be shooting it from John's point of view."

12.

PLAYBOY: Helen Morse admitted to being surprised at the natives' poor living conditions in Macao. How did that compare to what you saw while growing up in Bombay?

McKEON: The only comparison I can make is that all those little slums in Macao had television sets in their huts and we never had them in India. Only the really wealthy can afford a TV set, and here you'd see the little TV aerials poking out of every hut, plus which they were much better dressed than the beggars in India, and more well-fed — chubby cheeks. It didn't really affect me because I've been there, done that, you know, sort of seen it all.

13.

PLAYBOY: The people generally were very helpful, weren't they?

McKEON: Extremely helpful, yes. There was one funny incident where a car was in the street, which didn't look right in the film, so they sent away for this huge crane to move it and before it came, these guys had picked up the car and taken it away, and the poor guy came up and his car wasn't there anymore.

14.

PLAYBOY: What were the working conditions like in Macao?

McKEON: A bit hard because the places we shot were in slum areas which were very delicately-built. Like, they had these long wooden poles and these huge big planks on which the huts rested, and they weren't strong enough so our guys had to go down and strengthen the boards to get the cameras on them. And it was all very cramped.

15.

PLAYBOY: What did the cast and crew do after working hours?

McKEON: Relax, basically. We used to go out for a few drinks, maybe go up to the casino or something, and sometimes if we were too tired we'd just go off to bed.

16.

PLAYBOY: Was there a feeling on-set that *Far East* would be a winner?

McKEON: Yes, everyone expected a lot out of the film. In fact, we thought it was going to be one of the big films in Australia . . . I think it's got a lot of depth in it. The romance part of it might seem to lighten up the script but that is done deliberately so that the politics or the terrible things don't really drag the film down. A lot of people compare it to *Casablanca*. The only thing it does have in common is the start, when Jo walks into a bar with her husband and meets Morgan again, after many years.

17.

PLAYBOY: You don't think the director had in mind the chemistry between Brown and Morse being like that between Bogart and Bacall?

McKEON: There's always been a chemistry between Helen and Bryan. They work well together, they just have to be together for that to happen. When the director wrote the script, he had no one in mind to play it . . . Their casting wasn't done deliberately for publicity purposes.

18.

PLAYBOY: Who was the most helpful to you during the filming?

McKEON: I'd say John Duigan. He was the only one I did go to if I had any problems, I never went to any of the other actors and asked them for advice — maybe I was a bit too shy and when you have such a sensitive director who is willing to help you in any way possible and will never embarrass you and will get the best out of you, there's no point in going to anyone else. I think I wouldn't have been able to do half of what I did without him.

19.

PLAYBOY: Do you have plans to go back to India some day, to work in films there?

McKEON: I go back to India fairly often; in fact I've been home about eight times already in two years. But I don't think I'll go back to films there — they're not my cup of tea.

20.

PLAYBOY: What next for Raina McKeon?

McKEON: I don't know, I haven't thought that far yet. I'd like to go to the US some day and give it a go, but I'd like to sort of prepare myself for it first; I'd like to work more in Australia first, before I attack the States.

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IT WAS a spur of the moment decision which luckily was accepted without hesitation by Sarah of the red hair, green eyes and Irish temper. I was on a boring photographic assignment which had taken a colleague and I through western Queensland in a Kombi van and finally brought us to Shute Harbor — the mainland haven for the bareboat charter industry which plies the Whitsunday Passage. Sarah was sitting quietly on the end of the pier, fishing rod in hand. The camera went up and she was immortalised on Kodachrome. . .and I was nearly immortalised on the end of a large fish hook which came whirling out of the water. That's how I met Sarah — and her temper. Before I could apologise she had twisted the hook out of my jumper and dropped the sliced squid bait into my camera case. It's a long story but we both ended in the mudflats and went our separate ways.

At lunchtime I was having a beer in a pub

at nearby Airlie Beach pondering the best way to defeat the smell of death emanating from my camera case, when in walked Sarah. There was not a trace of mud left in her hair. I tried to hide behind the nearest pillar but she had seen me and was coming over. "Hi", she said, "I'm sorry about this morning. Can I buy you a drink?"

Much later, over our second bottle of wine, I found out that she was due to leave town in three days time to fly back to England, family and job. "You can't leave me now," I insisted, "run away with me to a deserted island." She turned to me slowly, held my hand and replied: "I will, too. But only for two days. Let's go."

I had arranged to spend the weekend windsurfing with my travelling colleague, but I soon got out of that deal by promising to take over more of the driving on the run south to Sydney the next week. I bought two Eskies and filled them with the best wine and food the little town could offer. I swiped the two sleeping bags and tent we carried in the Kombi and hired two sailboards. Sarah meanwhile telephoned for a water taxi from Shute Harbor to pick us up off the beach.

By nightfall we were safely ensconced on the southern tip of Whitehaven Beach — an 8km stretch of almost pure silica. The tent had been pitched, we'd even managed a quick sail in the dwindling onshore wind. Dinner was a fine fish donated by the water taxi pilot who promised to pick Sarah up on Sunday afternoon. He didn't mention me.

It would have been a lie to say there had been a full moon as well, but truly the sand at Whitehaven is so white it glows in the light of the stars. It was the stuff of dreams. The hamper secured at Airlie Beach produced a jar of caviar, water biscuits and a bottle of Michellton Marsanne with just the right chill. Bliss.

The rising sun woke us early for a swim. We frolicked naked in the warm water as the weekend developed its own ritual and rhythm. We swam, sunbaked, windsurfed, ate and drank and made love as the mood arose.

On Sunday morning we lashed an Esky to my mast (no pun intended) and sailed north to Esk Island for lunch. On this tiny outcrop with its crewcut of weather-stunted pines, I photographed Sarah in languid and leisurely poses. She was relaxed and natural, and her body was glowing with oil and sun. "They're winners," I said to myself. "With these, I'll be able to persuade any editor to fly us back for a full photographic session."

Soon after, we sailed back to break camp and await the water taxi. My camera case — which I had washed out earlier — was now dry and the smell of dead squid had diminished somewhat. I began labelling the four rolls of film I'd exposed on Esk Island for posting. "Give them to me," said Sarah, "I'll post them from the airport. It'll be quicker." As I handed them over we heard the high-pitched roar of the water taxi rounding the headland. The weekend's spell was broken.

At Shute Harbor Sarah and I said farewell on the dock — just metres away from where we had met. The tide was way out again, revealing the mud-flat we had fallen into just two days ago. She leaned over the railing, holding the four bright-yellow mailers with the film — and dropped them into the mud! "I want you to live on the memories alone," she said, smiling, and was gone.

GETTING THERE: *Fly to Proserpine. From there grab a bus to Shute Harbor — it's a 50-minute drive — and get off at the dock. If the water taxi's busy, splurge a bit and get a sea-plane to ferry you. If you want to hire windsurfers, drop into Mandalay Point at Airlie Beach first (Tel: (079) 46 6211 or 46 6269). There are 74 islands in the Whitsunday and Cumberland groups — and most of them are uninhabited. Take your pick, but make sure your camp is on a lee shore. If you have any problems while on the islands, just hail a passing yacht. The odds are it's a bareboat charter and they are fully-equipped with radio linked to bases which are open 24 hours a day.*

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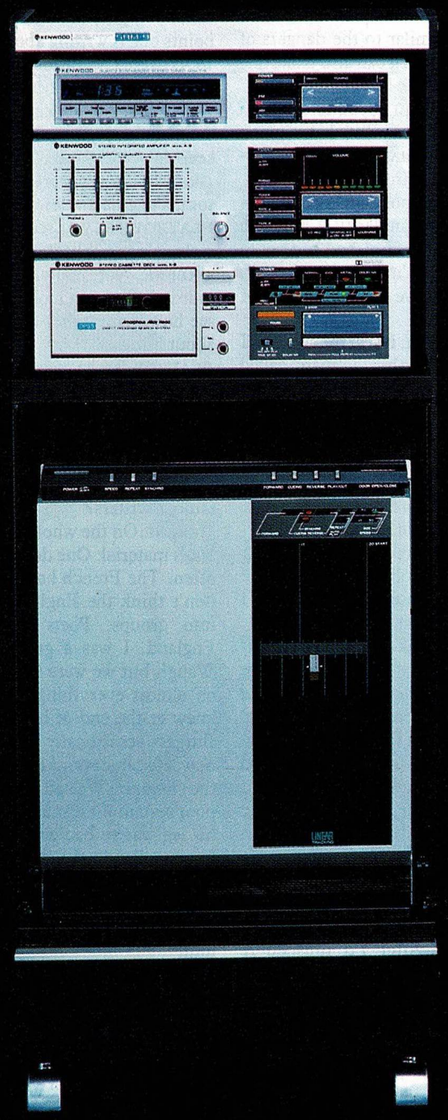

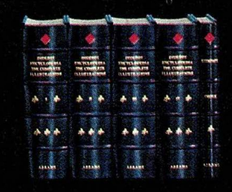

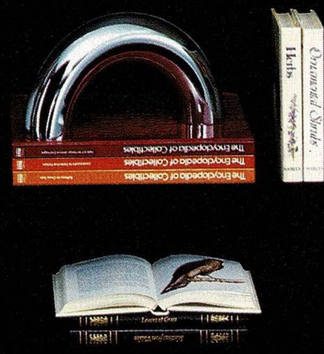

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GREENE (continued from page 43)

I probably write worse when I'm angry. One tries to be cold when one's writing.

on which plane one was coming and on which plane one was leaving and limited to a stay of three weeks. However, with Torrijos one came flying in at a military airport with the Marines all lined up in the dark and a red carpet rolled out and nobody ever noticed I was there. Torrijos was a mixture of this very down-to-earth human quality — he liked women, he liked drink, he liked laughter — and this romantic aim and a courage which was never in fact put to the test. He was half-longing for a confrontation with the United States if the treaty hadn't gone through. He told me he could hold out in Panama City for 48 hours, and after that in the mountains and the jungle for another two years. And he said, 'They don't quite realise it, but for the first time since the American Civil War there will be a large number of American civilians directly in the firing line, 40,000 of them in the Canal Zone.'

PLAYBOY: American dislike of you — is that from Haiti days?

GREENE: No. I think it comes from the Vietnam days. But I don't think there is any hatred now. It dates back really to McCarthy. Because while at Oxford, I had been a member of the Communist Party for four weeks. I'd told that to a *Time* magazine man in about 1950. They were doing a cover story on me. And I showed them my party card with four sixpenny stamps on it. He reported it absolutely correctly as something of a joke from when I was 19 — from that moment onward, one came under the McCarthy rule and was *persona non grata* in the United States, up until Kennedy came to power.

PLAYBOY: Who would you say was the most evil person you've encountered?

GREENE: I've never encountered anybody evil in the sense Hitler was.

PLAYBOY: You've never felt yourself to be in the presence of evil?

GREENE: No, I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: Is a feeling of anger important to you as a writer?

GREENE: I'm not aware of using that. I probably write worse when I'm angry. One tries to be cold when one's writing.

PLAYBOY: Which of your critics has pleased you most?

GREENE: V.S. Pritchett. Because I was young and it was the first really good review I'd had and with a not-popular book called *It's A Battlefield*. Pritchett's review came out in the *New Statesman* and gave me great encouragement.

PLAYBOY: I read a very weird book about your work by John Atkins.

GREENE: Oh, a terrible book.

PLAYBOY: It has a kind of quirkiness that is not disagreeable.

GREENE: I found it thoroughly distasteful and rather silly and not very well written. There have been an awful lot of Graham Greene commentaries, I had one from India only a few weeks ago, but I don't awfully enjoy reading them. One doesn't want to see the pattern in one's own carpet. It makes one too self-conscious and one says "Oh, my God, it's true, I said that twice over, how terrible."

PLAYBOY: Is this similar to the dangers of Freudian analysis, which can also make one too self-conscious in the bad sense?

GREENE: It's worse than Freudian analysis. I'm not anti-Freudian. But I am anti-reading even good criticism of one's own work. Even if it's flattering, it's bad to read it. It points out correspondences one was unaware of, points of similarity. I prefer to forget the books that are finished and not to worry whether or not I'm repeating myself.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any experience of Freudian analysis?

GREENE: Not Freudian. But at the age of 16 I was psycho-analysed by a man called Kenneth Richmond. He was an independent — took in Jung and Freud and Adler and took what he liked from them. It was dream analysis, which I think is a dangerous thing. But it gave me an enormous interest in dreams. I've kept dream diaries. I write them when blocked in my work.

PLAYBOY: You use dreams a lot in your books but not symbolically or in some structural way — you use them raw, which I find very odd. You just slot them in.

GREENE: Yes? In a book called *A Burnt-Out Case* I was completely blocked for some weeks. Then I had a dream which was not my own dream but the dream of a character. I could recognise it when I awoke as belonging to the character, not to myself. It fitted completely into that section of the book and made the bridge and the book went on. The character dreamt that he was a priest and something strange happened and I can't remember it now.

PLAYBOY: Do you get writer's block very often? What is the nature of it?

GREENE: It varies. After I'd finished *A Burnt-Out Case* I felt I was never going to write another book. I felt I was completely finished. That feeling went on for quite a long time. It comes at intervals.

PLAYBOY: Is it connected to a general fatigue with life?

GREENE: That may enter into it. It's a very unpleasant state. I was in Budapest a few years back and I met Tibor Dery, who's a very good Hungarian writer — he was in his mid 80s, he's dead now — and we found ourselves liking each other and we started talking about writer's block and he said, at the age of 85 or so, that he was suffering from it and I said, "How long has it lasted?" and he said, "Ten days" and I said, "My God, but my writer's block has been going on for nearly three months" and he said, "I tell you what you do. After you've had your breakfast you sit down at your table, you have a glass of whisky beside you, some paper, and you start drinking the whisky and you write *anything*." This worked for him. But it never worked for me. I find that keeping a dream diary helps. Because it means one can still write quite a lot a day. As soon as one has a notepad beside the bed and jots down the key points of a dream as one wakes up at intervals through the night, one soons finds out that it's true what they say, one dreams five or six times a night, so that even with just key points one is writing about 500 words a day.

PLAYBOY: The beauty of that is that you don't have to think in terms of structure, which is the big blocking thing, knowing that somehow everything has got to fit —do you keep any other kind of journal?

GREENE: Only when I'm travelling. I've got some Panama diaries.

PLAYBOY: Do you see this dream diary as material for publication?

GREENE: Not really. But it is carefully indexed. So I can look up "Kruschev" and see how many times and what I've dreamt about him.

PLAYBOY: I can see some big American academic computer getting at this in due course.

GREENE: I've got, I should think, six or seven hundred pages of manuscript.

PLAYBOY: What is it like meeting other famous writers?

GREENE: On the whole, other writers aren't one's material. One doesn't meet them very often. The French have these groups but I don't think the English writers like going into groups. Poets do occasionally, in England. I was a great friend of Evelyn Waugh but we were friends who disagreed on almost everything. Norman Douglas I knew at the end of his life. I see Anthony Burgess occasionally — he lives in Monaco now. He came across and interviewed me for the *Observer*. We had to go to lunch to a very poor restaurant just across the road because his leg was so bad and he couldn't get any further. But in the interview he put words into my mouth which I had to look up in the dictionary to see what they meant.

PLAYBOY: Is that slightly dishonorable of him?

GREENE: No, not dishonorable. It's imaginative. He amuses me. And he always accuses me of being Jansenist or Manichean or something and I say, "It is because you were born a Catholic and therefore you don't know any theology." Whereas I am a convert and had to work it up.

PLAYBOY: Do you read much?

GREENE: Generally, yes. But in the last month or two, I haven't been reading much. Normally I read about eight books a month.

PLAYBOY: What was the last book you read?

GREENE: Actually, I can answer that. I

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finished it only a few days ago. A very good book indeed. *The Samurai* by Endo, a Japanese writer.

PLAYBOY: Didn't he write a book called *Silence?*

GREENE: Yes, a wonderful book too, about the Jesuits in Japan. *The Samurai* I think is almost as good. It's a little slow in getting started but, um . . .

PLAYBOY: Do you find yourself going back to writers?

GREENE: I re-read Henry James a lot. Conrad to some extent now — I was afraid of him for a long time because he had a terrible influence on me when I was beginning and I was going off on the wrong road, as it were, as a result. Trollope I re-read quite a lot.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you feel you'd found your own voice?

GREENE: With *It's A Battlefield.*

PLAYBOY: I've got a quotation here from your autobiography of your early years, *A Sort Of Life.* ". . . perhaps it is only desperation which keeps me writing, like someone who clings to an unhappy marriage for fear of solitude . . ." I can understand very well the idea of writing to keep chaos at bay, to overcome panic, but do you get no positive kicks at all from writing?

GREENE: Only occasionally. Sometimes at the end of a morning I might feel, "Well, I think that scene came off." But then you have to do another one.

PLAYBOY: Do you find the process of writing a personal drama?

GREENE: It's a discipline. In the morning I give myself tea and toast and don't shave, don't bathe, don't do anything until I've done my quota. There's a moment in a book, I think, when one feels that after a long track along the tarmac, the plane has lifted and has taken over control a bit.

PLAYBOY: When you land the plane and get out, what's your feeling?

GREENE: Great relief. Sometimes one feels one had enough of the right cards in one's hand to choose from, to feel confident about the end. Then the next day of course a feeling of, "Oh, God, what now?"

PLAYBOY: Do you get post-natal blues?

GREENE: Yes, very much so.

PLAYBOY: Do you then immediately throw yourself into another book?

GREENE: Well, then there's still the revision. Which is more interesting than the writing in a sense. I always imagine it is the feeling a sculptor gets a little bit. With revision one is chipping, refining.

PLAYBOY: How many drafts would you normally do?

GREENE: Three or four. But they're not complete rewritings. The manuscript will go on being corrected until I have to put it onto dictaphone because nobody could read it with all the corrections. Then the proofs are yet another stage.

PLAYBOY: Do you alter much at the proof stage?

GREENE: I try not to, because it's so expensive. But a book always looks completely different at each stage. Physically, one notices different things.

PLAYBOY: Are those Byron's Journals up there?

GREENE: Yes. I enjoy them very much. When I was young, Byron was down in the depths in terms of literary reputation. Nobody thought he had any merit. Then, first of all, Maurois did a biography, which I seem to remember as quite a good one. It taught the English that Byron was somebody to be respected. And Hamish Miles, who was a man of letters in the early 30s, published an anthology in Jonathon Cape's Traveller's Library of Byron's verse, letters and journals. That sort of woke one up to the fact that he was a great writer. In the 20s he was regarded as nothing. Even *Don Juan* was forgotten.

PLAYBOY: If there were a nuclear war, which, let's say, three of your books would you hope survived it?

GREENE: I wouldn't expect any.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a sentimental attachment to any?

GREENE: I would say *The Honorary Consul, The Power and the Glory,* and . . . perhaps, oh, *Travels With My Aunt.*

PLAYBOY: Have you ever invented a word?

GREENE: I don't think so. No, I haven't. But the word 'seedy' has become attached to my name.

PLAYBOY: And "depressing", too.

GREENE: The English always regard me as pessimistic and the French always regard me as optimistic.

PLAYBOY: What do they find optimistic?

GREENE: That I always give a bit of hope at the end.

PLAYBOY: Mm, you're an improvement on Samuel Beckett in that sense. You haven't won the Nobel Prize. I'm led to believe that you find this rather galling. Is that so?

GREENE: No. It's such a big lottery. It seems perfectly natural that some people should lose in a lottery.

PLAYBOY: What sort of significance can be attached to such prizes?

GREENE: There's a lot of financial significance in the Nobel. I think their choices for the past few years have been quite good. But there was a period — Pearl Buck for example — when it was very poor. I think even Galsworthy wasn't worth it.

PLAYBOY: You've never written a novel about the USA.

GREENE: No. I've been a number of times to New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, San Antonio. San Francisco I liked, San Antonio I quite liked. But I don't like New York.

PLAYBOY: Have you been to Russia?

GREENE: Three or four times. The last time was when I caught pneumonia in '61.

PLAYBOY: Were you invited?

GREENE: No, but one's always got somebody from the Bureau tagging along. I did receive an official invitation fairly recently but I refused it.

PLAYBOY: Do you sell many books in Russia?

GREENE: When Andrey Sinyavsky, the satirical writer, went to prison I said I didn't want to be published in Russia any longer and they do follow one's wishes on these things. Now of course they've joined the international copyright thing. And now Sinyavsky is out of prison and they wanted to publish *Dr Fischer of Geneva* and also *The Honorary Consul* and I've given permission. They are doing them apparently in editions of 300,000. It is a very curious arrangement. You get a royalty according to the number of signatures — which is one of the sections in a bound book like so.

A long book gets a higher royalty than a short book. I don't know how much it will be at all.

PLAYBOY: Which of your books has been most successful in Russia?

GREENE: Undoubtedly *The Quiet American.*

PLAYBOY: Why do you think they chose a spy novel with as much black humor as *Dr Fischer* has?

GREENE: As illustrating the decadence of the Swiss?

PLAYBOY: *Dr Fischer* reminds me very much of the novels of Anna Kavan.

GREENE: Who?

PLAYBOY: Anna Kavan. She's a very Graham Greene-type, in a way.

GREENE: No, I don't know her . . . I think I've heard of her.

PLAYBOY: You've been in the Secret Service, you are interested in international affairs — are you ever jealous of the man of action?

GREENE: I'm not aware of it.

PLAYBOY: You don't feel that to write well one in some degree has to sacrifice participation?

GREENE: . . . I've participated a little bit. In Vietnam during the French war for example — on both sides.

PLAYBOY: What is your new novel about?

GREENE: Set in Spain, and it's called *Monsignor Quixote* and is about a little priest who believes that he's a descendant of Don Quixote.

PLAYBOY: Is this the comic novel you've been promising yourself you'd write?

GREENE: It is a comic novel. With a sad ending. Most of it is fun.

PLAYBOY: In your novel, *The Heart of the Matter,* you made an important distinction between pity and compassion.

GREENE: I did it earlier in *The Ministry of Fear.* I said there that nobody is safe when pity is roaming around. I don't like *The Heart of the Matter* as a book. I was out of practice when I wrote it.

PLAYBOY: Lots of people do like it.

GREENE: Yes, too many people. That's another weakness. There's a sentimentality in it which appealed fairly widely. Anyway, the distinction between the two qualities is: compassion one can have for an equal, but pity contains a sense of superiority, I think.

PLAYBOY: Would you have preferred to live in another age?

GREENE: I'm quite happy living in the 20th century. I'm glad I shan't be living in the 21st.

PLAYBOY: How quickly one leaps from century to century. In that connection, I'm reminded that your father met Oscar Wilde.

GREENE: Yes, it was in Naples after Wilde's downfall.

PLAYBOY: Did your father live to see your success?

GREENE: If one can call it success. He lived until after *Brighton Rock,* anyway. I had a good relationship with him in his last years. But as a boy I was not very fond of him. He was a headmaster and I attended his school. As a young man I rather teased him. He was an old-fashioned liberal and I was inclined to go to extremes. He died when I was in West Africa.

PLAYBOY: And your mother?

GREENE: Oh yes, I was very fond of her. She lived much longer than him.

PLAYBOY: Your first memory is of a dead dog at the bottom of your pram.

GREENE: It sounds invented but it isn't.

PLAYBOY: If somebody wanted to play up certain aspects of your work . . .

GREENE: I know. But it is a fact. There's no horror about it. I just have a visual memory of this dead dog which my nurse had picked up and put in the pram to bring home to bury.

PLAYBOY: The epilepsy you were supposed to have suffered from as a child — what happened to it?

GREENE: It wasn't real. It was a wrong diagnosis.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy gossip?

GREENE: Yes. I read *Private Eye.*

PLAYBOY: What else gets sent over?

GREENE: The *Spectator.* Which really is incredibly good. And *The Times* I buy here.

PLAYBOY: Are you fond of music?

GREENE: No. Let's say — I'm completely ignorant of it. I have no musical memory. If you played something now I would like it or dislike it. And if you played it again half an hour later I wouldn't know that I'd heard it before.

PLAYBOY: Really? That is unusual. Painting?

GREENE: Painting I do like, yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy shopping?

GREENE: No. I just go out and get my bits. I have one meal in a day and have to go and buy the food.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy buying presents?

GREENE: No. I like second-hand bookshops.

PLAYBOY: Are there any good ones down here?

GREENE: No, there aren't. That's one thing I miss.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there an English bookshop somewhere along here?

GREENE: I believe there may be one in Nice.

PLAYBOY: Where do you buy your clothes?

GREENE: I haven't bought any for ages. I sometimes buy a pair of trousers in Capri. I haven't bought a suit since I left England.

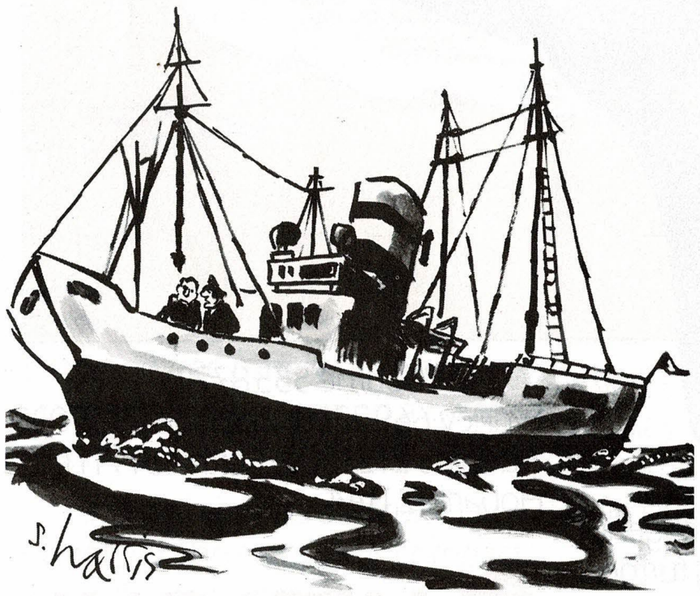
PLAYBOY: Do you go to Capri quite a lot?

GREENE: I try and go twice a year. I've got a little place in Anacapri. I work there too.

PLAYBOY: What is an average day for you?

GREENE: If I'm working — which I'm not at present — I get up about half past seven. I finish my breakfast by eight o'clock and then I'll be working until about nine, maybe half past nine. And then I have my bath. Shave. Shit. And go shopping. When I was young I would write 500 words a day — incidentally it is not true that I would stop mid-sentence when I'd reached that number of words. I'd stop at the end of the sentence. Now it is more like two or 300 a day. When I'm working, that is. And I work in longhand.

PLAYBOY: Do you smoke?



"Ours is a humane whaling ship. We only look for whales who have died of natural causes."

"Hey, those are weird! What are they, anyhow?"

GREENE: Not now. And I never inhaled. I stopped during the War. There was rationing. I had a girlfriend who smoked and I thought that if one was going to queue up for a couple of cigarettes she might as well have them both.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any phobias?

GREENE: I'm frightened of bats. And birds flying about the room. I can't touch a bird.

PLAYBOY: What would you say your vices were?

GREENE: Er, selfishness, probably. Pride, probably.

PLAYBOY: This flat isn't very large, is it?

GREENE: No. It's only the bedroom and this room and a kitchen and bathroom.

PLAYBOY: I have another quotation from *A Sort of Life*. ". . . I live, like most of my contemporaries, an apartment life between bedroom and sitting-room." But you are in a position to live in grander state if you chose.

GREENE: I don't think so. Somebody would have to go short if I did.

PLAYBOY: What are your luxuries?

GREENE: . . . Mainly wine. I've got a cellar but not great wine. Of drinkable wine. It's down below in the garage. I like my drinks, aperitifs and so on. I used to buy pictures. All my favorite pictures are in Paris. Half my books are also in Paris. I rent a two-roomed apartment in Paris.

PLAYBOY: How often do you go to church?

GREENE: I'd say about two Sundays in the month, sometimes three. There's a cathedral in the Old Town where I go.

PLAYBOY: What other famous people live nearby?

GREENE: I don't know any. There was a popular writer called Paul Gallico who used to live somewhere around here, I think.

PLAYBOY: Do you know anybody who has taken a particularly good set of photos of you recently?

GREENE: I've got a niece who is a first-class photographer and she took some two years ago, which are excellent. My sister, who acts as my secretary in England, would have her address. My niece is called Amanda . . . I've forgotten what her surname is now.

PLAYBOY: Have you been painted much?

GREENE: No. There's one woman whose name I've forgotten who did a small one. And there's a young painter called Anthony Palliser whom the National Gallery has asked to do something — he's done the drawings but he hasn't done any painting yet.

PLAYBOY: How often do you go back to England?

GREENE: Four of five times a year.

PLAYBOY: Do you maintain membership of any clubs in London?

GREENE: No, you mustn't. In the old days anyway, it made you liable for income tax. I was told by my accountant that I must drop any clubs when I left, make a complete break. I was a member of White's at that time. But I've never been a club man and directly I became a member of White's I stopped going there. The membership which lasted longest was a shabby one called the Author's Club in Whitehall Court. I was also a member of the Reform and then I quarrelled with them during the Blitz — I was fire-watching close by and used to order my breakfast very early but the head waiter became nasty and refused to take my breakfast order, so I resigned. For a brief period of a month or so I was a member of the Athenaeum but I resigned on the grounds that I couldn't take a friend there because the food was too bad. White's I only became a member of because I was slightly drunk one day with Evelyn Waugh, who was a member and very fond of it, wanted to put me up and I thought, "It won't come through, not in my lifetime anyway", and then one suddenly heard one had been elected and I never went there again.

PLAYBOY: Do you take holidays?

GREENE: I like a working holiday. Every summer I go to Spain because I have a great friend there, a priest who is a professor of English Literature at Madrid University. With *Monsignor Quixote* in mind, I've been going there for the last few years, driving around with him.

I think it interesting that unlike Canada, Australia seems to have produced quite a number of people in the arts.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the present Pope?

GREENE: I admire his courage but I find him conservative in theology.

PLAYBOY: What about future books?

GREENE: I'm thinking of doing a non-fiction book called *The General*, my reminiscences of Torrijos, a personal memoir.

PLAYBOY: No more autobiography?

GREENE: No, no.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy writing your autobiography, *A Sort of Life?*

GREENE: Well, it began — in the 50s when I was going through a very bad depressive period and I went to a friend of mine, Eric Strauss, who was a psychiatrist, and asked for some electric shock treatment. He said, "How long have you been in this state of acute depression?" and I said, "Two weeks" and he said, "I won't consider the electric shocks until you've been in that condition for four weeks. Meanwhile, start writing early memories." And so I started, the depression left, and I put the writing in a drawer. Then a long time passed and I pulled them out and looked at them and thought, "This isn't a bad beginning" so I went on with it.

PLAYBOY: Have you got the knack now of outwitting depression?

GREENE: Yes, it doesn't come seriously now. I'm on a kind of plateau.

PLAYBOY: What were the specific symptoms?

GREENE: Complete boredom, complete disenchantment.

PLAYBOY: Which parts of the world haven't you been in?

GREENE: Ha, quite a lot, really. New Zealand I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Australia?

GREENE: I've only spent a few hours there on my way to Tahiti — I think it interesting that unlike Canada, Australia seems to have produced quite a number of people in the arts.

PLAYBOY: China?

GREENE: I've been there, yes.

PLAYBOY: The poles?

GREENE: No, and I haven't been in Peru, Venezuela, Colombia.

PLAYBOY: India?

GREENE: A little bit. I rather liked Goa. I went with a Goanese friend. We went up to a little village where his aunt had a house. We'd come from Panjim to spend Christmas. On the way we stopped at some other relations of his. I said I wanted to pee and my host led me up some stairs. He said, "You won't be afraid of the pigs, will you?" And directly I started peeing I heard them come honking round underneath. The pee was going down and it was like a signal — they were expecting something more substantial to follow. Then we reached the aunt's house and the first thing one was given was pork.

Ghosts used to wander round outside the aunt's house, apparently. She said we must sleep indoors but we insisted on sleeping outside on the veranda, so she locked us out there. The church bell rang at, I think it was half past five in the morning. Nobody stirred out at all then. It rang again at six o'clock and people would set about their work — you could see the torches moving round. You could get up at the first bell but were not supposed to venture out until the second bell. But the aunt's sister had a mango tree in her garden and one night there had been a high wind and the mangoes had been blown off. She was afraid that they would be stolen and went out before the second bell to gather them up. She was taken by the ghosts and put up in a tree on the seashore and had to be rescued by the fishermen when they turned up for work. Also, if you see a pig after dark in Goa it is supposed to be a spirit — unwise to use the loo after sundown. I was there for about two weeks. We used to go down to the seashore every morning at about half past eight. We used to take some Indian gin and squeeze limes into it and between 8.30 and about half past nine in the morning we'd drink gin and lime and get a bit drunk and then it became too hot to stay on the beach. This was the rhythm of one's day. My Goanese friend lived in Bombay and had lost his wife — she was in the kitchen, her sari caught fire from the stove, and she was burnt to death.

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FAT CAT

(continued from page 67)

The real power lies with the executive council, which has the final say on all WWF matters.

a couple of ex-colonials from the British Empire; a few pastoralists; Ita Buttrose and James Fairfax; the chairman of a wood-chip buying concern, and a couple of genuinely concerned conservationists. This last-mentioned group is heavily outnumbered by the representatives from big business.

The founding president of WWF Australia was Sir Noel Foley, now chairman of both the Bank of NSW (Westpac) and sugar and mining giant CSR. In the early 1970s, Sir Noel, then head of the AMATIL tobacco company, was sued by the Solicitor-General of Tasmania for conspiracy to circumvent the Lands Act, in company with the Minister for Lands in the previous administration. The fuss was kicked along by the Australian Conservation Foundation because the land in dispute was wanted by the greenies as part of a national park, and Foley's company, AMATIL, was bulldozing these heathlands to turn them over to pasture. The ACF still looks on Sir Noel as a bit of an enemy. The Tasmanian Solicitor-General, Roger Jennings QC, who laid the charge, is also a member of the board of trustees of WWF. But lest the reader be concerned as to any bad feelings permeating the meetings of the board, rest assured that when the charges against Sir Noel were eventually dropped, it was Jennings QC who presented the no bill.

Now that Sir Noel Foley is head of Australia's biggest private bank — Westpac — there would be few development projects in which he has not invested his depositors' and shareholders' funds.

Another interesting member of the board of trustees, and one well known to Queenslanders, is Keith Williams, sometimes known as the only friend of Joh without a knighthood. Mr Williams is the man who keeps dolphins for show business purposes and he denies there is any conflict of interest between his position as tourist operator and developer and chairman of the Gold Coast Waterways Authority (despite claims to the contrary from local National Party branches). He's pouring $75 million into a development in the Whitsunday Passage which was well underway before the local council received the environmental impact statement it had long before requested. As chairman of the Gold Coast Waterways (presumably because he was the first to build those wonderful canal estates), he is presiding over the controversial project to destroy the Southport bar, which conservationists say will be a disaster. But then, what's another environmental disaster to the Gold Coast?

Another trustee is Sir Ken Back, vice-chancellor of James Cook University, who this writer remembers having been hesitant about appearing on the same platform as Ranger Enquiry commissioner Prof. Charles Kerr in case he (Sir Ken) was thought to support the conservationist side.

Mr Maurice Timbs, listed by WWF as having something to do with British Phosphate (the people who absolutely destroyed a couple of Pacific and Indian ocean environments), is another recent addition. Readers of Catherine Dalton's remarkable exercise in intrigue and paranoia, *Without Hardware,* will remember Mr Timbs as a senior official involved in the Anglo-Australian atomic energy project.

With something like 60 bods on the board of trustees, this board is little more than window dressing, as getting all the trustees together would be quite a task. Nevertheless, they still have some swing.

The real power lies with the executive council, which has the final say on all WWF matters, including recommended projects.

There are nine members on the executive council: four senior businessmen, two establishment lawyers, one environmental bureaucrat, and two conservationists: author Vince Serventy, a well-known one-man band, and Mr Warren Bonython of the Adelaide Bonythons, a former manager for ICI and dedicated desert-lover. Mr Bonython obviously has the business background, and Serventy is sufficiently eccentric to lend an aura of authenticity. Serventy is a professional conservationist, in that he earns his living at it.

One of the lawyers on the council is Albert Ogilvie, a Tasmanian of some distinction. He was one of a three-man inquiry into the proposal to turn the south-west of Tasmania into a national park. This inquiry resolved very little, other than recommending a lot more study be done. Witnesses to that inquiry remember one of the inquirers, Mr Geoffrey Foot, as having evinced fairly anti-conservation opinions. They were quite surprised to learn that Foot, as well as the other two inquirers, is a trustee of WWF.

Dr Don McMichael, secretary of the Federal Department of Home Affairs and Environment, is the sole executive councillor from the government. He is probably Australia's most powerful greenie, with impeccable qualifications, although old friends believe his years in the bureaucracy, and his onerous workload (he is also chairman of the OECD environment committee) may have dimmed his enthusiasm.

Another executive councillor, Mr Don Malcolmson, is a director of ICI Ltd, and a former general manager of the ICI-Nobel group (the explosives people). This may seem a rather unusual background for a conservationist, but he has a long involvement in the issue, having served on the executive council of Australian Conservation Foundation for many of its formative years. Someone who was there recalls him as a good administrator, although not particularly idealistic. He was, it was said, on the conservative side of the consensus; this was the period when the former Chief Justice, Sir Garfield Barwick, was considered one of the radicals of ACF.

This was also the time the Lake Pedder issue was happening, and conservationists were agitating for a more active ACF. Malcolmson did not long survive this agitation. As a sidelight to this period, activists may recall a secret report on Lake Pedder prepared for ACF by Mr Dunbavin Butcher, a Victorian government zoologist. The report apparently poo-poohed the idea of trying to save Lake Pedder. Of course Butcher turns up as yet another trustee of WWF.

WWF's treasurer is Lloyd Zampatti, another of these sand-groper whizzes who are blitzing us in the east. Formerly the top man in the Swan Brewery, he recently transferred to Castlemaine-Tooheys. Among his directorships is Seltrust Holdings, a large exploration company, involved in Mt Newman and, if it ever happens, the mighty Agnew nickel mine. Seltrust also owns the *Regional Endeavour,* a drillship.

The vice-president is Sir Robert Law-Smith, chairman of the National Bank, and a director of BHP, CIG and Blue Circle Southern Cement. Greenies may remember this latter company as one of the largely foreign-owned companies that wanted to turn a quite spectacular gorge area near Sydney into a mullock heap, and the bitter divisions these proposals caused were one of the major issues that led to an increase in the community's environmental awareness.

The president of WWF Australia, Michael Little, is in a way eminently suitable, in that he embodies many of the contradictions of WWF. He has been heard to make disparaging comments about conservationists, has the South African connections which run as a perceivably sinister thread through the WWF movement, is the local top man in a top multinational, and is yet probably quite sincere in his efforts for endangered species.

The firm he rules, Unilever, has always had a very clean reputation, not surprising as it is basically a soap company. Even its pollution — the factory is just down the street from where I am writing — is clean. When the problem of detergent wastes surfaced in the late 1960s, it was one of the first manufacturers to switch to biodegradable products. Unilever was founded by one of those 19th-century benevolent

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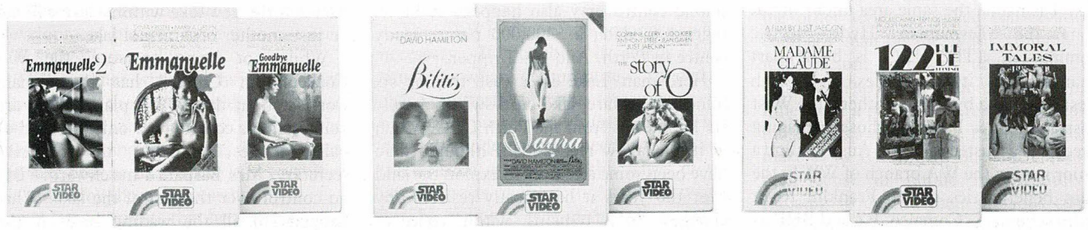

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employers who built model towns for his employees and paid them pensions and that sort of thing. Management has continued this line of enlightened self-interest. In almost a quarter of a century of reading newspapers and political/union broadsides, I'm yet to see an anti Unilever rave.

Much of Mr Little's early career was spent in South Africa, where I presume he made the connections with Rothmans, of whose Australian board he is a member. Rothmans also provides the fancy offices for WWF.

Just how much the WWF is image-building on what sort of substance can only be seen from its actions; and its actions, in the broader context of the continuing battle between dollars and nature, seem as mere umbrellas against the hurricane.

Of 51 projects financed by the WWF Australia, only one has engendered any controversy, and that controversy comes not from developers, but from other conservationists. The other projects are safe, innocuous little studies: surveys into Buprestid beetles, freckled ducks, the Australian grayling, an underground orchid, the dibbler, the bilby, the numbat, the hairy-nosed wombat, the tree kangaroo. They're even spending $50,000 looking for the Tasmanian Tiger; perhaps next year there'll be grants for finding the yeti, the unicorn and the Holy Grail.

Undoubtedly the work done on these projects is of a very high order, and ultimately beneficial, not only to the species involved, but to nature generally. But, as ACF vice-president Milo Dunphy has said: "It's no good saving one species while the rest of the environment is destroyed — better to save the whole habitat, and thereby save dozens of species."

For example, one WWF project is the conservation of the Huon Pine, which, as its latin name (Dacrydium Franklinii) implies, is found in the Franklin River area of south-west Tasmania, the same area under threat from the Tasmanian Hydro-Electric Commission. (The HEC is being part financed in its activities in South West Tasmania by, among others, the West Australian R & I Bank, whose managing director is a trustee of WWF Australia and a senior man in the WA branch of WWF; the main beneficiaries of the Franklin River hydro scheme — Comalco, EZ and BHP — are all major sponsors of WWF, and the paper companies, who are seeking both electricity from the Franklin and timber from other Tasmanian wilderness areas, are also major sponsors.)

WWF's first project is a curious one: a survey of the orange-bellied parrot. Before the survey it was generally suggested that one of the main wintering grounds for this bird (which breeds in south-west Tasmania, as it happens) was at Point Wilson, in Victoria, where chemical giant ICI wanted to build a huge petro-chemical works.

Among the objectors to ICI's plans were greenies saying the plant would destroy the orange-bellied parrot. Kicked on by a $28,000 grant from ICI, WWF spent a total of $89,000 finding other wintering grounds for this parrot. That, says WWF, is constructive conservation: the developers can go ahead because they won't be destroying the *only* habitat.

Some of the projects have generated small controversy within the organisation itself, although the issue has been defused before ever becoming public. For example, it is understood that one proposal put up to the WWF conservation program committee by the A.C.F. called for a study of the Connondale Range area in Queensland, which ACF believes would make a fine national park. This initially was approved, but when it was found that the Queensland National Parks and Wildlife, whose director is a member of that WWF committee, and a trustee, had decided a couple of years previously to accede to Forestry requests to leave the area out of any national park proposals, the proposal was dropped.

The controversy was avoided and the Connondale Range is now open to forestry:

They're even spending $50,000 looking for the Tasmanian Tiger; perhaps next year there'll be grants for finding the yeti and the Holy Grail.

perhaps because the committee realised it would be going over old ground, or perhaps, as has been suggested, Queensland NPWS was worried its survey could have been shown to have been inadequate.

The only WWF project to generate public controversy also happens to be its biggest to date; a $400,000 nature study centre in Perth. And it's a ripper.

Herdsman Lake is a vast five or six hundred hectare lake-cum-swamp barely six kilometres from the Perth GPO. Much of it is shallow reed-beds. Although there have been some attempts to exploit the land over the years it has mostly resisted any changes. So it remains, within cooee of downtown, a vast nature reserve. Some 120 different species of birds have been seen there, including many rare migratory birds from Japan, Siberia and other distant places. It is generally recognised, even by the developers moving into the lake, as a particularly precious nature study area.

Local greenies have been trying for the past decade to get the lake protected from inevitable development, but with control of the lake mostly in the hands of the pro-development Metropolitan Regional Planning Authority and the Water Board, they have had little luck. An MRPA concept plan for the lake calls for industrial and residential development around the periphery of the lake with dredging through the lake itself to provide the reclamation. A freeway cutting one corner of the lake is also planned, and the holders of the mining licences over the lake think that perhaps the road-builders might like to use fill from the lake. The Conservation Council of Western Australia is not pleased. Even Dr Stephen Davies, CSIRO man and consultant to one group of developers, is not too sure the proposed industrial development will not harm the lake. Dr Davies also points out that dredging of the lake cannot be fully planned beforehand, as only by doing the job will the developers find out if there really is enough sand in the lake to satisfy the developers' requirements. Dr Davies explained that while the Government would like to safeguard the central part of Lake Herdsman by creating a protective moat around it, to keep dogs, people etc. at bay, it cannot afford it. The compromise is then to allow private developers in and to trade-off bits of the lake in return for the building of a moat and the provision of parklands.

Which of course suits the residential developers, as they can offer home-buyers landscaped blocks looking onto styled waterways. Already one development, Floreat Waters, has sold blocks for up to $100,000 each. An even bigger development is now being prepared.

To complement these developments, the developers — Katanning Holdings, Parry's Esplanade, Cooper Bros Dredging and others — have given generously to the World Wildlife Fund, which is now planning to build a nature study centre on an artificial lake dredged out of the shallows of Lake Herdsman itself. A five-and-a-half ha. site has been set aside for this centre and a campaign to raise $400,000, with the usual flash public relations boys and government backing, has been started. The WWF is adamant the new lake within a lake will not be just another ornamental lake.

While not being so sure, the WA Conservation Council has three main worries about this WWF plan: "They are going to have control over only five-and-a-half hectares," remarks the council's secretary, Mrs Barbara Churchward. "But no control over the rest of the lake. What happens to all the wading birds if the shallow lake becomes a deep lake? The WWF may find it has no nature to study in its nature study centre. Who's going to control the rest of the lake? Who's going to control people tramping over breeding grounds and running boats in and out of the reeds?"

Although the public relations people for WWF talk about liaising with local conservationists, the local, non-government conservationists say the first they heard of the WWF proposal was when they received the press releases announcing it.

"If only the WWF would bring us into their deliberations," Mrs Churchward complains. "We have people who know the parts of the lake which are valuable, where the best bird hides are and so on. But we haven't been invited to participate."

Mrs Churchward cited the case of Floreat Waters estate, which went to great trouble to plant trees, but which, she says, "is not yet a success. We told them at the time to plant local species, but we were ignored. Now, three years later, they're doing what we said they should have done in the first place.

"There's been this continual disregard of local experts, and we feel it's happening again with this WWF proposal. Yes, we're in favor of it in principle, and we respect the expertise of the "professional" scientists; but it is essential to include those with local knowledge. We've no real complaint with the WWF centre as long as it is compatible with the whole area. But we have grave doubts if only five hectares are what they're talking about, while the rest is dredged and filled."

Sir Ernest Lee-Steere, chairman of Katanning Holdings, one of the main developing companies involved in Lake Herdsman, and also chairman of the company with granted mineral leases over the centre of the lake, is also a trustee of WWF, and on the council of the WA branch.

"Of course you'll always find somebody who'll say bad things about you, talk about "vested interests" and so on, but everything we've got planned there is in accord with the proper authorities," Sir Ernest declared to PLAYBOY.

"It's all done in co-operation with the authorities. We're going to get the lake sensible, restore it to what it was before the draining and settlements and so on. I know it may sound high-minded and that, giving land to the WWF, but it's a bit of a two-way street. We are prepared to dredge the lake for them, and beautify the frontage, so the development has got more than just reeds and straggly trees."

He says that whatever happens, "large amounts of the lake would be left" for nature, and, although his company has leases for mining rare earths that may be in the lake bed, he said "these leases wouldn't be used" for those rare earths.

Sir Ernest admits that he is not a radical conservationist, but years of involvement in both soil conservation and the CSIRO, at the highest levels, had rubbed off a bit of awareness on him. As a one-time mustering grazier he had developed a love of the bush, and, furthermore, his wife was a "birdo".

"I don't believe in amateur experts interfering with the experts. I think a touch here and there does as much good as the eager beaver, don't you?" Sir Ernest says.

Like perhaps all of the trustees and office-holders in the WWF Australia, Sir Ernest Lee-Steere is sincere and well-meaning. He quite candidly admitted that the association between his companies and WWF was "a two-way street", while making it clear that the plan to involve WWF in the Herdsman Lake development was not a sinister manipulation of the public and the public's vague feelings in favor of conservation.

Undoubtedly the involvement of the heads of the major corporations in the environmental cause *can* be a good thing for the environment. It will tend to soften their attitudes, broaden their horizons, and perhaps they will be able to leave the deliberations of the WWF and wander down to the Melbourne Club to regale their fellow industrialists with the glories of nature.

Perhaps.

But one's dreams are constantly punctured by the reality that compromise can only continue for so long. The world *is* a finite resource, and if we give half away today, and half of the rest away tomorrow, and then half of what's left the day after, and so on, we will find that compromise is not necessarily the right way to go.

Milo Dunphy has said that when a company gets permission to destroy a forest, that forest is destroyed; but when the greenies defeat the company, the forest remains safe only until the next time a company comes along with a money-making idea. Compromise, he says, favors the developers.

The WWF favors compromise when necessary. It chases butterflies in the forest while the bulldozers push through the valley.

The WWF favors compromise when necessary. If possible, it avoids those situations where compromise is needed. It chases butterflies in the forest while the bulldozers push through the valley. When its wealth and power are needed to save vast tracts, such as the Franklin River or the jarrah forests of Western Australia, it opts out, because it is part of the system that is destroying those tracts.

No amount of glossy brochures or study centres or replantings or bird-counts can obliterate the fact that conservation is a secondary, if that, obligation of business, whose primary concern is profit, and that the demands of profit are too often inimical to the demands of nature; and the World Wildlife Fund is funded and managed by big business.

While attempting to contact various councillors of WWF Australia, PLAYBOY got as far as the person's secretary, and was then referred to the company public relations office. The secretaries did not seem to realise that we wanted to talk to the bloke about his extra-company activities. To them, WWF and ICI were part and parcel of the same big deal.

Is the WWF just a public relations stunt, a sop to corporate conscience with the shine of "community responsibility"? Or is it a clever manipulation, a device whereby the public's attention, and dollars, can be diverted away from big issues and onto comparative irrelevancies such as double-eyed fig parrots and other things *of the companies' choosing?*

One of the upshots of the great uranium debate of the late 1970s was the establishment of a Uranium Advisory Council to oversee the mining in the NT. One of the members of that council was supposed to be a representative of conservation groups. When the conservation groups protested that they had no promised representative, Doug Anthony pointed to council member Warren Bonython, and said he was a representative of the WWF.

The WWF is now pushing the *World Conservation Strategy*, a thick book full of high-minded ideals and precious little in the way of specifics. It has been endorsed by every leader in Australia, including Sir Charles Court and Joh Bjelke-Petersen.

If the reader feels the WWF itself has been badly treated in this article, in that its side of the argument has not been printed, it is not through want of trying by PLAYBOY. For the first time in 10 years of journalism this writer went to the trouble of putting some questions addressed to WWB president Michael Little in writing when asked to do so by the Unilever public relations office.

The way the company public relations office handled the deal of course gives a part answer to one of the questions: "Do WWF executive councillors represent their own ideas or their companies?".

A copy of the questions was also sent to the other senior so-called conservationist company man on the WWF council, Don Malcolmson. Both were unavailable every time PLAYBOY rang their offices — many times over a period of three weeks. Now, if these blokes are, in fact, the *real* decision-makers, as is claimed, one must question their sense of public responsibility in refusing to defend their precious conservationist cause against the attacks of cynical journalists. How committed are they to WWF if they cannot spare five minutes to get the proper story across?

Or were the questions unanswerable?

The WWF is doing a wonderful job for certain rare and exotic species. Good show. It is doing nothing about the big issues, and as long as shareholders have the right to question the wisdom of their managers putting time and money into issues which will interfere with the companies' profits, it will do nothing but chase butterflies while the forest is murdered.

SAVAGE

(continued from page 71)

The true character of tennis can only be grasped by understanding the natural history of the players.

Neither will talk much about the reasons for their dislike of each other but it is generally believed that the arrogant Clerc resents the fact that Vilas is still regarded as God by tennis fans in Argentina despite the fact that he is no longer ranked as the country's best player. Clerc badly wants to be God and the antagonism is almost palpable; at Grand Prix and WCT events it is usual for the player's contracts to stipulate they must give press conferences within half an hour of finishing their matches. At Monte Carlo Clerc played Vilas in the semi-final — and lost. In the press room after, an area that is no bigger than a service court, the two men would not even look at each other as they passed, let alone speak.

The locker room at a tennis tourney is a place to avoid if Scanlon and McEnroe are in it. McEnroe is not generally popular with the other players who regard him as imperious and bumptious and Scanlon never loses an opportunity to niggle him.

Gerulaitis's dislike of Fibak is perhaps hardest to understand. After all, the outgoing Vitas is very close to the quiet and studious Borg so it is not as if he only likes other players who share his tastes for Rolls-Royces, Studio 54 in its appalling heyday, and for famous friends such as Andy Warhol and model Cheryl Tiegs. Since the venom appears to be all one way — from Vitas to Wojtek — it may simply indicate an insecure jealousy on the part of the rough diamond from New York for the more cultured and self-assured intellectual from Poland. Gerulaitis probably thinks Fibak is a pseud.

The backstage rituals and the off-court relationships between the players may describe aspects of the tennis circuit but the mere accumulation of detail does not *explain* it. The true character of the pro tennis game can only be grasped by understanding what might be called the natural history of the players.

Tennis stars are, in general, very young when they are first successful. Ivan Lendl is 22, McEnroe and Teltscher are 23; Borg was 20 when he first won Wimbledon and Connors 21. Guillermo Vilas is regarded as an 'old man' at 29.

Besides being so young, many of the players studied tennis in place of other subjects, gave up university early or missed out on college entirely and maybe it *is* more than coincidence that McEnroe, Lendl, Scanlon and Teltscher, to name but a few, are very awkward socially, often unable to muster such rudimentary skills as eye contact.

Wherever the very young players — the 19- and 20-year-olds who have just crept into the top 200 in the computer rankings — come from they are likely to be from well-to-do, upper-middle-class families where their parents could afford the expensive lessons needed to turn a good player into championship material. The very physical nature of the game these days means they must start the circuit slap in the middle of the time when most young people are finding their feet in the outside world, and it leaves them rudderless in some important ways, for tennis is very definitely *not* a team game.

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The first taste a young man will have of the circuit will be exotic travel. Later this year, for example, one two-month segment of the Volvo Grand Prix Circuit runs: Palermo, San Francisco, Bordeaux, Geneva, Hawaii, Tel Aviv, Barcelona, Sydney, Basle, Vienna, Tokyo, Cologne, Paris, Stockholm, Quito, Hong Kong, London.

These tournaments last about a week and hotel and air fares will often be paid by players' parents. Most of the boys will get knocked out in the first or second round leaving them relatively free to sample the night life and other pleasures of the exotic cities. This is made easy for them since there is usually an official tournament hotel (the Leonardo da Vinci in Milan, the Sofitel Sevres in Paris, the Takanawa Prince in Tokyo) which arranges free entry for the players to nightspots during the championships.

At some point a good young tennis ace will get his break and climb into the top 30, perhaps the most crucial jump in his career. With so many matches being played around the world, it is not surprising that upsets occur. A lower-ranked player can come across a higher-ranked one having an off-day on his least favorite surface a few hours after a long, tiring plane journey, which itself followed last week's tournament in which the better player wasn't knocked out until the weekend, after he had played five, perhaps six, competitive matches.

Exactly this happened to the unknown Peruvian, Pablo Arraya, this past year. Ranked 309 in 1980, his best surface is, like most South Americans, clay. Then, last October, he met Thomas Smid, then ranked 24, at Madrid — a clay court. Smid had just come from Geneva where he had reached the finals in the Martini Open, losing to Borg, and where he had also reached the finals of the doubles. At Madrid he again reached the doubles finals so it was no surprise that he was overstretched — and Arraya benefitted.

In cold, statistical terms, this is perhaps no more than you would expect. Yet to Arraya this was a turning point. His ranking jumped to 90 and the press, the only real companions of the players, began to notice the 19-year-old. This in turn encouraged Arraya to take himself and his game more seriously.

His first move was to cut down on his nights out, his second was to study players who are strong where he has weaknesses. In his case he has been watching Vilas closely, since the Argentine has a strong, deep, top-spin forehand which he admires. The difference between them, Arraya thinks, is one of build: Vilas has well-developed stomach muscles and these give his ground strokes their power. So since March, Arraya has been concentrating on strengthening his stomach muscles — and doing *five hundred* sit-ups a day.

If Arraya emerges into the top 30, several things will happen to him. Most important, according to the players who are already there, is that the attitude of the other senior players will change. "Few of the very top players are close to one another," says Peter McNamara, the Australian star who was ranked 49th in 1979, 29th in 1980 and 10th last year. "But you do start to be noticed as you pass the magic 30 figure. More people invite you to practise with them and we will all have the occasional dinner out. Also there is often a kind of elliptical conversation which the top players will have with each other in the locker room, trying to find out in a non-obvious, roundabout way, how a particular player plays a certain stroke, if he does anything special. You try not to give a real answer, of course, but it's very flattering, being asked. You also notice one or two of the more established stars sneaking a look at you on the practice court, to see if you are anything they aren't."

It is comforting to hear that respect of the other players comes first — but money and fame, or fame and money, follow close behind. Clearly both have to do with results but the two *are* different in a crucial way.

The structure of most prize money is to make each successive step in a competition disproportionately more lucrative than the previous one. That is to say, the gap between winning and losing increases. This is perhaps the single most important factor in the 'pressure' which the players say they feel. The better they get, the more expensive losing becomes. All this begins to matter very much round about the quarter-finals where one could well expect to find McEnroe, Lendl, Borg and Connors. All of these badly wanted to be number one, and made it. But in press conferences they are the ones journalists have a problem getting anything interesting out of — it's like extracting teeth.

These players are superb athletes, fast, sinewy, with well-developed techniques for extended concentration which long games of tennis demand. And they are extremely wealthy. But for all this they remain dull. McEnroe insists repeatedly that he has

"interesting things to say" but he has yet to do so.

In contrast are such players as Gerulaitis, Noah, McNamara or Fibak who are in the top 20 but have never actually made it to No.1. Is it any coincidence that they are much more rounded, interesting characters, highly popular with the fans? Gerulaitis and Noah are 'playboys', Fibak is the articulate intellectual, McNamara is a court jester.

Of course, it could be that none of this group actually has enough talent to make the No.1 slot; on the other hand, having made it into the top 30 or 20, they may subconsciously — or half-consciously — have opted for a different route.

Interestingly, several of the players, like McNamara and Gerulaitis, have come to realise that many sponsors would actually *prefer* a 'second tier' player, with a colorful personality, to wear their products. McNamara, for instance, has three racket companies currently vying to sponsor him whereas some of the higher ranked stars have none.

Perhaps because they don't suffer the greater pressures of the top players, they also stay around longer. Eddie Dibbs is a good example. For the last eight years he has been ranked in the top 30, never No.1 but still the eighth highest dollar earner in the game.

One further aspect of the pressures peculiar to tennis is that, unlike football or motor racing, there is no single tournament, like the cup final, or any single moment, like the end of the Grand Prix season, to which all players can aspire, to be 'world champion'. If any one tournament can claim that, Wimbledon can; but Wimbledon is not popular with the players and several Americans especially think that one of only two grass championships should not carry so much weight. Journalists on the tennis circuit, even British journalists, feel that Wimbledon will come under pressure soon, that more non-Commonwealth players will stay away, and that in the not-too-distant future Wimbledon will be forced to change its surface.

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The other places regarded as the 'cup finals' of tennis are the Volvo Masters and the WCT championships in Dallas. The Dallas tourney is probably the most exciting: eight players who have amassed the most points on the WCT circuit the previous year are invited to this week. It is a simple knock-out tournament, with one game each evening for a week, save for both semi-finals being played on the Saturday. The players all have Cadillacs at their disposal and, besides the prize money of $300,000, the eight finalists also get one choice of such gilt-edged gifts as an oil well investment, a thoroughbred yearling, diamonds or gold, or an antique car.

This year the play went according to the seeding plan, with McEnroe versus Lendl in the final. I watched the game with Lamar Hunt, millionaire owner of the WCT circuit and who lives in Dallas in a Georgian house converted into a chateau.

It was something different from Wimbledon or Monte Carlo. The Reunion arena is entirely covered, there is no standing and the 17,000 seats give you room to stretch your legs. The off-court officials, known as Courtmates and dressed in yellow and blue as Cowgirls, are all long-legged, big-busted female under-graduates from the local university. A noted Italian tennis journalist "seeds" them each year according to looks in a ceremony that is almost as important as the semi-finals.

As the game starts, the winning girls are in the trophy box, where Lamar and the sponsors sit, delivering wine and jumbo shrimps on airline trays.

The atmosphere is odd because, although McEnroe and Lendl are the two best players in the world at the moment, neither of them is a crowd favorite. Only as it emerges that Lendl is winning does the crowd side with McEnroe, holding its breath as he shows flashes of pure brilliance, reaching impossible shots and returning in such a way that even Lendl is flabbergasted.

But not even such returns can stop the Czech and in just over an hour he is leading two sets to one. Lamar Hunt prays the game will go to five sets: "We've only had one five-set final in 11 years and the fans love it."

By now McEnroe has begun his antics, aiming a ball at a spectator who wouldn't sit down, falling in the corner when for once he failed to return a Lendl smash. In the past there has been no doubt in my mind that McEnroe uses these incidents to help his own concentration but tonight, as it becomes obvious that nothing he can do will effect Lendl's march to triumph, the New Yorker begins to appear a trifle pathetic. The crowd senses this, too, for they start slow-clapping now as he argues with the umpire. Affected by this response, he gives up his antics and with them any hope of victory. Much to Lamar Hunt's disappointment, the match only goes to four sets.

Close up, at the press conference afterwards, McEnroe still cannot look anyone in the eye; his skin is pale and smooth — he really is scarcely a man yet. He is taller than you think, very slender, and brings to mind that quote of La Bruyere: "Men fall from great fortune because of the same shortcomings that led to their rise."

Lendl, for his part, is contemptuous of the press's questions. He is impatient to be off, since he has a seven o'clock flight to New York next day where he will be playing. No, he won't criticise McEnroe's play. Though he is $150,000 richer tonight, Lendl, whose favorite reading is military history, already realises that pro-tennis is like war in at least one respect: there are no winners, only survivors.

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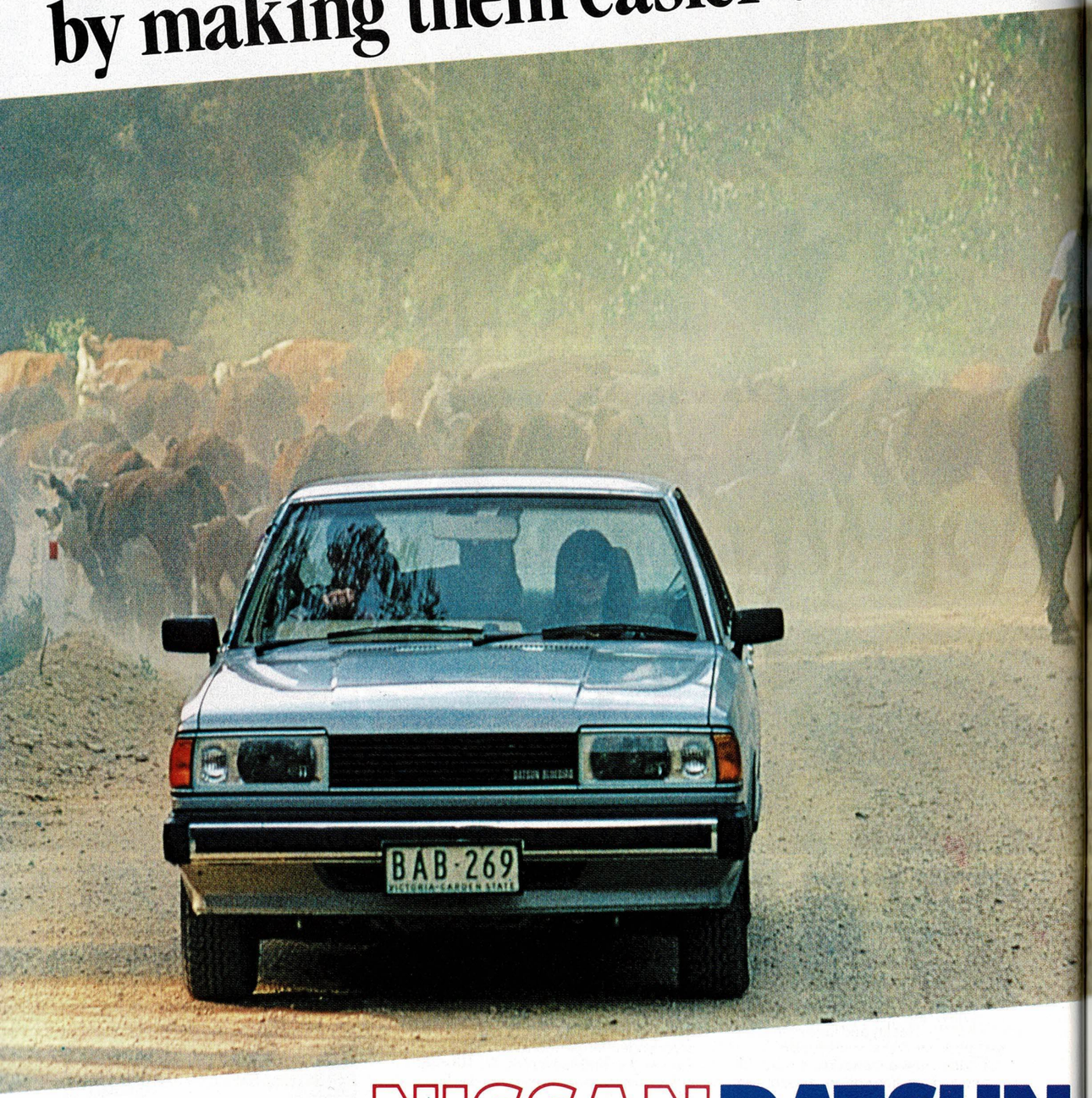

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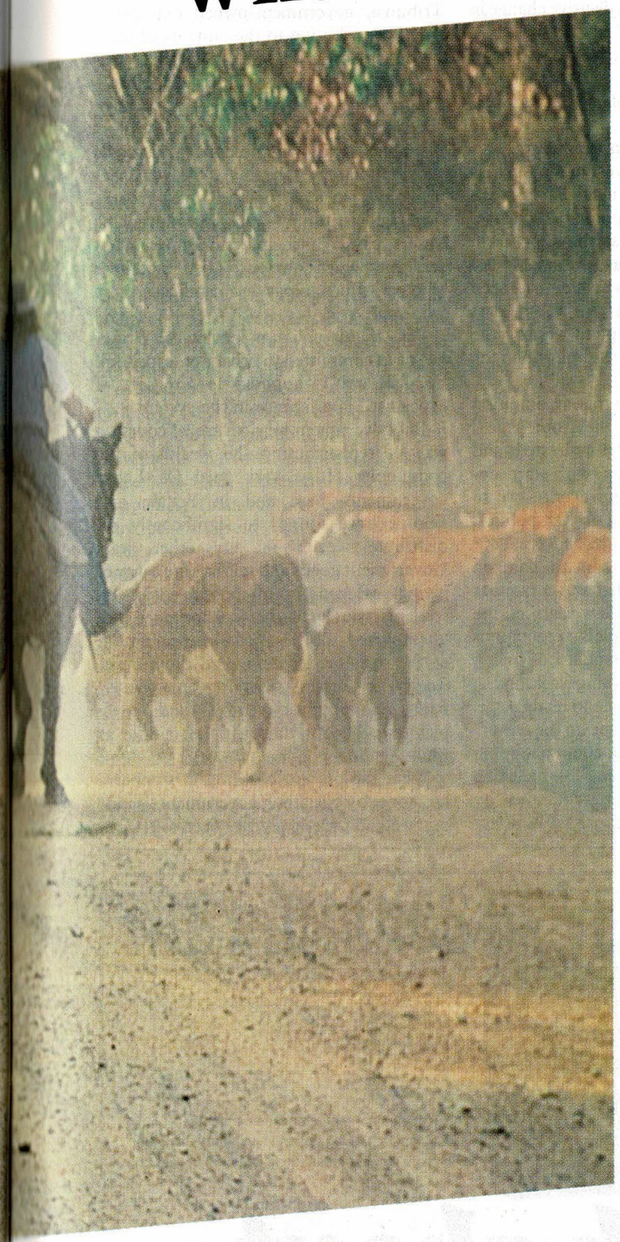

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Ten Years After

(continued from page 48)

Fraser avowed early on that his ambition was "to get politics off the front page."

It was popular, at the time, to see 1972 as a real fault-line in Australian history, a time when a profound break was made with the past. But, even then, I was sceptical of such theories; history, in cautious democratic societies such as ours, tends to run along without interruption from one government to the next, and three years after Whitlam was elected, Australia appeared to have returned to its comfortable, conservative self.

Writing about this in my recent book, *The Australian People*, and puzzling over Whitlam's achievement, I concluded: "The crucial question to be asked about the Labor government is whether it corresponded to a real change in the attitudes and ambitions of the Australian people, or whether it was simply an aberration. . .

"The truth, I think, is more complicated than mystical theories of consciousness-raising or brute defeatism about the possibility of change. What the Labor government did, once and for all, was to change the middle ground of Australian politics. It redefined where the political debate was to take place, what the crucial issues were, the manner and substance of political confrontation; and it moved that middle ground decisively to the left.

"It was a significant achievement; it allowed Australia, which for too long had been drifting behind the rest of the world, to catch up and grapple with the fundamental political questions of our time. Although it was followed by an ultra-conservative government, led by a hardline Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, it shattered the old consensus and made a decisive change in Australian political life."

I still think that. Australia in 1982 is a very different country to Australia in 1972. Those first three years of the decade were crucial.

But, what about the ensuing years?

Well, conservative governments such as the present Liberal-National Party coalition are by definition opposed to change. And it seems to me that the short-term "freeze" imposed by Fraser when he was made caretaker Prime Minister has been extended by his government in the last seven years in an attempt to destroy the momentum which had been built up in the early 70s.

Fraser avowed early on that his ambition was "to get politics off the front page". After all, if people get interested and involved in politics they will start demanding things. Nineteen-seventy-two to 1975 was a "hot" period in Oz politics. Fraser set out to cool it. He's succeeded.

Secondly, Fraser set out to dampen people's expectations. That was a familiar phrase during the first few years of the current government; people's expectations of wage rises, a higher standard of living, more leisure, a shorter working week, and so on had to be quashed. I hate to resurrect it, but: "Life was not meant to be easy." Economists started talking about chopping back "the real wage overhang" — by which they meant the real gains in wages made by working people during the Whitlam government. Don't expect too much. Tighten your belt. Cool it.

Thirdly, and importantly, Fraser set out to chop back on government. Gough stood for the extension of government into more and more areas — social services, welfare, women's refuges, pre-schools, free legal aid, access media, urban planning, "fair play" tribunals like the Prices Justification Tribunal, government-owned enterprises — all contributing to the "quality of life".

Fraser has tried to stop all that. His government has dismantled Medibank; chopped back on social services; reduced or abolished Labor initiative in education, planning and government (a national superannuation scheme, a government insurance scheme, control of "fringe" financial institutions); and introduced the "user pays" principle in government services, which obviously benefits those who can afford to pay and handicaps those who can't.

Part of this policy is ideological. Fraser has been committed to private enterprise all his life and is opposed to any sort of "socialist" interference in the system.

But government services are, of course, a way of redistributing the wealth of the community. It is very hard (as Labor governments here and in Britain and Europe have found) to significantly redistribute wealth in any other way. Government goods and services are a way of giving real benefits to those (pensioners, students, single mothers, Aborigines, the unemployed, all those towards the bottom of the social scale) who need them most. Goods like urban transport, pre-schools, parks, community centres and town planning, benefit those in the middle as well.

What the present coalition in Canberra has done, by curtailing government spending (well, in *some* areas), has been to effect *a massive redistribution of wealth up the scale.* This has been accelerated by investment incentives, depreciation allowances, concessions to businessmen, changes to tax scales, and of course pussyfooting on tax avoidance (which is the province of the wealthy, leaving the ordinary PAYE taxpayer to shoulder most of the tax burden).

Maximilian Walsh, former editor of the *Australian Financial Review,* describes Australia in the 80s as a country "where the rich do get richer and the poor more numerous and poorer." In his book *Poor Little Rich Country* he describes the present government as "enthralled with an ideological strategy" of promoting "the ability of the wealthy and advantaged to maintain and enhance their position in society".

Walsh is no radical, but he can see what is really going on behind the macro-economic policy of the last seven years. Nor should we be surprised. Governments represent the interests that support them. Gough Whitlam, in 1972, represented the working-to-middle class wage-earner, the trade unions, and a coalition of groups and movements that wanted change. Malcolm Fraser, in 1982, represents businessmen, companies, financial interests and those who benefit from keeping the system exactly as it is.

FREEZE IT!

The social effects of this can be seen on any street corner any day of the week: dole kids, queues for jobs, security police, drug dealers, the threat of violence. The unemployment rate among school-leavers is higher than ever. The system boasts about its "new technology" — but the best it can do for the kids its computers have deprived of jobs is give them computerised Space Invaders games to play. There's something desperately cynical about that.

Australian society is splitting up. There are those with jobs, and those without. Those with money, those without. Three-car garages in exurbia, people living in garages in the inner city. Virtually everyone from Malcolm Fraser to Bill Hayden to the former head of the Reserve Bank, Dr H.C. Coombs, believes that high unemployment will continue right through the 80s — but little progress has been made with work-sharing, or part-time work schemes, or using a shorter working week to spread the jobs around.

Some people have benefited hugely from the present situation: oil companies, finance institutions, those with money to lend. Australian banks have registered record profits — to the point where Hayden has threatened them with a bank super-tax. At the other end of the scale, there is more poverty (more than two million Australians live below the poverty line), despair and real social distress than at any time since World War II.

Everyone admits that we are in the worst recession since the Depression of the 1930s and we may not even have touched bottom yet. . .the boom is over.

Australia isn't just becoming Two Nations, it's becoming many. The old consensus has been broken apart, once and for all. It could be argued that the present situation is due purely to economic factors, and there's no doubt that economics lie behind Australia's present state. But no economic theory is value-free; it's got politics built into it. What economic strategy you prefer depends upon *who you want to benefit.*

ECONOMICS

The area in which The Giant Freeze-Up metaphor is most appropriate is the Australian economy. Everyone admits now that we are in the worst recession since the Depression of the 1930s, and we may not even have touched bottom yet. It's pretty clear, for instance, that Malcolm Fraser believes things will get even worse in 1983, and there are a good many economists who agree with him.

The Australian economy has stopped growing — that is the real message (despite the tax cuts and other electoral baits) behind John Howard's August Budget. The boom of the 60s and early 70s is over. The so-called "resources boom" which was talked up before the 1980 election seems to have disappeared like a mirage, choked off, in part, by falling world prices for commodities and the ready availability of OPEC oil. (Maybe it was only an election boom: after all its main prophet was Sir Philip Lynch, whose figures have proved "rubbery" before, and who has now vacated the Liberal deputy leadership for the more amenable world of real estate, Surfers Paradise apartments and maybe an overseas ambassadorship.)

During the years from 1972 to 1982 the economies of neighboring countries like Malaysia have grown at four times the rate of the Australian economy. Today, the sorry roll-call of economic indicators here is:

- **Unemployment:** now at a post war record of seven percent of the workforce, with even the Treasurer forecasting it will go higher. Because many people have given up hope of getting work, economists believe the real (but concealed) unemployment figure is 10

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percent; that is, one in every 10 Australians can't find work.

- **Inflation:** back to more than 10 percent a year, despite the government's "fight inflation first" policy.
- **Interest rates:** highest ever; home loans at 13.5 percent; other interest rates have soared to 24-26 percent.
- **Profits and investments:** the lowest, in real terms, since 1975.

No one doubts the Australian economy is in serious trouble. Yet it would be foolish to blame this merely on the Fraser government. After all, it was elected in December, 1975 partly because the economy was already showing some of the signs of its present condition.

In 1972, when Labor was voted into power, Australia was enjoying the end of the prolonged boom of the 60s. In a way, Gough Whitlam should have succeeded in the 1969 election (and might have, had it not been for the anti-Labor bias in the electoral system); his program was based quite openly upon a redistribution of the fruits of affluence, and the government's welfare and public spending policies were to be financed by increased government receipts from an expanding economy.

That still seemed possible in 1972. It even seemed possible in 1974, when Labor narrowly squeaked back into office after a double dissolution. But already the economy was beginning to suffer from what overseas commentators had labelled "stagflation"; an unprecedented combination of economic stagnation (as symbolised by more and more people being thrown out of work) and rising inflation.

In Australia, wages had risen rapidly. So had prices. Investment was down, there had been a flight of capital abroad, and the attempt to borrow 4000 million petrodollars had been bungled so badly it had become a political scandal. Whitlam got rid of two of his Treasurers, Frank Crean and then poor Jim Cairns, and in 1975 Labor brought in its last Budget: the so-called "Hayden Budget", which clamped down on social service expenditure, cut off some Labor programs, and tried to reshape the economy.

It was too late. Just when Whitlam looked like winning the prolonged constitutional crisis in the national parliament, he was dismissed. And Fraser won the subsequent election with promises to bring inflation under control and give jobs to everyone who wanted to work.

Control inflation? Give jobs to everyone? Today, in view of what's happened, that's laughable.

But it's as well to remember that Fraser has presided over a gradual icing up of the economy that had already begun when Gough was in power. The last decade has been a disastrous one for the economies of many Western nations; and though, in 1975, Fraser tried to argue that Australia's economic troubles were due entirely to Labor and had nothing to do with overseas economic movements, his present Treasurer, John Howard, was closer to the truth a few weeks ago when he told his Budget audience that the nation was reflecting the international recession and that, as a small and dependent economy, there wasn't much he could do about it!

That doesn't mean a different government couldn't have handled things differently. Indeed, the chief argument between the Fraser government and the Labor opposition right now is whether the government should deliberately expand the economy again.

Labor says it should. For most of the past decade, however, the government has adopted the opposite strategy: it has tried to reduce inflation by cutting back on government spending (the Razor Gang), boosting private industry (investment allowances), combating wage rises (such as abandoning wage indexation), disciplining the workforce (by the threat of unemployment) and, of course, by restricting the money supply (hence high interest rates, because money is short).

John Howard, like Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher, is a monetarist: he genuinely believes that if you restrict the money supply and give the private enterprise market free play ("deregulation", as recommended by the recent Campbell Report), the economy will right itself. The fact that it doesn't seem to have worked in Britain, or the United States, or for that matter Australia, doesn't seem to have shaken his basic policy stance.

Why?

Well, part of the answer is that monetarism is basically a conservative economic theory. . .and John Howard is a conservative. When, not long ago, I asked him why monetarism had failed overseas, his explanation was that President Reagan's "Reaganomics" was only a half-hearted example of monetarism, because he was still running big deficits, and the British economy had been "in for the horrors" for a long time anyhow!

To use Margaret Thatcher's now world-famous terminology, Howard isn't a "wet" (ie, a softhearted drip who worries too much about the effect of monetarism on working people), he's a "dry". Part of monetarist theory could be summarised, unsympathetically, as: "if you want to beat inflation, start a recession". . .and to hell with those who lose jobs in the process.

The opposite view, which is usually argued by those left-of-centre on the political spectrum, is that jobs and growth are more important than inflation. And neo-Keynsian economists, like J.K. Galbraith, believe that governments should intervene in the private sector, control profits and interest rates, and use its spending power to promote economic growth. That would mean increasing government spending on national projects, services, public works — anathema to the present Treasury philosophy!

Two academics at Macquarie University, Professor R.W. Connell and Murray Goot, have given a more ideological account of the Fraser years. Writing in the literary magazine *Meanjin*, they argue: "Fraser's policy is, in an immediate sense, a response to the profit squeeze, and the working-class economic gains, of the mid-Seventies; and an attempt to destroy the working-class *elan* and self-confidence developed in the first half of the decade. . .

"The downward pressure on working-class living standards that the government has organised. . .has three main prongs. The first is a reduction in real wages. . .The second is a cut in social services. . .The third is unemployment; now once again, in a stagnant economy, a crucial means of labor discipline, which weakens the unions' resistance to real wage reductions. . .

"The delicacy of the position is to carry this through without in a major way depressing aggregate demand or increasing welfare payments. . .and without provoking a class-conscious response. In this, it is crucial that the government's activities should be seen as socially integrative. The immediate means has been to present it as a strategy against *inflation*, which the government is conducting on behalf of the whole community, supplemented by a campaign against excess and waste in government. . ."

Now, whether you agree with Connell and Goot about the government's motives, the net effect is the same. Ten Years After, the economy is even more frozen over than the political scene. In both areas, Australia seems to have been going through a profound conservative reaction to the Whitlam years.

What about society at large? Is anything happening there beneath the ice-floe? Any sign of life?

SOCIETY

The answer to those questions is: yes.

Whereas I feel pessimistic about the direction taken by the economy and politics in the Ten Years After, I feel more optimistic about what's been going on in the texture of Australian life.

That's not separate, of course. But often the politics of a nation lag behind its social movements, and some activities (sport, the arts, popular culture, the media) seem to go on fairly independently of the political arena.

Let's look at some areas. The arts, which are not a bad indicator of a society's vitality, have continued to thrive. The setting up of the Australia Council, and the Whitlam government's infusion of government money into the arts, have been followed through by the Fraser government.

I am aware that the government's funding of the arts through the Australia Council has declined in real terms, and that money tends to go to "showpiece" arts like

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opera and "showpiece" institutions like the National Art Gallery.

Nevertheless, the creative dynamic is there: in drama, opera, ballet, sculpture, literature, the crafts, and (though this is less certain) painting and music composition. The most dramatic example is the film industry; in 1972 there were nine feature films made here; last year, with the help of the present government's recent tax concessions, 33 films were under way.

Nor do I think the arts are peripheral to understanding the last decade. They are crucial to the reaction of a genuine Australian culture, one in which ordinary Australians can see their own dilemmas and crises and histories being worked out on the film screen, in magazines, on stage and on the pub TV. Some of the country's best film directors and actors were recently engaged in making a commercial TV series on... the political crisis of 1975!

Or, take the women's movement. In terms of public visibility, it reached its peak in the Whitlam years. Since then it has probably declined as an organised, cohesive, political movement, but that is partly because it has achieved a good many of its immediate *formal* aims: equal pay, abortion reform, maternity leave, support for single mothers, and a voice in Federal and State programs.

During the Fraser years, it has moved out into the mainstream of Australian life, slogging away at hard tasks like community attitudes, personal relationships, child care. . .and supported, in part, by the present government's National Women's Advisory Council.

There is now a high proportion of women in the workforce; women have become influential on neighborhood councils, local government, advisory bodies and policy-making committees within everything from the ALP to local school councils.

Above all, millions of women have changed the way they think of themselves — and of men. They have learned about sexism, and exploitation, and inequality. Australian women, especially the younger ones, aren't prepared to accept the "dumb blonde" role any longer. All that represents a change in attitude which has occurred throughout the 70s, and will continue through the 80s.

The same is true of the "alternative" movement which got under way in the 70s: alternative lifestyles, alternative medicine, alternative structures, alternative philosophies and ideas. That movement has never had any official sanction, either from Gough in the 70s or Malcolm in the 80s.

Many predicted it would fade away altogether, but it hasn't. In northern Queensland, in the foothills around Adelaide, and in northern NSW, the movement is flourishing; in the Nimbin area, the communes have become more numerous and bigger than ever. Some of these groups have become more like "straight" society, but that's what you'd expect. What they provide are *options* to the conventional culture, and many people who experiment with them and then pass on are changed permanently by the experience.

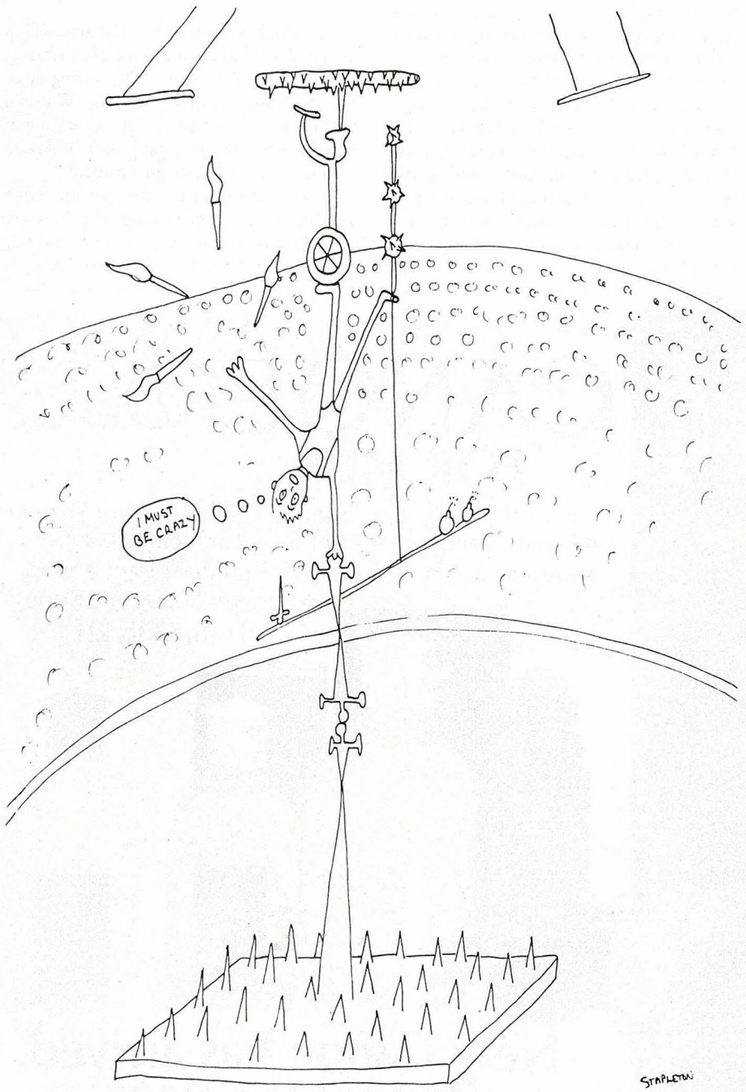
There are a lot of movements around these days that you could call "alternative": the surfing sub-culture, the conservation movement, intellectual/radical groups, gay liberation, black rights, kids' groups. . . They represent a significant resistance to the dominant commercial culture. They aren't as vocal or, perhaps, as effective as they were in the early 70s, but they didn't just die out in 1975 either.

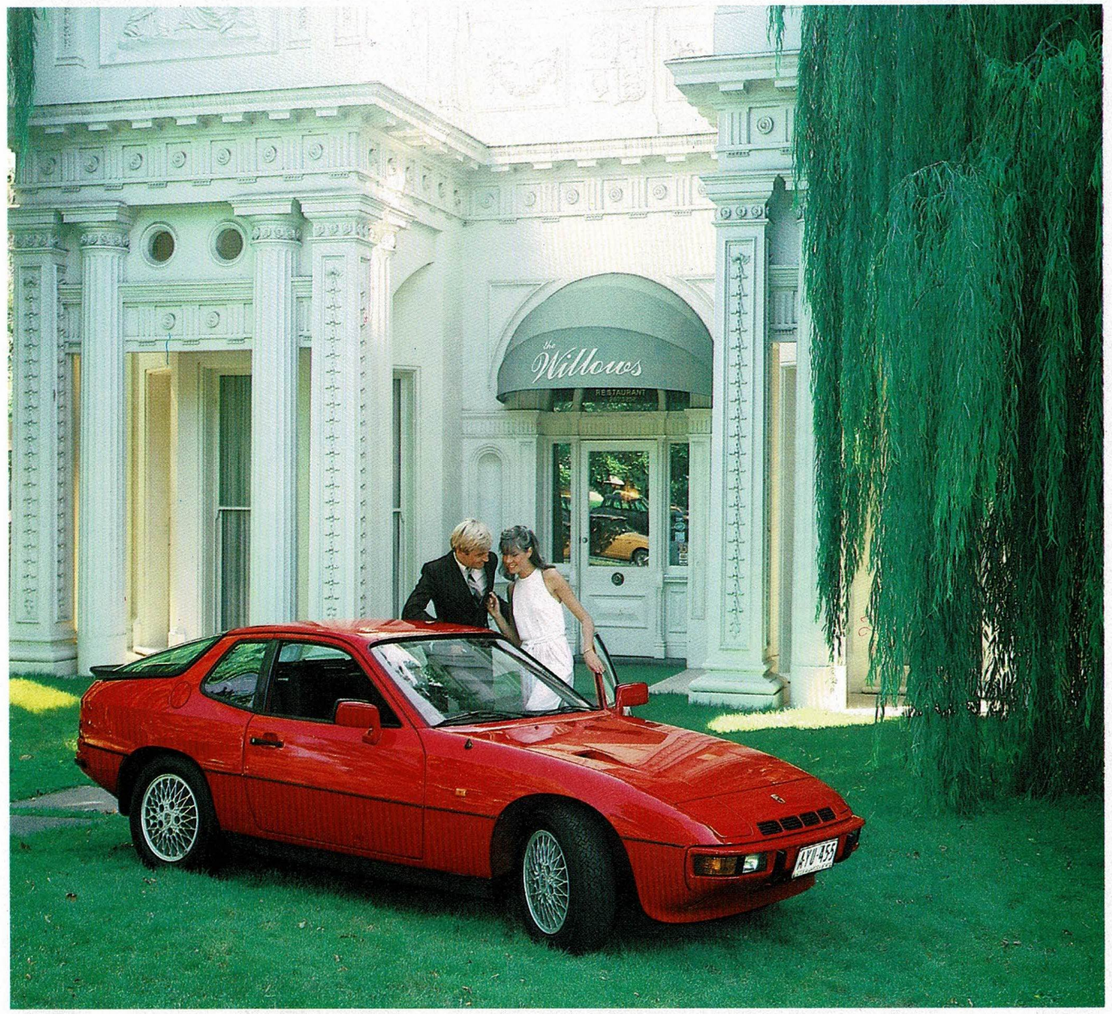
It may be an untypical paradox, but it was the Whitlam government which gave the go-ahead for the mining of Fraser Island — and the Fraser government which stopped it. And it may be the Fraser government which preserves the Barrier Reef from Bjelke-Petersen's mining mates. Movements like the conservation movement have to make good their demands *no matter what government is in power.*

There have been changes in the class structure, too. They are too complicated to go into in detail here; suffice to say that more and more Australians think of themselves as middle class (about 60 percent, according to Morgan Gallup polls). But the nature of that middle group is changing: it is being steadily unionised as technology makes the white-collar workplace seem more like the blue-collar workplace; unemployment has struck at middle class as well as working class Australians; and, as the extremes of our society grow further and further apart, that "middle class" has been stretched, subdivided, and broken up into smaller groups.

Whether we like it or not, Australian society is being fragmented. It is being polarised. The old consensus has been

(continued on page 167)





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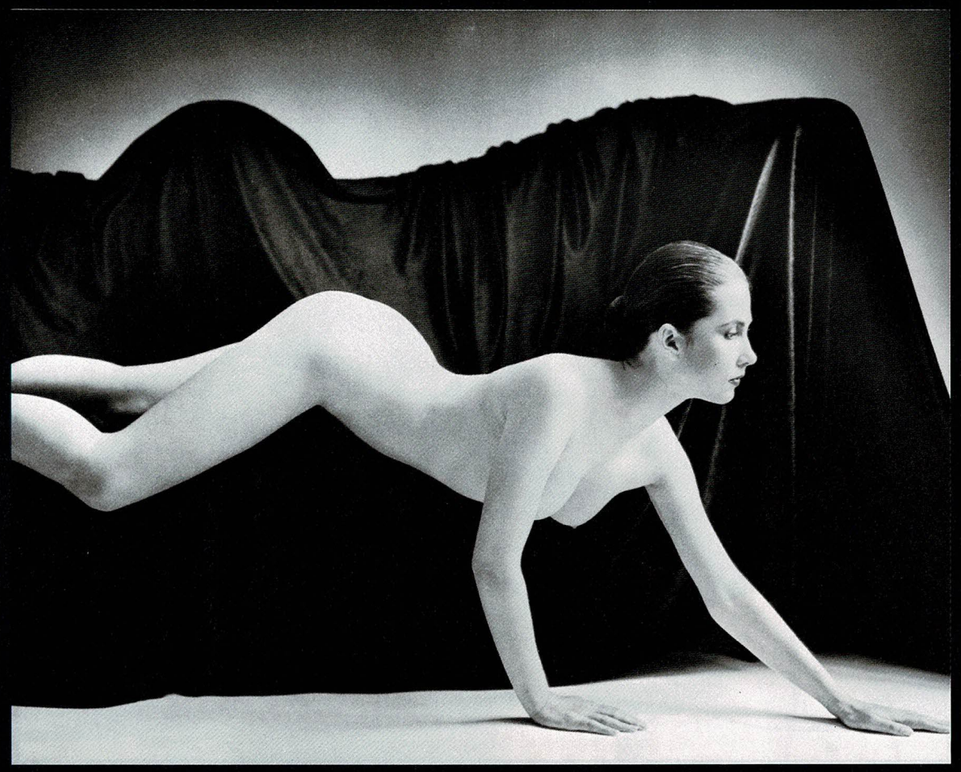
WORLD OF PLAYBOY



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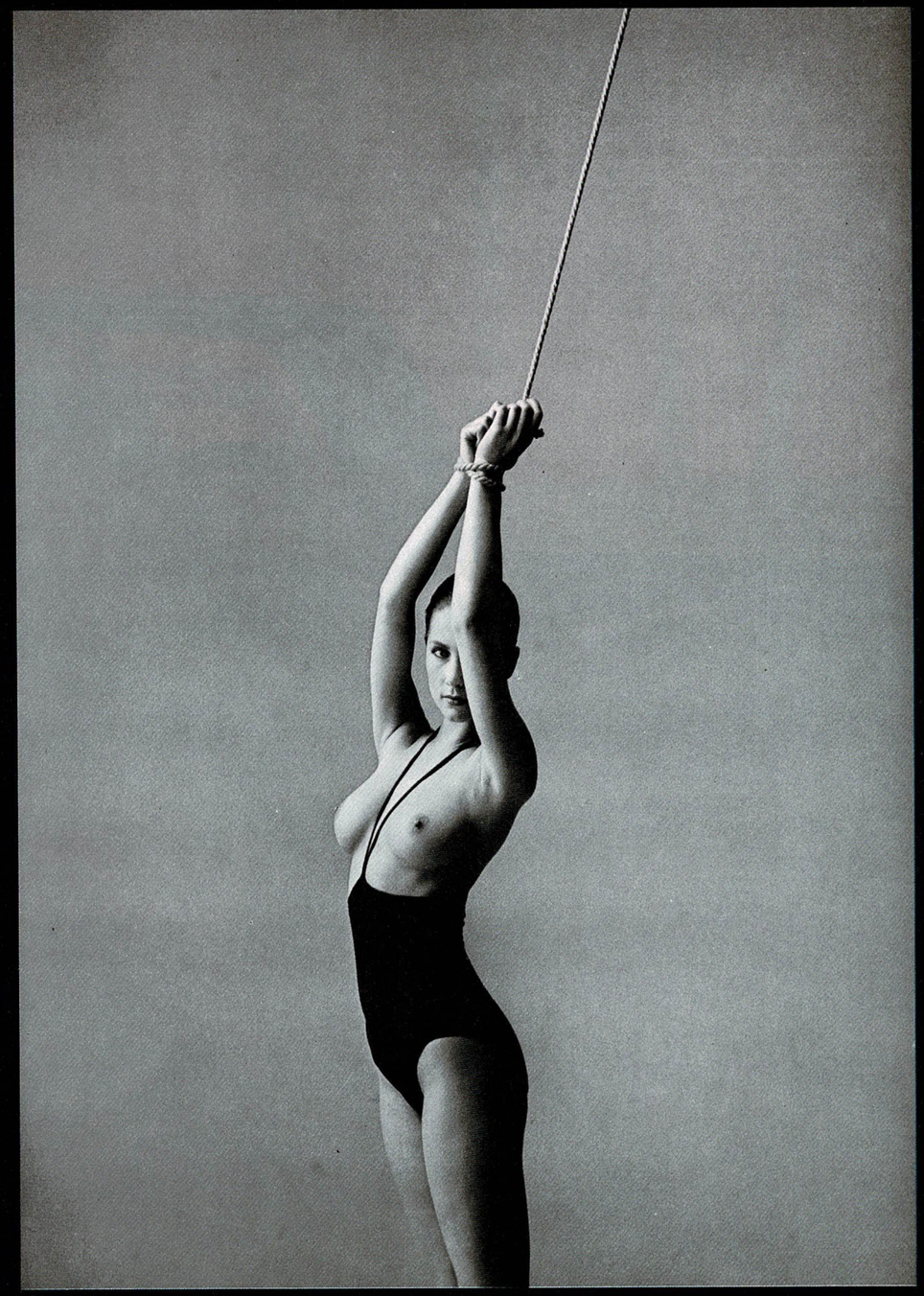
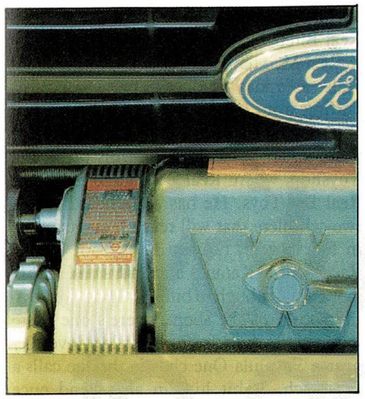


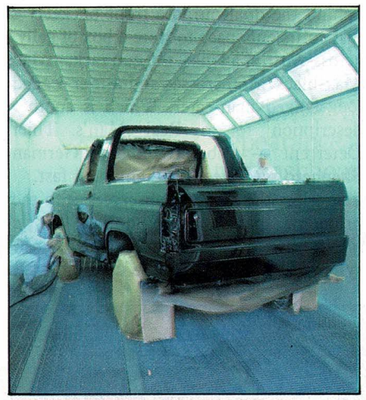
MUSCLE

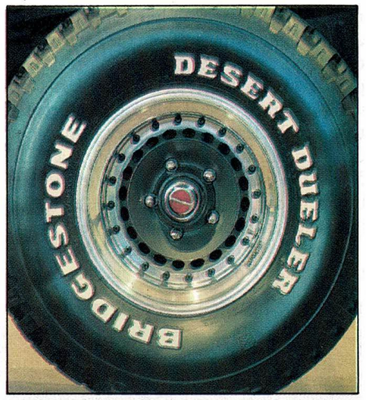
playboy's motoring editor, rob luck, has built the ultimate muscle machine — with more than a little help from real men.

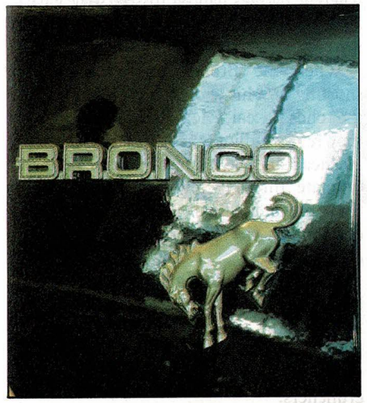
MUSCLE is macho. And Muscle is two tons of hard iron wrapped around a half-million litres of gas-guzzling V8. Real men don't calculate fuel consumption, they peel fifties from bunched bankrolls and seem surprised if there's change.

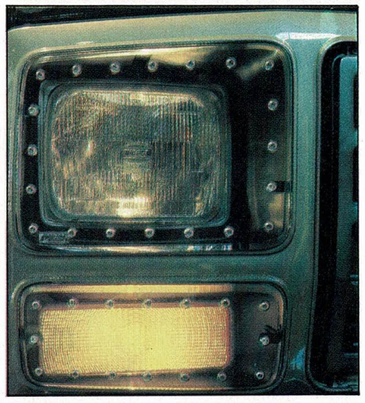
PHOTO BY RUDO METTBACH

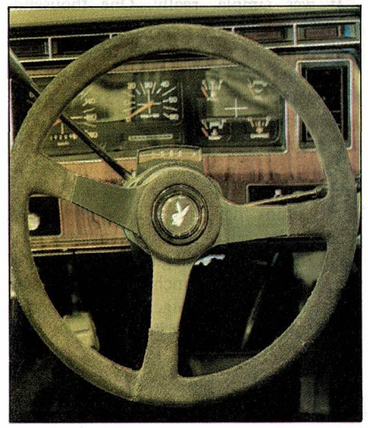












Bulldozer: Muscle Machine shifts sand in dune workout. From top left to right: You have been Warn-ed: Ateco's 8000lb line-pull Warn winch, closeted behind protective bars by The Toyshop/The "Operating Theatre" at Terry Flanagan's car hospital — strictly sanitary paint scheme/Marks and Wallings bolted the superfat Bridgestone Desert Duellers up to the special Compomotive three-piecers/Bucking for Bronco: paint detail by T.R. Flanagan Smash Repairs/Breaking the sound barrier: Concord deck from Sonic International was nailed in by Stage Co Car Sound/Plastic fantastic: smoked polycarbonate light guards were hand-formed to aircraft standards by Metrix/New wheel deal: Italian hand-crafted tiller by Momo locally suede-crafted by Carisma with acrylic-moulded Bunny logo by Modelmakers/The Electric Chair: Recaro's C-seat has compressor-inflated seatback, electric recline. From Bob Roman Automotive.

Real Men want bulk grunt. Tar-burning, tyre-smoking, intimidating horsepower. A Real Man's signature is two straight lines of rubber where he's been.

Emasculated econoboxes are not for Real Men — except as wheel chocks for Real Cars. Four-wheel-drives are Real Cars. Something to arm-wrestle into a corner, storm up a set of stairs, tailgate a 70s softycar.

The good thing about four-wheel-drives is that only Real Men and people who like Real Men ride in them. Pansies and prissy tarts just get pitched out. Only Real Women ride shotgun in Real Cars.

This is a Real Car. It could drive right over the top of the average suburban shitbox, steamroller a sportscar, terrorise a parking lot full of baby cars.

It's Playboy's Muscle Machine, our personalised salute to the Supercar, now an endangered species. We hope it revives the race. Those perceptive observers of *Automobilus motivatus* will already have noted it started life as your average Ford Bronco, a not-so-average beefcake off-roader for big boys who like heavyweight toys.

Prod-muscle is fine for the average street clone, but this machine recognises the individual drive of the back street animal, the horsepower jockey tuned in to the concept of exploring the outer limits of his own sanity.

It's based around the concept of hardening up the muscle fibre of the essential machine. Obviously, it grew fats right away, since the Real Driver who gets shoehorned in behind the wheel is going to hit corners, dunes and dugouts that much harder. Phil Moore is the Mr Fats of street and strip, dirt and dune. He hijacked a set of monsterbags from Bridgestone and spliced them onto The Bonesman's Compomotive three-piece wheels.

Going in harder gets you in deeper — getting out again is something else. Real Men need a winch strong enough to drag you straight up the face of a canyon. Such as a Warn winch. It may just be the only way out. No Warn-out excuses here.

Something Real Men are not afraid of is fresh air. Since Tin Tops are strictly for the brolly brigade, we cut the roof off altogether. We left the rollover bar. Real Men make mistakes.

When the Big Men fly they don't always file flight plans. Any smooth landing occurs purely by accident. They don't care. But considering they are likely to be built like scaled-down Santa Gertrudis, we didn't like the idea of their flailing bodies slashing the interior to shreds. So we provided a set of Recaros to bolt them into. The Recaros have inflatable airbag backrests, which take some of the oomph out of the passenger touch-downs. Real Men aren't afraid to play with toys, so the Recaros have electric controls. We're working on an ejector seat option for passengers who protest.

Bob Roman, who put the Recaros in the Muscle Machine, is a Real Man. He eats trail bike handlebars on weekends (although not so frequently since he got his full-face helmet. Real Men learn the hard way).

One thing Real Men can't stand is whimpering. The 120-watt stereo has more than enough lungs to drown out passenger screams and Highway Patrolmen demanding the fatbags be moved off their toes. In its own inimitable way, the Concord Deck at full throat makes its own definitive contribution to air pollution. With all squelch buttons moved firmly to off, it will just rouse Coonabarabran when cresting dunes halfway across the Simpson.

Phil Vitnell at StageCo Car Sound (who put it in) isn't afraid of big power — 120 watts-per-channel in this case. He's a Real Rager.

Real Men on the move aren't easily stopped. They need biff bars to nerf nerds in kiddie cars clear of the flight path, and bulldoze vegetation that jumps out in their way. We gave 'em one.

The only thing that moves faster on four wheels is a runaway Mack negotiating a

mine shaft, so we streamlined the front with aircraft light fairings, (from the Metrix bag of tricks) and gave it a friction-resistant paint-coating. Thirty hard-gloss coats of slick, mean, ugly, evil, black enamel cook-tested to 80 degrees C. in Terry Flanagan's car-oven did the trick. Flanagan is a Real Man. We suspect he chews chrome off bumpers during his lunch break and eats insurance assessors for morning tea.

Real Men hate free-loaders, so we gutted the interior. No room for simpering extras behind the dual-purpose front buckets — just sufficient space to store a box of gelly, across-Australia tanks, the gun rack, a Mad Max-black Motocrosser and a four-legged long-fanged man-eater. Which is another description for a Real Man's Thief Deterrent — a loosely-tethered German Shepherd on a week-long enforced fast.

We lost three casual observers with the prototype model of this option, so we reneged and fitted Strat's Redlight Alarm system. Unfortunately he refused to fit the trip-detonator to the fuel tank. Strat is a Real Bitch.

Real Men tend to pack heavy pieces. Paul Halstead's idea of a heavy piece is a set of cutting irons that could chop the Harbor Bridge down to a stack of scrap. He keeps them under lock and key at his place, the Toyshop, where Real Boys go to play with Real Big Toys. He has a cupboard full of two-wheelers that will rear up on you even in fourth gear, (Ducati Hailwood, Honda Racer, Suzy Katana) and four-footers that look mean enough to bite just lying doggo in the corner of the shop. There's one there with two seats and some black low-level ally over a Formula One chassis that he calls a Countach. It bit him in an s-bend once when he had his hands crossed, so he gave it a Mohawk cut sideways across the skull and it now answers to the pet name of Targa.

When the Bronco came rearing and snorting into his shop, he figured it needed the chop. Real Men don't flinch when they're installing air-conditioning, and Halstead and his team of meanies did the ultimate through-flow ventilation system that prevents Real Men suffering the debilitating city-slickers' social disease of claustrophobia.

There's no stopping Haly when he gets behind that evil grin, and he went on to fabricate the other nasty bits as well. We blame him for the bash-bars, roll-panels, winch mounts and sundry macho crud-crunchers.

It was simple, really. One thousand macho man-hours behind the heavy artillery of the blowtorch and the electric shears, the folder, the bender, the sand-blaster, the spray oven. Just 35,000 puny dollars on a base budget of 25 Big Ones for the machine. Real Men call this petty cash.

Madness. Sheer bloody automotivated madness. But watch for it or it'll get you. Some sunny day, steaming down some peaceful fire trail, it'll fill your mirrors. Get ready to get off, or it'll go straight through you. You'll get to lunch early — on the scenery. The Muscle Machine will be gone.

Real Men never look back.

SUPPLIER	ADDRESS	PARTS	COST
The Toyshop	20 Cadogan St, Marrickville PH: 591 6204	Targa roof conversion Integrated bushbars/winch Special panels Skirts and fittings	$20,000
Roman Automotive	26 Clarke St, Crows Nest PH: 439 4770	Recaro Electric seats	$3,000
Sonic International	4 Clarendon St, Artarmon PH: 439 8900	Concord stereo/radio amplifier system Fitted by StageCo Car Sound (624 3400)	$1,800
T. R. Flanagan Smash Repairs	496 Forest Rd, Penshurst PH: 570 1355	Black baked enamel paint finish Special effects paint and trim Body preparation/fabrication	$6,600
Carisma	142 Victoria Rd Drummoyne PH: 81 3752	Compomotive three-piece wheels Playboy steering wheel by Momo	$1,300
Marks & Wallings	1 Riverview St, West Ryde PH: 858 1000	Bridgestone Desert Dueller on/off road tyres Special fitting, balancing and alignment	$650
Ateco Equipment	36 Mavis St, Revesby PH: 772 4466	Warn M8274 8000lb linepull electric winch	$850
W.L.B. Trading	14/25 Lochlan Ave, North Ryde PH: 888 3350	Interior paint and special effects	$250
Trad Sunroofs	5 Monahan Ave Rockdale PH: 597 5797	Interior carpeting and finish	$150
Metrix	1302 Pittwater Rd, Narrabeen PH: 913 1114	Aircraft standard protective streamlined covers for headlights and indicators	$150
Redlight Car Alarms	1747 Botany Rd, Botany PH: 666 5244	Multiple-facility car accessory alarm system incorporating digital electronic combination decoder	$250
Ford Motor Company		Ford Bronco XLT, optioned	$25,000
			TOTAL: $60,000

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If you have an interior that needs cleaning, we recommend Kitten Interior Cleaner or Kitten Upholstery Cleaner before using Revive All.

Otherwise, for your car's good health, use Revive All regularly and help your car grow young.

THE KITTEN SYSTEM.

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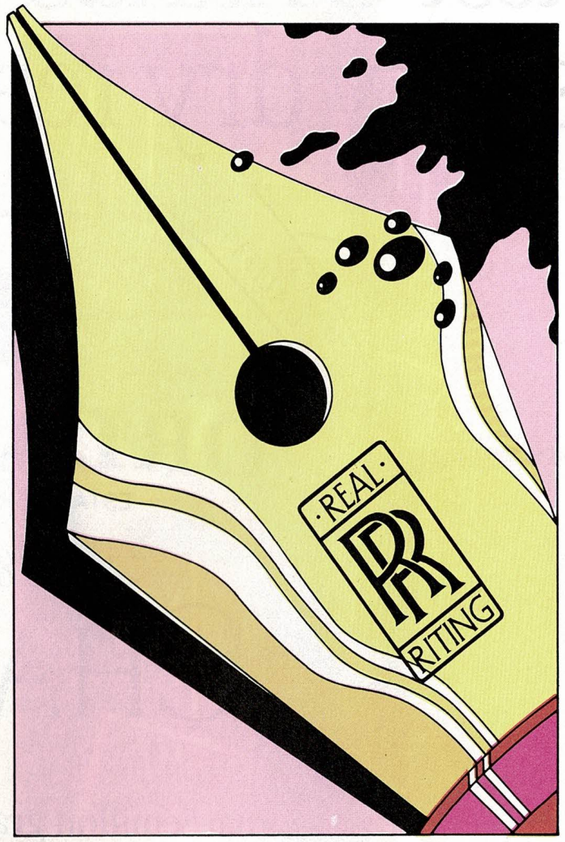
PENMANSHIP

there's as much good taste as talent in the art of penmanship



THERE IS nothing like the flow of a gold nib across a pristine piece of paper, leaving a still glistening swathe of scrawl that is unmistakeably yours; or the pleasure of handing over a cheque upon which the ink has not yet dried, leaving the clerk waving it like a flag in the air; or the scratch, scratch, scratch, of pen on parchment as you compose a love letter in the silent hours of early morning.

These are pleasures that the humble clerk, with his Government-issue Biro rarely, if ever, experiences. The ballpoint, for all its popularity, is not a calligrapher's tool. It belongs, along with the paper clip and Tipp-ex, in the desks of dullards.

In the hands of a writer, a fountain pen is to a ballpoint what a well-honed knife is to a blunt one: a tool that is a joy to use.

The basic advantage of the fountain pen over the ballpoint is that a good example of the former needs no pressure to make its mark, whereas even the best ballpoints require the writer to exert pressure. A page of writing in fountain pen is thus an easier task to accomplish.

The two essentials of a good fountain pen, according to Charles Wolf, of Sydney's Pen Shop, are a gold nib, and the "collector", which stores ink between the reservoir and the nib to prevent leaking or blotting. The collector keeps just the right amount of ink on the nib, so that just a touch will start it flowing.

The gold nib, says Mr Wolf, gives the writer a smoother hand, as it is more flexible than the harder steel nibs. All good pens incorporate a gold nib and a collector, and may also incorporate some other desirable features. For instance, the clip that hooks the pen into your pocket should be either spring-loaded, or at least easily removed so that once it no longer grips, it can be re-bent. The German Lamy pens have a coiled spring that keeps the pocket clip always tight, while even the more expensive Parkers and Sheaffers rely on the old system of "remove-the-clip-and-give-it-a-bend".

Another trick common to the European pens — such as Lamy, Mont Blanc or the expensive French S.T. Dupont — is a ball clip which locks the pen cap into place, with a reassuring "click". This avoids the unpleasantness of reaching for your pen and retracting only the top, leaving the rest to float around in your pocket soaking ink into your shirt. Some models even have a clip that locks the pen top onto the back of the pen so it doesn't wobble off while in use.

There is little doubt that the fancy imported pens are far superior than the locally-produced Parkers and Sheaffers in the provision of such features. However the availability of spare parts (including cartridges) is sometimes a problem with the imported models. (Yes, it *is* possible to buy the bits and pieces that make up a fountain pen, although, as with motor cars, you often have to buy more parts than you need.)

Among the higher-priced models ($40 to $50 and on) the main difference lies in styling. You may like an S.T. Dupont lacquer-finished beauty for around $400, but you can't leave that on the post office counter. Arthritics, who find it difficult to grip an ordinary thin pen, can go for a Mont Blanc 149, which is as fat as a tube of toothpaste, and, to my mind, writes about as well. At about $150, with a gigantic engraved nib, this pen seems to have acquired the cachet of a status symbol among the weak-minded. It's the sort of pen you use to sign million-dollar cheques or peace treaties.

Action men may prefer the Lamy Safari. Priced at $16.95, it's not enough to cry over if you lose it in the wilds. Plastic, in military green or khaki, with a tooled grip, it writes beautifully for a cheap model. It's the sort of pen you'd use in Marlboro country or those crocodile-infested swamps inhabited by Camel smokers.

Court reporters and other shorthand writers (nine out of 10 of whom use fountain pens) could choose a gold-nibbed Dasi Senator, for $25. A small, unassuming little aluminium number, it is made overseas for an Australian company.

If you're an ordinary bloke, like me, you could choose an ordinary $20 Parker or Sheaffer, which are both much of a muchness, tinsel notwithstanding, and cannot always be bought any cheaper at duty-free stores (so don't be caught).

(NOTE: If flying, it is best to have your fountain pen either full of ink, or completely empty. If there's any air in the reservoir, the change in pressures will make the pen leak.)

My favorite pen was an all 'silver' Parker fine point, which took me through the Leaving Certificate, five jobs and two newspapers, until I finally left it in a drug dealer's den in Far North Queensland. A replacement Sheaffer never made the grade.

A new nib must always be run in. It takes a few weeks to change its shape to suit your style, which is why gold is preferred to other metals, for it is softer, and more durable.

Now, if after looking through your newsagent's stocks you still can't find a good pen, you can do what George S. Parker did back in 1888. A telegraph operator, Parker was sick of the fountain pens of the time — they leaked and blobbed. So he invented a proper ink delivery system — the collector, which was s-shaped, and which he called the Lucky Curve.

Lucky was right. He died a zillionaire.

Less chance for that these days. Fountain pens are not all that popular. Only four percent of writers use them, according to sales figures. This of course means they are exclusive. Aren't we all? — P. D. JACK

The latest Orlando label makes very dry reading.

Totally dry, in fact, as a classic chablis style should be. If you haven't yet sampled the crisp delight of Orlando's new chablis, may we suggest you don't postpone the pleasure too long. It's everything you'd expect in a chablis from Australia's premium white wine makers. **ORLANDO**

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BUYING THINGS

as investments, things ain't what they used to be

TOOTH DECAY is the reason why I spend so much time reading old magazines. You see, it usually takes about a year from its publication date for a magazine to make it to my dentist's waiting room. Reading old magazines is not as boring as it sounds. I particularly enjoy reading old financial advice articles. You know the ones: Your Best Investment Bets for 1981, How To Double Your Money In The Next Year and so on. It is often instructive to compare the advice given in these articles with our present reality.

In the middle of 1981, for example, writers in *The Bulletin*, *Rydge's* and most other magazines were extolling the merits of "things" as investments. Inflation had destroyed the public's confidence in paper money (at least that is what most articles said). Therefore, only concrete, tangible things were worth investing in. Although the emphasis varied from author to author, most agreed that the best "things" to own were gold, silver, diamonds, stamps and coins. To these, the more daring advisers added artwork, fine wines, antique furniture, vintage cars and various other collectibles. One *Bulletin* writer even suggested that leather lounge room furniture would prove an excellent appreciating asset in the 1980s.

Now, what has happened to these things since 1981? Almost without exception, their price has fallen. Everyone knows that gold and silver have taken a dive — they have lost nearly two-thirds of their 1980 value — but less well-known is the devastating fall in virtually all commodity prices. High-quality diamonds, for example, sell today for less than one-third their 1981 price. Speculative coins and stamp prices also have crashed. In fact, many formerly expensive coins cannot be sold at any price.

Collectibles have proven a complete disaster. One of the problems is that there is no convenient market where these may be sold. If antiques, paintings, wine or even leather sofas are sold through a gallery or a broker, the seller is charged a commission that can be as high as 50 percent of the retail price. What this means is that even if the retail price of your leather sofa should double (highly unlikely in today's climate), and you are lucky enough to find a buyer, you will still only break even after paying the dealer's commission. This doesn't count the insurance premiums you have been paying on your treasure or the interest you could have earned if you had put your money in the bank instead of buying it in the first place.

Perhaps the worst performing "things" of all were the instant collector's items issued by private mints. These issues are always heavily advertised in certain magazines and newspapers; often they are advertised on flyers accompanying credit card bills as well. The ads stress the artistic qualities of the offer and, usually, its limited nature. In reality, these offers are restricted to anyone who wishes to buy them. The mint owners make money, but the commemorative medallions, plates, mugs, and tokens they turn out by the bus-load are difficult for their owners to give away, let alone sell.

Even residential property, a highly-regarded investment at any time, has performed poorly over the past year. In some areas, prices have stagnated, in others, like the Gold Coast, they may have actually declined. Indeed, declining property values are a world-wide phenomenon. In England, prices have decreased by about 10 percent; in some parts of California, prices have plummeted by up to 40 percent and buyers are scarce.

It should be clear that following the common advice in 1981 would have meant buying "things" at their historically highest price and watching them lose value. What happened? How could so many advisers have been so wrong? Well, most have ready explanations. Gold prices are being forced down by large Russian sales, diamond prices have been manipulated by speculators (it is funny that no one seemed to notice these manipulators when prices were rising) and property prices will improve when interest rates come down.

These explanations have some merit but they all miss the main point. Inflation in the USA has come down to almost zero. Inflation is also declining in the UK and will soon recede in Australia as well. Deflation is now the name of the game and as anyone who recalls the great depression of the 1930s can tell you, in deflationary periods, money is better than any "thing".

Many investors realise this. It is why money market trusts are growing so quickly. The trusts are paying real returns of seven percent or more even after inflation.

There are currently over one billion dollars invested in Australian money market trusts, 200 billion in the USA. There is simply no money left to fuel a strong rally in commodity prices. For the foreseeable future, the only things worth collecting are bank books and dollar bills. Now, this does not mean that you should go out and sell your gold, silver, fine wines or your 1949 MG. Just because you bought at an historically high price does not mean that you should compound your error by selling at what may be the lowest price.

To every thing there is a season; the season for your "thing" will surely return. But, it may be a while. By the way, does anyone want to buy a leather sofa . . . cheap?

— STEVEN SCHWARTZ

TOOT SOUR

(continued from page 52)

"It's very simple," she said, "I am a communist." "Of course," he said, not believing her.

ashtray. "Then I suppose it is of no interest that late this afternoon a helicopter carrying the Socialist Reform party candidate crashed at Cochabamba. What will not be in tomorrow's newspapers is that the machine was sabotaged." He looked around to see Holman's reaction.

Holman raised his eyebrows. "Killed?"

"A bit cut and bruised. The pilot is dying. I heard from a Bell rep who saw the crash and went through the wreckage."

"Where do I get hold of him?"

"He wants to talk to you. Off the record, of course. He's coming to my house about ten o'clock. Francoise will make supper."

"The candidate — Camacho Martinez?"

Girthammer bounced the flat of his palm off the armrest of his chair. "Phtt! Who knows? — Back to Mexico?"

"I suppose there's nothing better to do until 9.45 but sit around here drinking the ambassador's booze."

"You could talk to Mr Schoenberg."

"Good idea," said Holman. "I want to tell him about this world-beating shower head I saw at the Berlin trade fair. Made in Sweden. Would you mind if I went out and made a few phone calls first? Mustn't compromise Swiss neutrality."

●

It was over in seconds. A greying man in sport jacket and open-necked shirt stopped on the sidewalk to buy a newspaper. Two younger, similarly dressed men grabbed him by the arms and propelled him to the kerb. A big white Chevrolet crabbed across the traffic and the front passenger flung open its rear door. The bewildered prisoner was crammed in the back seat between his captors and the unmarked car screeched away, waved on by a green-skirted traffic policewoman with an impassive Indian face.

Later inquiries at the Ministry of the Interior by his fellow political campaigners met with official shrugs and silence.

●

"Do you believe in freedom, Mr Holman?"

His thoughts suddenly shocked onto a different plane. He blinked, but still saw the tennis club lounge and its few tables of Sunday morning patrons. Not exhaustion narcosis. This was real. He shifted his gaze back to the earnest face of the woman, who looked like a young, pneumatic Barbara Carrera, and wished that he'd had more sleep.

"Isn't that an odd question for this time and place?" he said, rather testily. He was now uneasy, off balance in addition to feeling completely stuffed.

She looked away as a crow of triumph came from the tennis courts. "I don't think so."

"Why ask it of me?"

"Would it be glib to say: Because you are here?" The earnestness in her face softened and one well-defined eyebrow arched elegantly.

"Have you been told that you have remarkably attractive knees?"

She looked disappointed and made no reply. He rolled his eyes and made a decision.

"I'm a journalist — not a freedom fighter," he said. "I believe in news. Sometimes I believe in good Scotch, bad women and Alka-Seltzer. Every other day I believe in exercise bicycles and old age. In that connection, may I ask what relationship, if any, Luz Angela Montero de la Vega has with General Jesus Montero de la Vega?"

"He is my father."

"Why does the daughter of the Minister for the Interior want to talk about freedom with a journalist who believes in old age?"

"It is really very simple," she said, lifting her cup of tea with lemon. "I am a communist."

"Of course," he said, not believing her.

"I love my father. That is quite apart from despising everything he stands for."

It was a long story. Luz Angela Montero, offspring of an old and privileged family, educated in Europe, graduate of the Sorbonne and convert to liberal politics. Hard to keep a sensitive girl believing in the rectitude of keeping peasants down on the *finca* when she has read banned revolutionary literature and skied Val-d'Isere on student package holidays.

Holman ordered tomato juice and when it came, eyed its viscous redness with distaste.

"I'm still curious about why you should tell me all this when you hardly know me," he said.

Luz Angela flashed a 1,000-watt smile.

"But I know *everything* about you, Mr Journalist Holman," she said, clearly enjoying her advantage. "Francoise — Francoise Girthammer told me. We were at school together in Paris."

Out on the course, a slim athletic type jogged to a bench, flung a towel around his neck and playfully hugged his perspiring female opponent.

"Miki and Paco are coming back, so I should come to the point," said Luz Angela. "You are here to write about the election. After lunch — say at two o'clock English time — I will pick you up from your hotel and take you on a sightseeing tour of the altiplano villages. Along the way, you will interview a very important, missing political personage."

She stood up and looped a leather patchwork bag on her shoulder. "Until soon," she said.

Holman watched as she excused herself with Miki and Paco and went out past the bar.

"A beautiful girl," remarked Paco.

"Yes," agreed Holman. "Does she play tennis?"

"Chess is more to her taste."

"I might have guessed."

●

In many Latin American countries, the term *hora inglesa* ("English time") denotes the thoroughly contemptible and socially obnoxious concept of punctuality, thought since the early days of foreign-run railways to be a national fetish of the British.

Luz Angela demonstrated her sincerity by being only three minutes late. A yellow BMW turned into the hotel drive and stopped in a traffic-blocking manoeuvre so effective that it fell short of tactical brilliance only because it was executed totally unconsciously. The doorman practically tugged his forelock as Luz Angela got out.

Holman, wearing jogging shoes, jeans and a sweater and carrying his camera gear and a downfilled jacket, uncoiled from a chair and walked across the reception lounge, meeting her at the entrance.

"Ah — Mr Tourist," she said with a grin.

"Are you the guide for the *chicha*-tasting tour?" deadpanned Holman. *Chicha,* an alcoholic drink of Andean Indians, is traditionally prepared from chewed maize. The saliva helps fermentation.

Luz Angela merrily wrinkled her nose.

"You must have the wrong schedule — I am for the llama racing — but as you are here," she slid her arm easily through his and led him to the car, "permit me to take you to the most typical chicheria in all Bolivia."

The BMW climbed easily through the steep streets and crazy corners. Holman covertly studied Luz Angela's confident style at the wheel and from time to time looked back to see if the blue Toyota was still following. It was.

He casually asked: "Do you know any courtyards around here with two entrances?"

"Two entrances? Sure — why?"

"We are being followed by some fellow journalists."

"What! But why are they following us?"

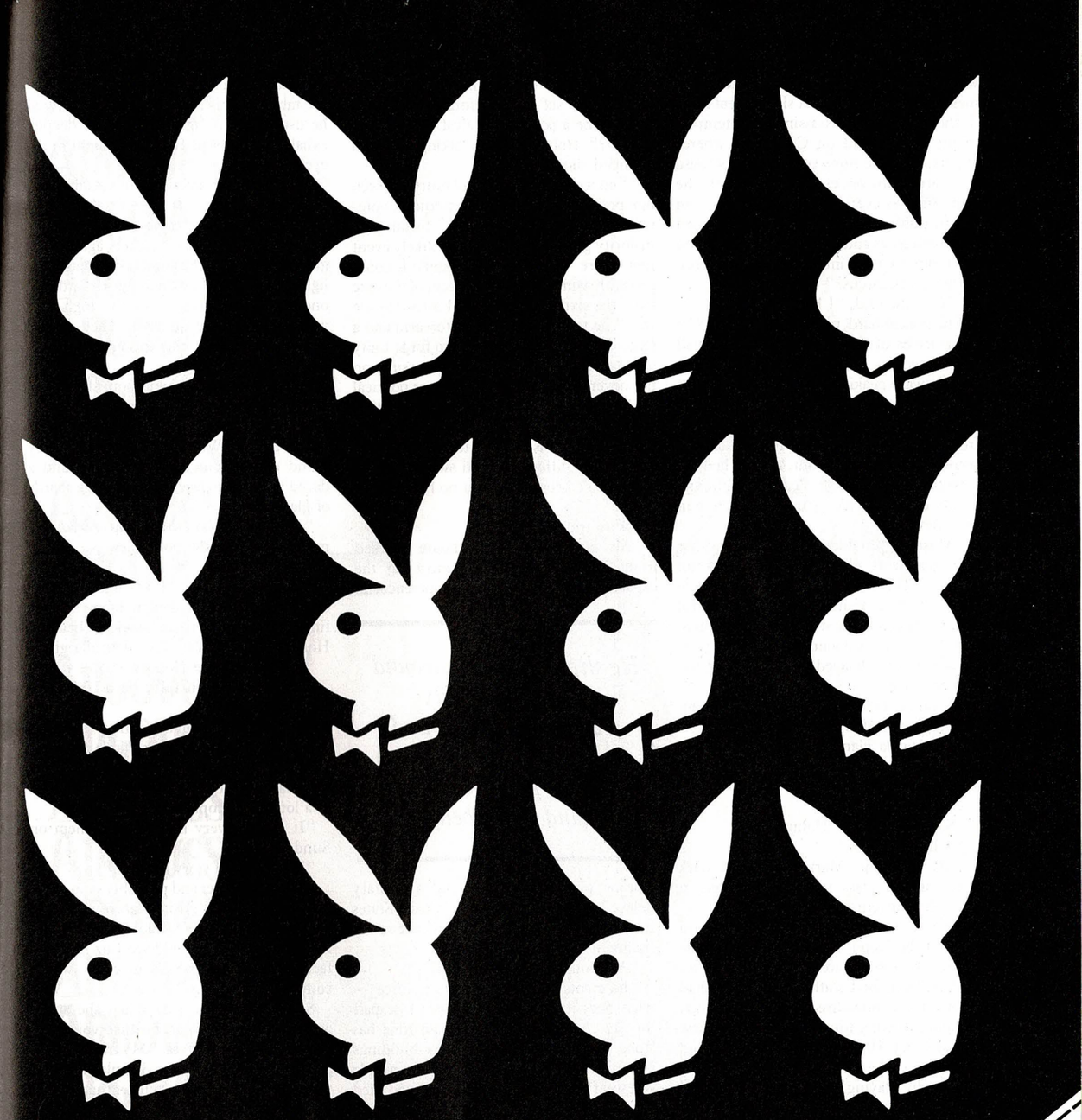
"Some people fear their editors more than their mothers-in-law — especially when they've had a story taken from right under their noses."

"So?"

"Aren't we going to see Camacho?"

She didn't answer but bit her lip and nodded.

"Well, back there are three bright boys from three of the world's major newspapers



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who've probably figured out, after terse messages from home, that since I beat them to the story on the assassination attempt I might have a lead on Camacho's whereabouts. I dislike press conferences because there aren't any prizes for getting a story the same time as everybody else. Besides, I'm shy in public. Find a nice little courtyard with high gates and a back exit — or did you want this to turn into a press conference with the full circus?"

"No," she said, "I have a better idea."

She braked hard, parked and got out. The local driver of the hired Toyota hesitated and nosed in four spaces behind. Luz Angela was speaking to a lieutenant of the national police. He saluted and she smiled gratefully. She bought some chewing gum from a newspaper stand. The lieutenant, accompanied by a sergeant, approached the Toyota. Luz Angela strolled back, skipping lightly over a buckled panel of concrete in the sidewalk.

"Most regrettable," she said, shifting into gear and checking the rear-vision mirror. "The lieutenant does not wish to inconvenience visitors to our beautiful country but could he see their identification and their driver's documents? I think your friends will be delayed and we should not wait for them."

"I don't believe this," said Holman, shaking his head and chuckling.

Luz Angela glanced at him with wide-eyed innocence. "Would you like some gum?"

●

"Some coffee, Mr Holman?"

"A little, thanks."

Luis Camacho Martinez poured dark liquid into a glass tumbler inscribed in Spanish: Souvenir of Lake Titicaca.

They were in a small inner courtyard room of the Hotel Biarritz — a seedy two-storey adobe structure with flaking white-wash and outdated graffiti. Luz Angela had quietly given him directions. He found it without difficulty four blocks from the new tourist hotel where the BMW was parked and where, when he left, Luz Angela was delightedly playing *sapo* — the popular old game of throwing coins into the mouth of a bronze toad.

He showed his passport to the Biarritz's manager, who escorted him into the presence of the fugitive presidential candidate and two nervous aides.

The room was bare except for a table, some chairs and an old Peruvian calendar picture showing the 18th century rebel Tupac Amaru being pulled apart by mules. It was too uncomfortable for anyone to be staying long.

"Thank you for coming here," said Camacho. "It is good to see you again."

"I'm surprised that you remember one journalist from so many in Mexico City six years ago, Mr Camacho."

"Perhaps fear sharpens the memory," Camacho responded, forcing a smile onto lined features which seemed more haunted than those of the exile Holman had interviewed six years before. "Perhaps it can also be a political catalyst."

"Oh?" Holman began taking notes in cramped shorthand.

"You well know the lack of unity between our political parties, the consequent vote-splitting and difficulty in forming a majority government. In the unlikely event that there is an honest count, I could probably win thirty-five per cent of the vote from the sixteen candidates. I intend to use this," he tapped a bandaged forearm and a large dressing on his brow, "to forge unity among candidates of the left. Assassination has never been as much part of our political tradition as fraud. They might have misjudged the attempt on my life — it might be what is needed to help us break down petty differences and sweep the poll with such a broad base that no fraud could stand."

"Who tried to kill you?"

"Mr Holman," the candidate smirked ironically, "who in this country has the capacity, as well as the incompetence, to

He slipped an arm around her waist, lazily searching her ears and neck with his mouth, finding passage for his hand to her belly.

employ plastic explosives and a military delayed action fuse of United States manufacture? I understand you have seen a fragment of the fuse?"

"Are you accusing the army?"

"Elements of the army or air force — what does it matter? Sometimes I despair for my country. It is as though time has stood still. The rich have taller buildings and cars instead of carriages, but the people still wear rags. The minds of those who tried to kill me are sixteenth century minds."

"What would you say if it were suggested to you that the attempt on your life showed the hopelessness of expectation that this election could be fairly contested and won by anyone hostile to the oligarchy? Mightn't it have more impact — and be less dangerous — to withdraw from the contest?"

"That is what they would want. That is why I will not do it. I will keep out of sight until I am better organised. Within the week, I will openly appear in La Paz with as many colleagues as I can muster to announce a united front opposition that will end my country's dark age once and for all."

It did not make sense to Holman. "Why kill you if there was every chance that electoral fraud — or a coup — would keep you out, as it has in the past?"

Camacho took a cigarette from a pack on the table and his hand trembled slightly as he used a petrol lighter. He drew deeply, exhaled and looked Holman straight in the eye.

"What do you know about cocaine?"

●

Two stocky men came down the steep street, muffled in short jackets against the growing chill. They hunched together to light cigarettes. Looking quickly around, one lofted a package over the high wall which flanked the sidewalk. They walked briskly on, turned the corner and began running.

Shortly after, an explosion shook the ground and reverberated from the slopes of La Paz. A cloud of dust settled slowly over the brewery. When police arrived they found every front window broken and a dazed watchman, lacerated by flying shards of glass.

"The miners want to blow up *everything*" muttered one of the policemen.

●

"You look terrible!" Luz Angela reached out and lightly brushed a long, slender finger over the tired shadow beneath Holman's eyes. "Was everything all right?"

"Fantastic," said Holman. "And you?"

"Great — I won forty pesos from the toad."

The waiter brought coffee. Holman stretched his legs beside the table and sank in his chair, tilting back his head.

"I have to go back to La Paz. I have to talk to a lot more people."

"It will be very hard to find them on Sunday night."

"I also have a story to send."

"It will be easier and probably safer —for everybody — to send it tomorrow."

Holman turned his head on the back of his chair so that he could see Luz Angela's face. "I was hoping someone would convince me of that."

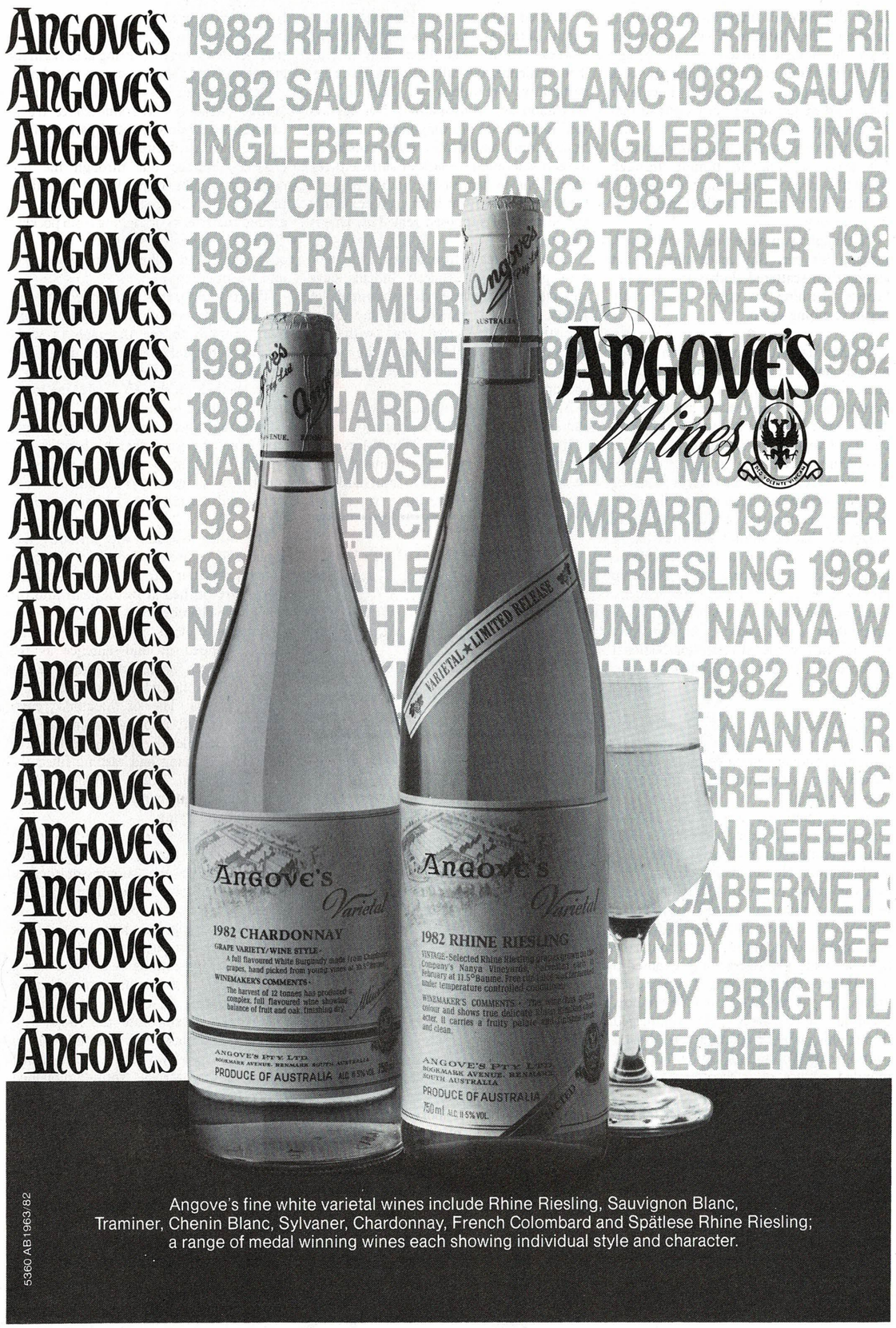
She actually blushed. When she spoke again, in a small, clear, birdlike voice, she would not meet his eyes. "My friends often give me a room here. I only have to telephone my mother to tell her that I won't be back until morning."

●

She stood with her back to him, hugging her breasts, as he closed the door.

He carefully removed a silk scarf and several pins from her long black hair, running it through his fingers so that it fell thick and loose below her shoulders. He slipped an arm around her waist, pulling her to him, lazily searching her ears and neck with his mouth, finding passage for his hand beneath her alpaca pullover and through the front of her blouse to her belly. She inhaled deeply and pressed back against him. She kicked off her shoes and in a fluid movement shed her sweater and blouse and pivotted like a dancer. Their tongues and lips duelled and a mighty battle of mutual undressing ended shy of a draw by one sock.

She cupped and circled him with a cool



hand. She rode his fingers with equestrian rotation. He glissaded slowly down her body, his tongue guided to one springy nipple by a faint blue vein. When his knees reached the floor he pulled her down over him, holding her upper body tight so that their hips plunged freely.

They were both close to a peak when they fell over, seeming to tumble through weightless space. They laughed together, each feeling the other's laughter in the most intimate way.

"I thought you were tired," she teased, nipping his ear. She made him lie flat among their scattered clothes and with her breasts brushing his chest, they rapidly began climbing again.

●

On Monday afternoon, Holman walked into his hotel, nodded amiably at another guest he had met in the coffee shop, and went to the reception desk for his messages. There was a short telex congratulating him on the Camacho interview and another asking him to telephone the agency office in New York. A note advised that the Minister for the Interior was unable immediately to meet his request for an interview and suggested that he submit a written list of questions. There was a lunch invitation from Fred Schoenberg. The interim president would see him tomorrow at 10am. The commanders of the air force and of the first military district advised him to direct his inquiries to the Minister for National Defence. His air ticket to Cochabamba and Santa Cruz was ready and awaiting collection.

"This also is for you, sir." The reception girl placed a brown paper package about eight inches square on the counter. Holman picked it up and examined it but found no clues to its origin.

In his room, he placed the package carefully on a table near the open fifth floor window and took a fresh razor blade from the bathroom. He ran his fingertips lightly over the brown paper and, feeling nothing unusual, carefully cut a cross through the address. He peeled back the cut edges, peering around under the paper through the hole he made as he gradually exposed a heavily taped cardboard box. Taking a deep breath, he cut a small cross into the box, avoiding taped areas. He rummaged through his camera bag for his penlight and bent over the box to look inside. He saw a rounded surface of terracotta with some streaks of paint.

Less cautiously now, he tore back the side of the box and lifted out its contents. He slumped back in his chair, shaking with amusement.

On the table was a replica of a squat pre-Columbian figurine. Attached to its enormous erect penis with pink ribbon was a handwritten card. There was no message — just a telephone number.

●

"Mildred — you absolutely must have some coca tea."

Mildred was unwell. She had what people of the Andes call *soroche* — altitude sickness. In its mild form it is just an inconvenience, typically causing headache, irritability, breathlessness, lack of concentration and constipation. The aggravated form causes bleeding in the lungs and brain, coma and death. It is caused by oxygen starvation — lack of sufficient red blood cells to harvest the body's requirement from thin air at high altitude. There are all sorts of supposed remedies. One is coca tea.

Coca tea is made from leaves of the same coca plant which Andean Indians have cultivated and chewed for thousands of years. It tastes much like any other undistinguished herbal tea, with the difference that it mildly numbs the mouth and throat. The leaves can be bought legally and openly.

All Mildred knew about coca was that it had something to do with cocaine.

It takes around half a kilo of leaves to produce one gram of nominally pure cocaine hydrochloride. No billboards or brochures advertise the busy, yet almost invisible, trans-shipment of processed coca through the surprisingly affluent Bolivian provincial cities, Cochabamba and Santa Cruz. Maybe the average visitor to La Paz would not be interested in coca beyond its alleged curative properties.

His hand moved very quickly and a percussive cough was followed by the thunk of a body falling and the clatter of a shotgun on the floor.

"But Alvis," wailed Mildred to a domineering member of her blue rinse tour group, "I might get addicted."

●

Luis Camacho had every reason to be satisfied. It was still only Thursday — eight days before the election — yet the major obstacles to a centre-left coalition had been worked out. Already they were talking about such fine details that he almost expected the next speaker to introduce an elaborate argument about the width and thickness of carpet he should have in his ministerial office. It looked as though he could count on 11 of the 16 candidates to acknowledge him as the front-running candidate for the presidency — contingent on their receiving cabinet and administrative appointments.

Camacho had become bolder since his earlier funk following the attempt on his life. His silvered hair and moustache were fussily groomed and his head wound was neatly taped. On its second day, the meeting had been going on since 9.30am in a ground floor conference room in the central business district of La Paz. In case of trouble, two assistants sitting at desks in the ante-room had shotguns across their knees.

Traffic moved briskly in the sunny main avenue outside. Three ambulance trucks came out of a side street and parked in line on the paving. White uniformed medical orderlies hopped out through the rear doors. From the front doors stepped six men in loose white coats, with stethoscopes around their necks or sagging from pockets. The orderlies slid stretchers from the ambulances and followed the white coats into the building.

The two assistants and three campaign staff in the ante-room were first surprised, then amused, to see the men in white coming through the self-closing doors from the corridor. "The Ministry of Health is down the hall on the left," said one to the man who stood before his desk.

The man in white mumbled what might have been an excuse, then his hand moved very quickly in his pocket and a percussive cough was followed by the thunk of a body falling and the clatter of a shotgun on the floor.

The other assistant was instantly disarmed and before anyone had a chance to recover, the four left alive from the ante-room were pushed at pistol point into the conference chamber.

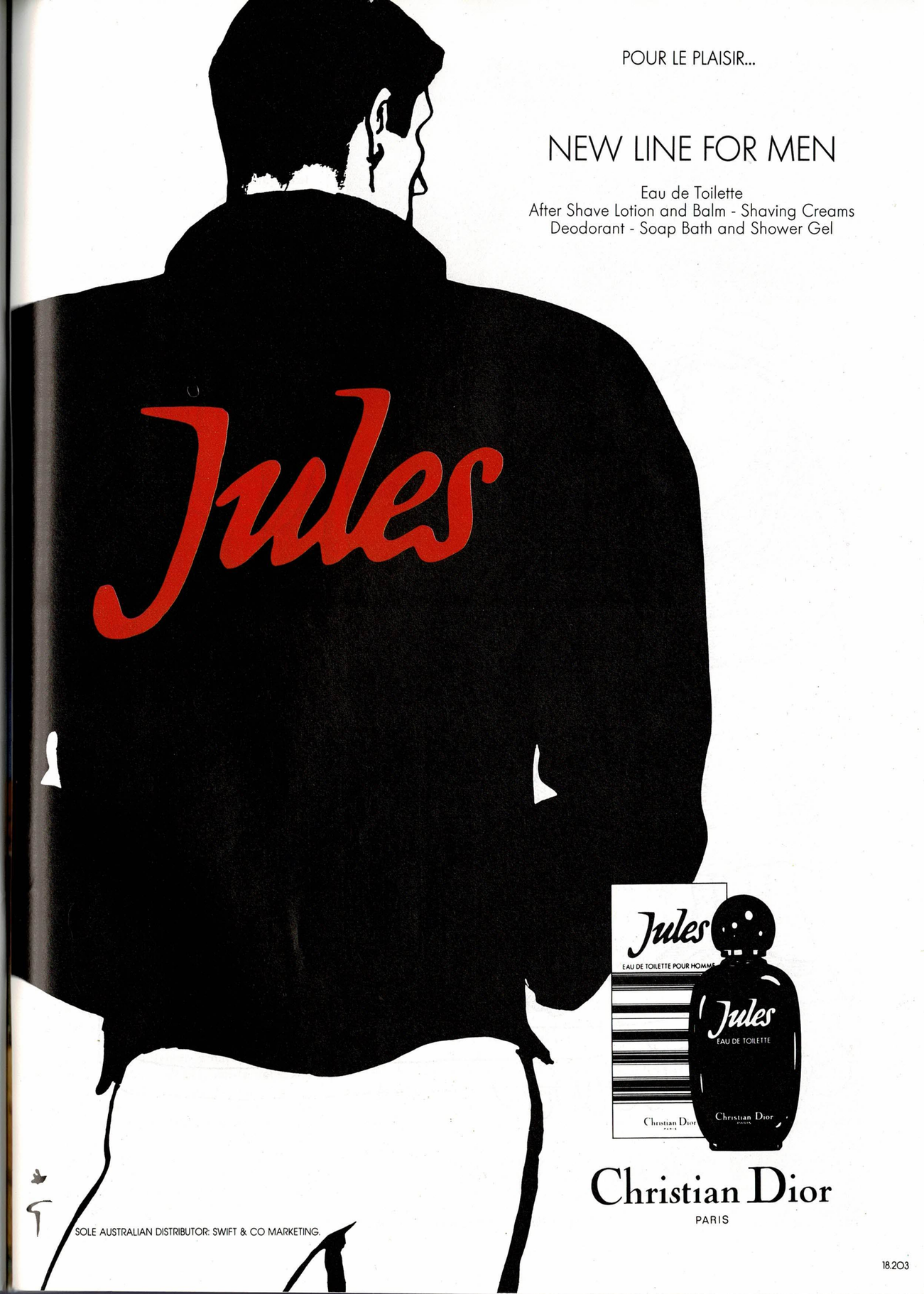
Camacho's head swung around and speech stopped in mid-sentence as the doors crashed open and their people stumbled in, followed by "orderlies" with levelled pistols. The six "doctors", coats flapping, fanned into the room carrying what resembled folded collapsible umbrellas. Ripping and rattling filled the room and men began falling, yelling, futilely scrambling beneath the open tables, twitching and dying.

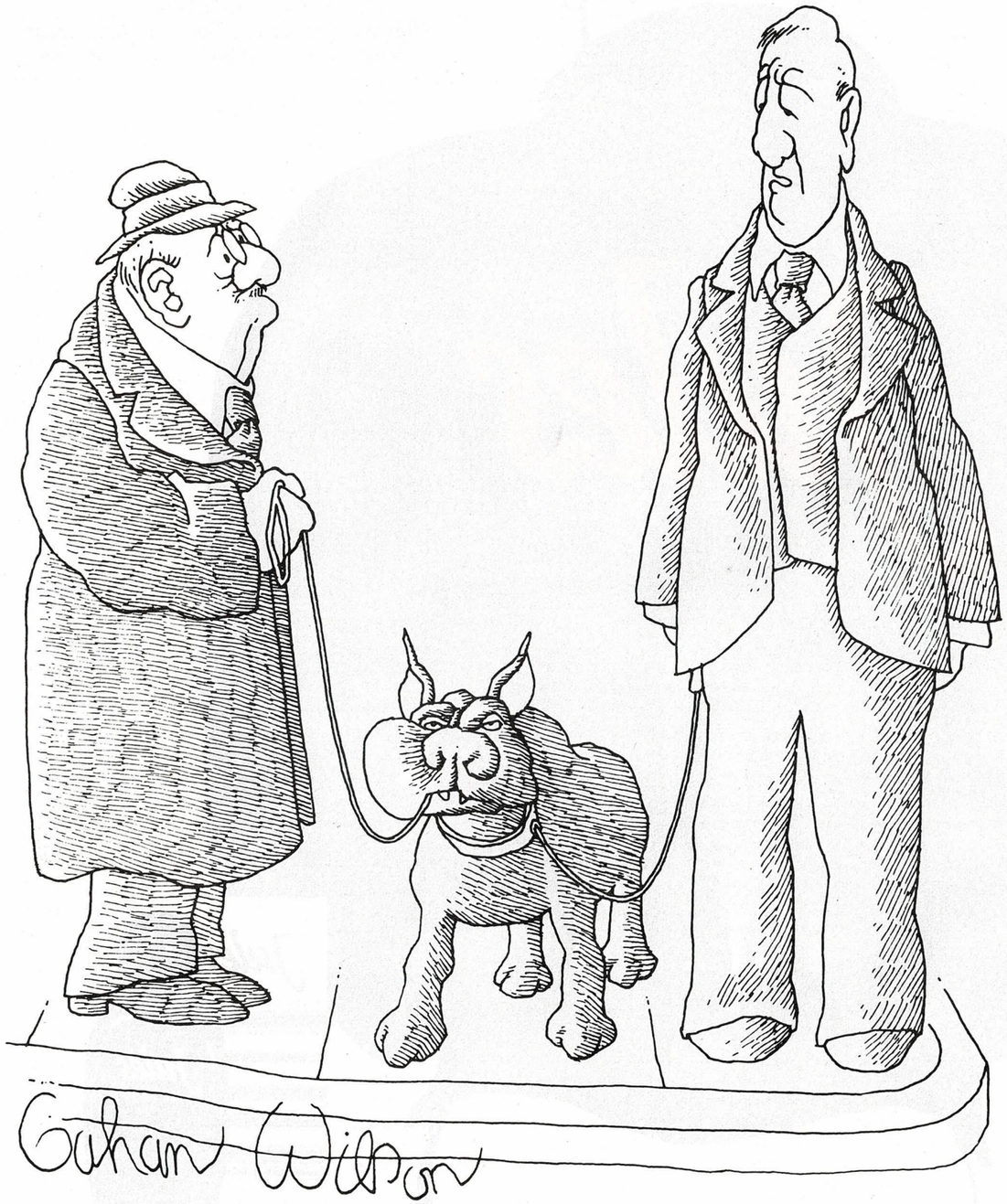
All magazines were emptied in short bursts in less than five seconds. One "doctor" raised the suppressor-encased barrel of his stubby Model 11 Ingram sub-machine-gun so as to reload.

Camacho, lying face down on the floor with pain in his chest and blood in his mouth, saw him coming — scuffing a path through spent brass shells scattered on the parquet flooring. It was the last he saw.

"Orderlies" came into the room with stretchers and body bags. The fully-loaded ambulances sped away within two and a half minutes of their arrival. Nothing remained for the television crews and photographers but some bullet-scarred furniture, numerous craters in the plaster and a little blood wiped into cracks in the floor.

It might have been one of the greatest stories of Max Holman's career but he missed it. He apparently had hired a car to drive himself up to the ski resort of Chacaltaya. Nice day for it. Unfortunately, the road is very bad and accidents often happen.





"Look, fellah, I'm sorry. What more can I say?"

(continued from page 144)

shattered — by the sheer pressure of change, by the events of 1975, by the economic crisis of the 80s.

We are becoming more cosmopolitan as a nation, more like our European and American counterparts. . .and that means more conflict. You look hard at the mythical Aussie "majority", and what you find is a series of minorities. Many of them disagree with each other. As the 80s progress, they are going to have to fight it out.

To those who like the old ideal of Australia as one big happy egalitarian family (was it ever?), these are disturbing times. Yet, in a strange way, maybe what is happening to our society is a mark of maturity. At this stage in the 20th Century, no nation can expect to be uniform, united and loyal to a sort of single-ethic social order which everyone agrees to.

That doesn't mean we should blindly accept the divisiveness, and inequality, and sheer bloody-minded *unfairness* of the society which has evolved in Australia in the last 10 years. From my point of view, this is a bit of a testing time for yer good old Aussies: are they going to roll over and bare their tummies to be kicked, or are they going to do something about it? Is Norm, dead from the neck up, slumped punch-drunk in front of the TV, really our national image?

Australians are having to face up to a grim new reality in the 80s. Horne's lucky days are over. So is his Time of Hope. Time of Mope and Time of Dope won't do either. The choices are clearer now, the minorities stronger, the old "fair go" china-plate broken in pieces, the system exposed. I used to think of Australia as the cotton wool country, everything muffled: conflict, protest, the divisions you'd expect in an adult society. That's changed. . .I think.

A student said to me the other day she thought of her contemporaries as The Trendless Generation. Nothing happening. Disillusioned with protest, Labor (look at the Wran government!), dope, even rock'n' roll; nothing left to go for but decadence. But she's one of the best poets in her class. The same week Bruce Dawe, the Queensland poet, said he had been trying to write a poem about unemployment (one of his kids is out of work) but had found it hard, because it was "merely dehumanising".

I can't believe people will merely accept what is happening in Australia, 1982. And, though it's hard, we also have to be aware of just how complete and multi-dimensional it all is: the different groups, directions, lifestyles, ideas, politics, satisfactions, and extremes, real extremes, that make up our society today.

THE TYPICAL AUSSIE, 1982

For instance, who *is* the Typical Aussie these days? I mean, some typical Aussies have been burning jails down in the last year or so; while over in England another typical Aussie, Rupert Murdoch, now owns *The Times,* the mouthpiece of the very same

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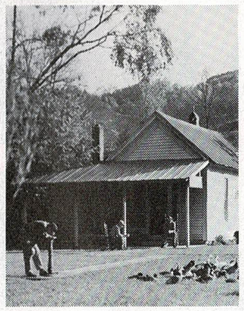

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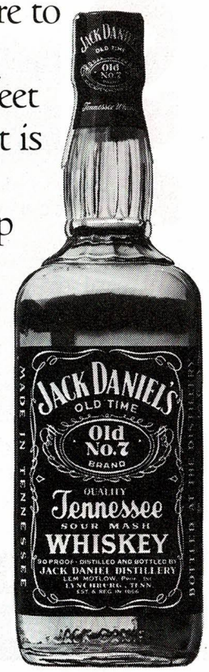

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British upper class which founded Australia as one giant jail in the first place! A lovely paradox. . .

No, the Typical Aussie these days is the Mythical Aussie. There ain't no such thing. The closest you could get to anything "typical", ie, symbolic of where Australia is at in this year of grace, 1982, would be the Typical Aussie Family — but it would have to be a pretty weird family, because it would have to represent so many different things! Maybe something like this:

Dad's a senior clerk in an insurance office in the city centre. He has 10 years to go before he collects his super, a weekender down the coast, high blood pressure, a beer gut and votes Labor. Mum reads Germaine Greer and the *Women's Weekly*, hates housework, wouldn't be seen dead in a perm, harbors fantasies of husband-swapping, and, as cartoonist Bruce Petty draws it, thinks of herself as Executive Material rather than a Household Appliance. Young Jonathon is studying computer programming at college, belongs to an environmental group, doesn't smoke (except hash), plays guitar (badly), likes women, pizzas and blue movies, has doubts about the capitalist system, but wants to be a success in it nevertheless; he's opened two building society accounts because they have high interest rates. He's also thinking of becoming a born-again Christian. Sharlene surfs, dances, listens to *Kiss*, takes the pill, thought *Puberty Blues* was slack and old-fashioned, thinks school is slack and old-fashioned, wants to be a model, wants to leave home at 16, wants to travel to Noumea and England, and will probably get to Surfers at least. She argues incessantly with her younger sister, Cheryl, who goes topless at 10, wants to be a fag-hag, and is destined for the computer-scrapheap-dole-queue-Space-Invaders syndrome. Auntie Daphne, who visits at weekends, loves Barry Humphries and votes Liberal. The dog is a cross-bred kelpie-Doberman-poodle; he's certain of his identity. So is the cat, which was conceived, yowling, on the nature strip which separates the outer-suburban spec-built bungs from the new Housing Commission townhouses. The car is a crossbred Japanese-GMH four-and-front-wheel-drive hatchback designed to rust out the day the HP payments cease with a KEEP AUSTRALIA MOVING/BEAUTIFUL/ TAXFREE /LIBERAL/LABOR/IN IT/OUT OF IT sticker on the back. It, too, is certain of its identity. (Everyone knows who they are; they just don't know where they're going.) Outside in the street, on a signpost pointing to The Future, is inscribed the faded, barely decipherable National Slogan left over from the 70s: NO WORRIES.

The sign lies. And, if anyone tries to sell you a vision of Australia (along with a how-to-vote card) that's less complicated than this one, don't buy it.

It doesn't suit those happy generalisations, of which we are so fond, that, Ten Years After, Australia should be worried, hedonistic, selfish, uncaring, friendly, affluent, shit-scared, extroverted, conservative, frozen-over and changing, all at the same time, but that's the way it is.

Two years into the 1980s, in the last quarter of the turbulent 20th Century, it's not a bad thing to have, you know, the ultra-sided truth.

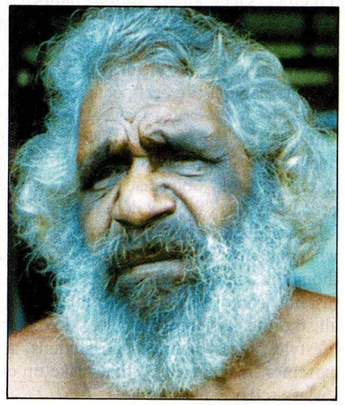
NEXT MONTH

WE GUARANTEE YOU'LL GO OVERBOARD FOR LUSCIOUS DENISE

NEWEY, OUR DAUGHTER OF THE SUN FROM QUEENSLAND

DAPHNE'S TUNE — IF YOU'VE EVER LUSTED AFTER YOUR BEST FRIEND'S WIFE, YOU'LL LOVE THIS SHORT STORY FROM FRANCOIS CAMOIN.

ROBIN WILLIAMS INTERVIEW: FROM MORK TO GARP —FIRST HE WAS A STRUGGLING STAND-UP COMEDIAN, THEN THE MAN FROM ORK, THEN POPEYE AND NOW GARP, THE HERO OF JOHN IRVING'S BRILLIANT NOVEL. ROBIN WILLIAMS' CAREER HAS BEEN AS UP AND DOWN AND AS CRAZY AS THE CHARACTERS HE PORTRAYS. A FASCINATING INTERVIEW BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN.



MAN OF TWO WORLDS — UNCLE TOM OR SUBTLE INSPIRATION TO HIS PEOPLE? ROBERT REID PROFILES ABORIGINAL ARTIST DICK ROUGHSEY.

The Smart Operator

Well! Look at who's playing Santa Claus this year!

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Underneath that Yuletide uniform and those occasional bursts of "Ho, Ho, Ho!" there's a considerable amount of calculating going on. And the Christmas spirit he's about to serve is guaranteed to become the prelude of a time long remembered as the merriest Christmas of all!

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